



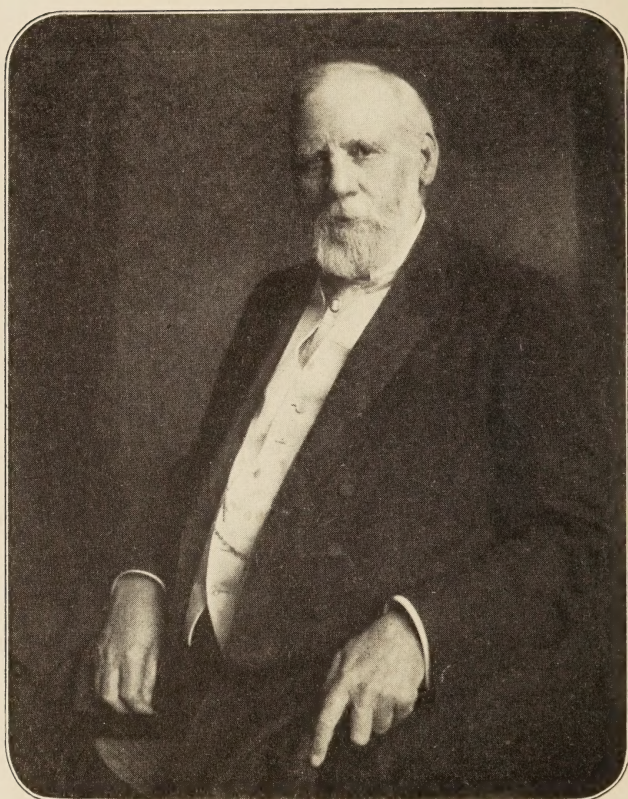
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Memories and experiences : a
brief story of a long life /





J. H. Garrison at seventy-two

MEMORIES
AND
EXPERIENCES

A BRIEF STORY OF A LONG LIFE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By

J. H. GARRISON

Editor, Minister, Author

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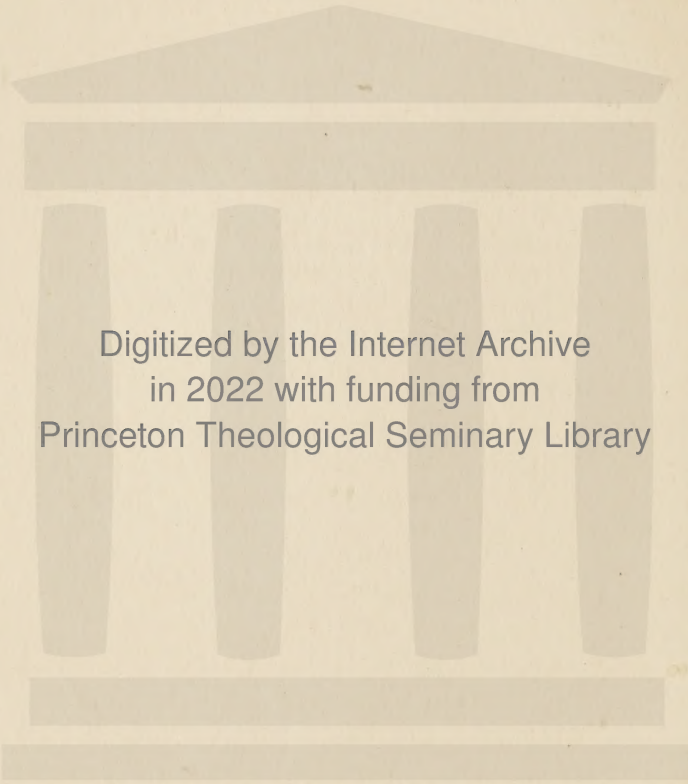
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DEDICATION

To my beloved wife, who for nearly three score years,
has walked by my side, in sunshine and in shadow,
Sharing my joys and my sorrows, making home the most delightful
place on earth to me and without whose tender
ministries I could never have done
the work herein recorded

MRS. JUDITH ELIZABETH GARRISON

This book is affectionately dedicated
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PROLOGUE

Dr. James Harvey Garrison, who modestly tells the story of his long and useful life in this volume, has done his day's work during the most exciting and critical era of our country and church. When but a youth the country's strength was tested by the fury and shock of the Civil War which completely changed the industrial system, the conception of the Constitution, the educational ideals, the home life, and in fact the basis and outlook of civilization. He did not hesitate but went forth to do his share as a soldier in this crisis. After the war was over he gave himself to the solution of the problems of reconstruction in that broad, generous spirit which has ever characterized him in dealing with friend and foe.

When he came to leadership in his church it, too, was in a crisis, which has not yet passed. The movement is so new that he commenced to work far enough back to be numbered with the pioneers. In the spiritual succession which may be easily traced in the history of the Disciples he comes in as the leader in the third epoch—the epoch of organization and creative interpretation. The order of the transmission of the prophet's mantle was from Thomas to Alexander Campbell; from Alexander Campbell to W. K. Pendleton; from W. K. Pendleton to Isaac Errett, and from Isaac Errett to J. H. Garrison.

Organizational, missionary, educational, pastoral, and evangelistic problems came thick and fast and no man contributed more to their solution than he whose life is all too briefly told in the pages of this book. Having powers both analytic and synthetic to an unusual degree, he was able to discern the meaning of each new occasion and call, and to relate them to one another in a way that meant both solidity and growth. The prophet's prevision often wrought its spell upon him and he started several creative movements which have been fruitful to an unusual degree.

One of these was his vision of the necessity of a paper and publishing house in the central west. There is a story of heroism here, dogged determination which makes his name worthy to be held up as an example of one who overcame difficulties that seemed insurmountable, but who reached heights and started influences that will never perish out of the earth. He drew great men about him, as this interesting narrative will show, but he was the brave spirit that bore the brunt and refused to yield, that went forth into storm and cold while it was yet dark, and it is a happy thing that today he can "come again rejoicing, bearing precious sheaves."

Dr. Garrison has always been characterized by manliness. He has met life four-square and left on thousands of hearts and lives an impress that will never fade. He has known personally many of the great men of the strenuous times during which he has lived, and always he has stood erect, equal in dignity, purpose, and strength to the tallest of them.

He has a special genius for friendship and both

in and out of the church there have been scores of friends of the inner circle who drank delight from the sparkling cup of fellowship with him.

He has lived a happy life in his work, his church, with his friends. His deepest earthly joy has been the companionship of a woman who also felt the beauty and greatness of living and working, and whose perfect unity with him has lightened his burdens and doubled his strength. All through this book one traces a sunny, optimistic philosophy of life like the lure of light that filters through the rustling leaves of the forest or the burst of color and brightness the rainbow flings across the sky after the storm has passed and left everything sweet and fresh. He has wept with those who must weep, he has laughed with the glad, across the long trail of his eighty-five full years. The daisy in the field, the buttercup by the roadside, the clouds, the bird songs in May, the roses of June, the ice crystals and frost tapestries of December have often moved his facile pen to poetry while the majestic things have called forth his words in strength and greatness. We say there has been a philosophy under such a life—nay, it is something better and greater; it is the living Christianity which came out of his own experiences with God. That is the explanation of his purposes, his mastery, his song, and his crusade.

And now it is getting late with him yonder by the Pacific sea in "the City of the Angels." Sunset and evening star, twilight and evening bell, and the clear call cannot be far away. But his friends know that when it comes he will answer unafraid and go forth gladly to meet his Pilot face to face.

This and a great deal more is the meaning of his great life. Like Mr. Valiant-for-truth (which also he has been) he will soon be “going to his Father’s; his sword will be to him that shall succeed him in his pilgrimage, and his courage and skill to him that can get it”; and his mantle will fall upon him whom God shall choose.

B. A. ABBOTT.

PREFACE

To write even a digest of a long and busy life which has had to do with issues that affect in a vital way the welfare of one's fellow-men is too prodigious a task to postpone until old age. On the other hand it would seem that one's life-work must be well-nigh completed before it can be properly estimated. Hence it follows that no autobiography can furnish a complete life of the writer. And then there are things which no writer would care to say about himself—both good and bad—which another writer might feel it his duty to record. Nevertheless, every man knows some things about himself—his motives, ideals and aspirations—which no one but himself does know. It is this fact, I presume, that justifies autobiography, however impoverished it may appear to the writer.

I recently said to a company of friends, "If any of you wish to find out how small a place you have filled in the life of the world, and how inconspicuous has been your service to humanity, just sit down to write an autobiography!" I have found it easy enough to write of the earlier years of my life, but when it came to writing about my public life, covering more than fifty-five years of editorial and ministerial service, I realized how impossible it was to give anything like an adequate portrayal of this service to any one who has not known me through these years. The life of an editor is necessarily monotonous; not that there are no events of importance occurring all the while, but that most of these events, when looked at against the back-

ground of history, seem hardly of sufficient importance to place in a book for the present and the future.

The best, it seemed to me, that I could do, as to my public life as editor, would be to state some of the general principles which have controlled my life, some of the crises through which our religious movement has passed, and to illustrate my attitude toward these various crises in our history by editorials which appeared at the time. Of course, this feature of the work could have been greatly enlarged, but I have not thought it proper to make a large book by so doing. Of my ministerial work, I will attempt no record, save to say that in looking back through my diary I am surprised at the amount of preaching I did, on such a variety of occasions, such as conventions, church dedications, college commencements, as well as at regular services wherever I chanced to be. The amount of this kind of service, in addition to my editorial work, shows that it must have been reasonably acceptable.

In glancing through my manuscript, which I have dictated chapter by chapter as I could find time and disposition, I notice there are some repetitions for which, perhaps, I ought to apologize; but at the same time, I comfort myself with the thought that this repetition may help to impress these facts, truths, or events on the minds of my readers.

It would be ungrateful in me not to acknowledge the very generous aid I have received from my son, W. E. Garrison, not only in looking over my manuscript, but in supplying some facts which had escaped my attention. Having a complete file of the paper with which he was at one time edi-

torially connected, and with the spirit of which he has always been in close sympathy, he would naturally be in a condition to add important details and incidents to the narrative. I feel that I am exceedingly fortunate in having so competent a literary critic, and one so deeply interested in the autobiography, to give his time and literary ability to supplement its many deficiencies. An autobiography written at the close of a long and busy life, which has made its contribution to such a variety of interests, is necessarily an imperfect transcript of such a life: but in bold outline it may furnish the chief aims and events which have marked and moulded it. Some of these deficiencies I have no doubt will be remedied by the younger hands through which this manuscript is to pass.

At this writing I have just passed my eighty-third anniversary—an age which, even in my middle life, I had never expected to reach. But it has pleased our merciful Heavenly Father to prolong my days far beyond that prescribed by the psalmist as the normal age of man—threescore years and ten. If I have been used by Him to strengthen and comfort my fellow-Christians, and to enlarge the kingdom He established among men, I am indeed most grateful for these added years. I know not how much longer I may be spared, but this I do know, that I have no desire to live beyond the period when I may be useful to Him and to my fellow-men.

My hope is that these memoirs, written in the “vale of longevity,” when the natural infirmities of age are upon me, will find the same gracious and charitable reception from my numerous friends as have my previous writings. They cover about

eighty years of my life, reaching back to very early childhood.

Finally, I am grateful to God for having given me the privilege and joy of serving so long a period of time this blessed cause into which I have been called by His grace, and which I hope to serve until He shall call me to the life beyond.

J. H. G.

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CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD

No man is permitted to choose the time or place of his birth, nor his parentage. These are provided by that gracious Providence that lies behind the mystery of personality and of all being. To have been born at all, and to have a distinct personality, and a place, however humble, in the marvelous drama of human life with all its mighty hopes and possibilities has always seemed to me a boon for which I could not be sufficiently thankful. But to have been born of honest, healthy, godly parents who loved God and their neighbors, and in a land of freedom and opportunity, and in a country newly-settled where all were on a plane of equality, and where the necessity of labor was laid upon all, where no artificial distinction of classes existed, and in a locality abounding in natural beauty, with its fertile soil, its abundant timber, its clear streams, its springs, its caves, its wild fruits and flowers,—this has always made me feel that my heritage was great and that my lot was cast in a pleasant place.

I was born on the second day of February in the year of our Lord 1842, near the village of Ozark, then in Greene, but now in Christian County, in the southwestern part of Missouri, about fourteen miles south of Springfield, the metropolis of that region. I was number twelve in a family of thirteen children. If the theory of small families had prevailed at that time I would not have been writing this autobiography! There were nine boys and four girls in the family, and they all lived to have families of their own, excepting my oldest brother (Isaac) who

never married. Most of them lived to a good old age. My parents were James Garrison and Diana Kyle Garrison. They had moved to the neighborhood of "Richwoods" near Ozark, about ten years before the date of my birth. They migrated from Hawkins County, East Tennessee, not far from the Cumberland Gap—a good country to migrate from, judging from a single visit I made to it in 1891, when on my way to deliver a Baccalaureate address for Virginia Christian College. My grandfather, Isaac Garrison, who seems to have been of Scotch-Irish extraction, was born the same year with George Washington and was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. He moved from North Carolina to Hawkins County, in east Tennessee, in 1798, and purchased two hundred acres in Puncheon Camp Valley from John Cotterill for one hundred and three dollars. This record I found in Rogersville, county seat of Hawkins County, during the visit referred to above. He was one hundred years old when my parents moved from Tennessee and insisted on coming with them to the new state of Missouri in 1832. They fitted up a conveyance for him and my mother rode with him and drove the buggy. He had been a great hunter of large game in his day and after he reached Missouri he wished for a gun that he might kill some of the wild game that abounded in the state at that time! He lived four years after his migration and died at the good old age of one hundred and four years!

My father, James Garrison, was his youngest son. He was fully six feet in height, rather slender in form, with a fine forehead and good native ability. Owing to his early environment, his education was limited to very rudimentary elements. He was a

hard-working man, inured to labor from his early boyhood. He was a farmer and trained all his sons to work on the farm, split rails, build fences, clear the ground, care for stock, and do all the chores incident to farm life and many things not now connected with farm life. In those days we killed our own beeves, tanned the hides into leather, made our own shoes, sheared our own sheep, and the women of the household carded, spun and wove the wool into cloth, dyed the cloth with walnut hulls, and cut out and made the clothes for the family. The women made their own soap, conducted their own laundry, and wove their own carpets. We built our own houses, hewing the logs for the same, and making the boards for the roof and the planks for the floor. One of my boyhood memories is that of camping out in the hills while we felled the great trees, sawed them into suitable lengths, hewed them for logs and rived them into boards. Life in those days brought us into very close contact with nature.

I have spoken of my father as a good man, a kind father, a friendly neighbor. He was a faithful member of the Missionary Baptist Church. He had an older brother, William, who belonged to what was then called the "Predestinarian" or the "Two-seeder" branch of Baptists who were anti-missionary. I can recall my father arguing with him on the question of "free-will," and "fore-ordination," when I was a very small boy. My father had a good voice, and sometimes entertained the family with the songs of his youth. He also played the flute, the one musical instrument we had about the place in those primitive days. In his later years he met with an accident from a "broad-ax" while hewing a log, which caused him to walk with a cane

the remainder of his life. I remember him as the patient, hard-working, kind-hearted man that he was, too willing to believe everyone else as honest as himself, and not infrequently the victim of his good nature. He passed on to the life immortal at Springfield, Missouri, where the family had moved during the Civil War, in the autumn of 1862 in the seventieth year of his age.

When I come to speak of my mother I feel that I must exercise great restraint lest I seem to idealize her. Considering the limitations in the way of education and the surroundings to which she was subjected, I do not believe that I am extravagant in regarding her as one of the most remarkable women I have ever known. Her maiden name was Diana Kyle. She was the daughter of Robert Kyle who in his young manhood came from the north of Ireland to seek a home and fortune in the new world, in about 1800, as thousands of his countrymen have done before and since. In a visit to northern Ireland in 1910, I found numerous Kyles still residing in that section of Ireland. A very prominent member of the Kyle family moved to Virginia before the War of the Revolution, as I have seen in some book of the early migrations to this country. Robert Kyle was a later arrival. He came to Botetourt County, Virginia, where he married Sarah Reynolds and then migrated to Tennessee. He was in the War of 1812 and came home from that war with an illness which caused his death. I visited his home, for it was the home of my mother's girlhood, in the same neighborhood, in Hawkins County, in 1891. While there I visited my mother's oldest brother, John Kyle, who was still living there in the ninetieth year of his age, and had a long conversation with him

on the family history. In the valley where the Kyles and Garrisons lived, the people were all Baptists. Across the mountain in another valley, I was told they were all Methodists. On Sunday I preached in the Baptist Church to which all my relatives belonged, and I felt that I saw in the congregation, the dress, the music, the prayers and the preacher—as well as in the meeting-house—a perpetuation of what had been going on there since the childhood of my parents.

The Kyles, originally from Scotland, had settled in northern Ireland, and from there, as stated, had emigrated to the new Republic of the West. My mother was only one remove from the native Irish stock. She was married to my father at the tender age of sixteen. She was already the mother of six children when they moved to southwest Missouri. She filled to a remarkable degree, the description of the "Virtuous Women" of King Lemuel, Proverbs 31:10-31. She not only managed her household duties in a most efficient way, but took an active part in planting and cultivating a garden. I was frequently her assistant and acted under her direction. No boy of the present day could be prouder of a new suit of ready-made "store-clothes" than I was of a new suit of jeans cloth she had made from the wool of sheep by the process of carding, spinning and weaving. She was a better manager than my father and her energy and endurance were remarkable. She not only looked after her own household but was an angel of mercy to the whole neighborhood, ministering to the sick and poor and needy. More than once I recall coming home from the school and finding a lot of poor children whom she had brought home to feed and clothe until some

arrangements could be made for them. Doctors deferred to her treatment and nursing of the sick.

She was a devout Christian, actively and aggressively Christian in her faith and good works. Like my father she was a member of the Baptist Church, but did not endorse all the doctrine of the church at that time. She believed in open communion and held to a more rational view of conversion than that which prevailed in the Baptist Church at that time. She made me believe in the reality of religion because she lived it as well as professed it. She passed into the other life about two weeks before my father's death, in Springfield, Missouri, in the autumn of 1862. She was not much more than sixty years of age at the time of her departure. The Civil War, then in progress, with four of her sons in the Union army, and with many relatives on opposite sides, was a great sorrow to my parents and no doubt shortened their lives. They had moved from their country home, near Billings, to Springfield, Missouri, to avoid "bushwhackers'" raids, and so were there at the time of their decease.

My memory does not reach back to the time when we lived in the Richwoods place where I was born. Several years later when my mother and I were driving by the place she pointed to a rude log cabin still standing by the road, and said, "Harvey, there is the cabin in which you were born!" It was a mile northwest of the village of Ozark and overlooking that town. I did not have the foresight to have the cabin photographed at that time or later and hence I am unable to present a picture of it here! It was not very different, however, from the thousands of such log cabins built by the early settlers of the great West as their first habitations.

When I was three or four years old the family moved from the Richwoods place to a new location about one mile east of Ozark—a village picturesquely located on the bluff south of Finley Creek. This new home was also hewn out of the primeval woods. I can recall the rude log cabin which formed our first habitation there. It was replaced in due time by a large two-story hewed-log house, quite a building for the time. It stood not more than two hundred yards from the precipitous lime-stone cliff of some fifty to one hundred feet in height which formed the head of one of the deep hollows that ran down through the village of Ozark to Finley Creek. At the bottom of this semicircular bluff or precipice were a number of caves of extraordinary extent which made a deep impression on my youthful imagination. At the northern extreme of this series of caves, where the descent was more gradual, was the “cave spring.” It was a circular cave in the solid rock about six feet high and six feet wide and of unknown length, out of which ran a stream of clear, cold water at all seasons. On the stone floor of this cave a basin had been dug out with stone implements by primitive inhabitants. This basin was deep enough to permit the dipping of a bucket of water from it. A wooden door was made to fit the entrance of the cave and it formed an ideal place for keeping the milk, butter and cream. Often in my boyhood days do I recall being sent to the “cave spring” for a bucket of water, or for a pitcher of milk or cream. In the center of this overarching precipice, south of the “cave spring” was the “Big cave.” Into it a wagon drawn by horses could have been driven, while the front flared out so widely that it afforded a splendid refuge from the storms of

winter for the sheep and cattle. With pine torches we used to explore this great cavern for a long distance back, but no end to it was ever discovered. There were great stalactites and stalagmites, and lakes which seemed to be bottomless. One of our amusements was throwing great stones into the largest of these sunless pools of water and listening to the gurgling noise which seemed never to end but only to grow fainter and then die away. At the mouth of the cave was a solid deposit of ashes which might well have been the accumulation of generations of the red men who had lived and loved and sung their war-songs here long before the white man had invaded this region. Still farther to the south was a small cave known as the "cold cave" because from its mouth a cool breeze issued, and fresh meats could be kept fresh in there for some time.

In connection with this cave there was an incident that deeply impressed my boyish imagination. One day a mysterious old man came to our house carrying a long narrow bottle filled with some heavy substance. It was suspended from a string, one end of which was fastened about the old man's wrist. He claimed that this bottle was guiding him to a hidden treasure. He asked permission to follow the leading of this bottle over our premises. Permission being granted, he followed it down one of the winding paths leading to the base of the cliff formation where these several caves debouched into the open. Just below the little "cold cave" where a stream of water flowed at certain seasons, the mysterious stranger discovered the location of the treasure consisting of three pots of gold. It is characteristic of the credulity of the people of the region at that time

that several of the neighbors believed the report of the magician enough to go to work. The mysterious character of those caves, with evidence of previous habitation, and the weird personality of the old man, combined to make his story seem more credible. I do not know how much labor was spent digging in that cavern, but I do know that the treasure was never found.

My early boyhood was spent working on the farm in spring and summer, and going to school in the village in the fall and winter. I made rapid progress at school after I had conquered the difficulty of the "A, b, ab's." After one day in that department I went home thoroughly discouraged and told my mother that I could not learn them and there was "no use to skip them and I might as well quit the school!" But I was persuaded to continue at the school and later found the cause of my confusion. If the teacher had told me that a-b was pronounced abe and so on, I would have understood. The different vowel sounds had not yet been taught, and the process was wholly irrational and, of course, has long since been abandoned. I learned to read quite fluently at a very early age, and was the best speller in the school. I had only one competitor in that line in the school and in "spelling matches" he and I always had to "choose up" or to be on opposite sides. One of the proudest incidents connected with my school life in those early days was one of those spelling matches at the close of a term of school. The school had been divided into two parts as usual by the process of "choosing up" by my rival and myself, each choosing alternately. The contest was very warm and the interest ran high. Finally all the school was spelled down but my rival and myself.

The teacher exhausted all the hard words in our spelling book and still we held our ground, neither of us missing a word. Determined to close the contest, he closed the spelling book and resorted to a dictionary. But even then we held our ground some time while he picked out hard words. Excitement was high. Finally, however, my opponent misspelled a word and without waiting for the teacher to give it to me I took it and spelled it correctly, thus ending the contest with the victory on our side. One fact that added to my gratification for this victory, was the presence of my father whom I had persuaded to come down and see and hear that spelling match that I felt confident of winning, and he shared my confidence. I was glad not to disappoint him. I had no books except McGuffey's series of Readers and the Bible.

In 1852, when I was ten years old, three of my brothers joined one of the caravans going to the California gold diggings. It was the plan that they were to dig enough gold in a year to meet all our needs and then to join the remainder of the family in Willamette Valley, Oregon, where we were to move the following spring and summer. That winter was full of romance for us boys as we talked of the ponies we would ride and the Indians and buffalo we would encounter along the way, greatly to their discomfort. But it was one of those dreams that never come true. The caravan in which my brothers were, had a rough time of it with cholera and the hardships of the journey. My brothers reached California, though many died by the way. They wrote back home that if we had sold the old home we had better buy another and be contented to remain in old Missouri, that the hardships of the

journey across the plains would be altogether too great for the family to risk. So faded one of the romances of my boyhood. Otherwise I might have been one of the early settlers of California.

We had sold our old place and so had to buy another. This was located about twenty miles southwest of Ozark—a wild and unsettled region which formed a sort of leg of Christian County. On what was known at that time as “the state road” leading from Springfield south into Arkansas, and about nineteen or twenty miles south of Springfield, there was a new place partially opened and cultivated with a big log house facing the state road, a never-failing spring near by, and a clear stream of water flowing through the pasture at the back of the house. (It was in one of the pools formed by this stream that I was baptized when a boy of about 14, or 15 years of age.) This place on the state road we purchased and moved into in the spring of 1853. This, while not so romantic a trip as across the plains, seemed quite an adventure to my boyish imagination. We made the journey in a day with our flocks and herds, arriving at our new home at about nightfall. I remember that one ewe grew faint and weary, and was about to give out, when my mother gave it an apple to eat which so refreshed it that it was able to complete the journey.

Here we began life anew. The country was open and was called “The Barrens,” but a young growth of trees was coming on and the soil was good in spite of numerous rocks that infested the ground. There were no neighbors for miles, but wagons that came down the state road on the way to Texas and camped at our spring kept us in touch with the outside world. Some of the wagon covers were marked

in crude letters—"Texas or Bust!" Some of these immigrants returned the next season "busted," making their way back whence they came; but doubtless the greater number remained and were among the oldest inhabitants of that great state. I used to sit by their camp fires at night and hear them play on the fiddle such classic pieces as "Old Dan Tucker" and similar melodies.

But this was not the only excitement in our new home. The country abounded in wild game such as deer, wild turkeys, prairie chickens and quail, not to mention squirrels and rabbits. There was plenty of work to do which required old and young. New ground had to be fenced, broken up and grubbed, and put into cultivation. A new frame house, stables and barns were erected.

Schoolhouses? There were none within reach, nor were there any church buildings at that time, though an occasional itinerant minister passing through preached in some of the neighboring houses. Meanwhile I was hungering and thirsting for knowledge and insisted on going to school somewhere. Finally one of my brothers took me back to the village of Ozark, to put me in a school there. The only school running there at the time was a girls' school, and the lady teacher, with a little persuasion, agreed to take me in, though she should have known better. Imagine a country boy thirteen or fourteen years old, trying to study in a school of young girls! Nothing but my desire to learn induced me to undertake the work, but it only took a day or two to convince me and the teacher that it was an impossible situation, so I unceremoniously left the school and went back to the farm—to the hoe, the axe, the plow, the iron wedge, the maul, the rail-splitting,

the wood-chopping and the usual duties of a farmer boy. There is probably no better place for a boy to be brought up than on the farm. He is not only free from the temptations of the city and the town but he learns to do many kinds of work and to sympathize with those who labor with their hands for their own and the world's living. This farm on the state road had become a real home to us. We had dug out the spring so as to give it a larger capacity and later it became known as the "Dug Spring Place" and a battle fought near there during the Civil War was known as the "Dug Spring Battle."

But later on, the "Dug Spring" place had to be sold to pay a debt which my father had contracted by too trustingly endorsing a note for a friend, and we had to make a new beginning in life from the ground up. About two miles west of the "Dug Spring" place was a level piece of ground covered with young oak, which we took possession of and on which we erected first a temporary shelter of mere poles, and later a small log house. We had to clear, fence, and break ground for another farm, on a smaller scale. This place was also near a flowing spring. The water had to be carried some distance.

I had been trained from my early boyhood as a Baptist and was converted and baptized at the tender age of about fourteen. It was at that period of my youth that I went through the experience, which my religious teachers recognized as conversion, at a Methodist Camp Meeting held out in the woods a few miles from our home. I was baptized, however, by a Baptist minister,—my cousin, Ephraim Wray,—and was later received into the old "Prospect" Baptist Church, meeting in the school-house near us. Thus, it will be seen that I have

reason to be grateful to, and appreciative of, both the Methodists and the Baptists. There were doubtless some features connected with this Methodist revival in their camp meeting that would not be considered in good taste now, but it was the earnest preaching of the Gospel by them that made me realize my need of salvation and that Jesus Christ was my Savior. The Methodists have done a great work in the world, by their faith and zeal, and are entitled to the respect and good-will of all Christian people. As to the Baptists, I have never ceased to have the highest regard for them, as a religious body. As I have already stated, my father and mother were devoted members of this body and it was their influence upon my early life that made me decide to be a Christian.

I can never forget that when but a boy of five or six years of age, my mother, putting her hand lovingly on my head, would say to the neighbors and friends, "This is my preacher boy!" I have never ceased to feel the pressure of that hand on my head and to hear her gentle tones expressing her wish as to my future calling. That was my real ordination. But what there was in me to prophesy this future calling, I can not imagine. A mother's eyes can see deeper into the heart of her child than those of any other. True, I remember that in those early childhood days I used to get on a stump for a pulpit and, holding a piece of paper in my hand, which I called my "preachin' fixin's," I went through the form of preaching; but I suspect that it was not so much that, as it was just the mother-love and prayer expressing its hope in her announcement of me as her "preacher-boy."

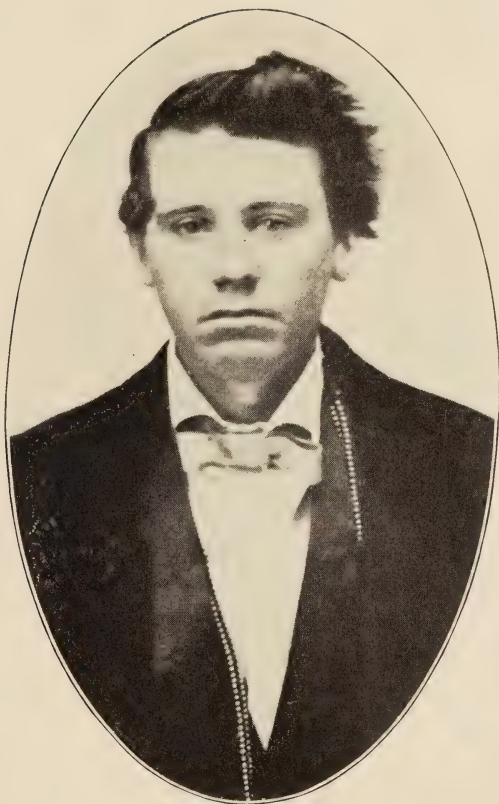
Not very long after we moved from the "Dug Spring" place, there came along a young man from the East not much, if at all, more than twenty years of age, in search of a job teaching school. He was a Yankee from the hills of New Hampshire, and proved an angel in disguise. Quite a number of settlers had moved into the neighborhood and a school was much needed for the growing boys and girls. He went among the people and stirred up such an interest in the school that he was not only employed to teach, but to superintend the construction of an adequate school building. The old building was not much larger than an ordinary garage of today. Its only window was a log left out on the north side. So the neighbors rallied, took their wagons and teams and axes, and went into the tall timber, made a sort of a picnic of it, felled the trees, cut them into suitable lengths, hewed them and hauled them to the site selected, which was where the original house stood, and only a few hundred yards from our new home. When the material was on the ground there was a "house-raising," when the walls were erected. The neighbors all helped in covering and flooring the building. And what a big house it was! And a stage was built across one end and a large blackboard was placed across the end above the stage, and there were glass windows! This young Yankee school-teacher had given those western settlers a new idea of the value and dignity of school-teaching.

This work was done in the summer, and in the autumn the new school opened with a new building, a new teacher, new methods, and a new enthusiasm for education. This Yankee school-teacher's name was Charles P. Hall, a name I shall always hold in

highest esteem. He did much for the neighborhood and the surrounding country. He did much for me. He named the school the "Westmoreland" after some eastern school he had attended. It acquired considerable fame in all the region round about. The new songs he introduced, the exhibitions in which dramas were presented on that stage, and the speaking of "pieces," especially the great patriotic speeches of Daniel Webster and Patrick Henry, and so on, both astonished and gratified the natives. I do not recall the number of terms he taught, but I know it was with great regret on our part when he left us to become the head of the Academy at Ozark. It must have been in the years 1857 and 1858 that Mr. Hall taught at our "Westmoreland" school. He had not taught more than one session at Ozark till some of the boys who were his pupils at "Westmoreland" followed him. But during that year another Yankee teacher came, a friend of Mr. Hall, whose name was Upton.

Meantime I had taught three months in a public school in an adjoining neighborhood—a country school of the most primitive type. I could not have been more than seventeen years of age at this time. Needless to say there were no examination boards to pass on the qualifications of teachers at that time. And yet, I have no doubt that I was able to awaken some of the same enthusiasm among the students and patrons of that school that my Yankee teacher had inspired at "Westmoreland."

Mr. Upton was an excellent teacher, too, and a man of fine character whose personal influence among the students was very fine. He followed Mr. Hall very well. One day at the noon hour he asked me to take a walk with him through the woods, and



J. H. Garrison at seventeen

I soon understood that he wished to have a confidential talk with me about something he believed to be for my good. I would not give the gist of his talk to me on that walk if I did not believe it to be admirable advice for all boys who are, or may be, similarly situated. After asking me a few questions about my future plans, and learning that I was not intending to stop my education with such schooling as I could obtain in the neighborhood, he expressed his pleasure at that and added, rather hesitatingly: "In that case, Harvey, I feel that, as one who is a few years older than you, I may give you a bit of advice. I would not be in a hurry in tying myself up with any girl. M. is a sweet, pretty girl, but that she will ever develop into a woman that would be a suitable wife for a man holding the position in life that you will be likely to hold, is extremely improbable and you would embarrass both yourself and her. There is plenty of time for that when you know something more of what your life is to be." No man could have said it in a kinder way and yet, it touched some tender chords, for I had come to think M. a charming girl. And she was, for she had charmed my boyish heart. And yet, my reason told me that my teacher had given me wise advice and I have thanked him many times for doing it. Great events were just ahead and they helped to solve the problem.

CHAPTER II

CIVIL WAR DAYS

IN the winter of 1860 and 1861, I went with a few others of our neighbor boys to Ozark, near our old home, to attend Professor Hall's academy. It was during the latter part of this term in the spring of 1861, that things became exciting. Lincoln had been elected President of the United States the autumn before. The Baltimore Mob and the firing upon Fort Sumpter occurred in the spring of 1861. It was a little later that some of this excitement was transferred to the little county seat of Ozark. A firm which had previously contracted to build the Court House, had completed it and had announced that on a given Saturday, before they had turned it over to the county, they were going to raise the Confederate flag on the top of it. This created great excitement in all the region around, where the hillmen were loyal to the old flag, as a rule, while the town people were generally Southern sympathizers.

The day arrived and the town was full of people, nearly all of whom were armed with rifles, shot-guns or pistols. As the moment approached, the excitement was intense, when Mr. H., one of the building firm—a desperate man—appeared on the top of the building with the Confederate flag in his hand. I had placed myself close beside a neighbor, Mr. N., another daring man, a Union man, who was prepared to shoot Mr. H. as soon as he appeared. My purpose was to get all the shooting postponed so we could reason together a little, as the war had not yet begun in Missouri. I pulled down Mr. N.'s gun and urged that, instead of shooting we put up

a Union flag and defend it if attacked. In a little while the pole was erected beside the Court House and the Stars and Stripes floating from its summit. A goods box was rolled under it and our representative in the Legislature, a Mr. L., mounted it, as we all supposed, to deliver an address. Instead of doing so, he announced that there was a young man in town attending the Academy who would now address them! To my astonishment he called my name.

There was no time for excusing myself, for something had to be done right soon by somebody to prevent a fight right there among neighbors. Ardent Unionist that I was, I knew the only hope of avoiding a conflict then and there, which could mean nothing in any decisive sense, was a note of moderation. That I struck at once, reminding the crowd that had gathered about the flag pole that we were all neighbors, citizens under one flag; that it had not yet come to war in Missouri, and that it might not come to war with us; that if it should come to war then we would have to choose our sides as soldiers and fight accordingly. But today we were citizens, not soldiers, and that killing would not be legitimate war, but murder. I told them frankly where I stood in case of war, and why, but today I begged them to keep the peace. Pointing to the flag under which I stood I said, "My friends, that old flag with its stars and stripes is the same banner which Washington and his ragged soldiers followed with bleeding feet at Valley Forge, and carried to victory, and if it comes to war that is the flag I shall follow in order to preserve the Union. Some of you will choose the other side, no doubt, but today let us separate quietly as friends and think it over till that time comes." As I spoke I could see them relax

and their expression change and to my great gratification they separated without a shot being fired. That I count one of the greatest victories of my life. Their desire to wait till the war came was gratified. They had not long to wait.

Yes, it came with all its bitterness, its ferocity, its fatalities, and we can see now, as we look back upon it, how unnecessary it was, had reason controlled the two sections. If only a conference of representatives from each section had been called before the firing on Sumpter, and even much earlier, before the strong sectional feeling had been stirred up, to consider by what means the question of slavery could be adjusted and the Union preserved without war, how different might have been the result! Perhaps such an amicable adjustment would have been impossible for lack of men of vision on each side who could see far off and who loved the Union and its mission in the world far more than any political theory or sectional interest. But the effort would have been a worthy one. The questions which constituted the chief differences between the two sections were: first, the right of one class of people to hold another class of inferiors in bondage, or human slavery; and the right of any state or group of states to withdraw or secede from the Federal Union. The Southern states, with perhaps more reason than we can realize at this time, claimed both these rights, while they were denied by the people of the North, or who were on the Union side. For not all in the North were of this conviction, nor were all in the South in favor of disunion, but the greater mass of people north of the Mason and Dixon line insisted that the Union of states, in the language of Daniel Webster, was "one and indivisible." It

was the actual secession of some of the Southern states after the election of Lincoln in 1860 that precipitated the actual beginning of the unfortunate war between fellow-citizens of the same blood and nationality, and under the same flag.

Our Yankee school teacher, Mr. Hall, found it advisable to close his school about the time of the incident mentioned above, and to return East where he subsequently raised a company of cavalry and fought in the Union army. Believing it would be some time before Missouri became involved in the war, I desired to get up a subscription school in the neighborhood of Judge Chapman who lived to the northeast of Ozark on the road to Springfield. Judge Chapman was an old friend of the family and went around with me to get subscriptions. In a few days, with his aid, I secured a sufficient number of students to justify me in beginning the school, and so I opened it and had run it about one week when one morning the news was very exciting, reporting a large Confederate army moving on Springfield. After thinking it over a while, I told the students that they could lay aside their books. I then told them it was no time to teach school; that there was too much excitement; and that they might go home and tell their parents that the school had ended and that there would be no charge for the week's tuition. That same day I packed my belongings and walked to Springfield where I found a field full of Home Guards drilling on the old Phelps place south of town. I had soon joined them and with the others was shouting, "Hurrah for the Union!"

As there seemed to be no danger of immediate attack on Springfield, I returned with a few of our neighbors to our home near the old "Westmoreland"

schoolhouse. It was wheat harvest time and we deemed it wise to look after that before the Southern troops arrived. I remember we were finishing up a piece of this work on the Fourth of July (1861) and at noon, when we stopped for our lunch in the harvest field, we heard the distant booming of cannon and knew the Confederate forces were advancing. The cannonading was at Carthage, Missouri, and its distant booming foreboded the storm that was just beginning to break upon the country. In a little Fourth of July speech which I made to my fellow-harvesters, I told them what it meant for me and that I did not intend to allow this army to get north of me but that I should follow the Union forces until they were strong enough to resist.

The next morning I talked the matter over with my parents and told them my proposition which was to enter the Union army as soon as I could join it. They reminded me of the dangers of war, of course, and the hope which they had in me. I told them, however, that my life would be safer in the Union army than it would be for me to remain at home with the Confederates in possession of the country, in view of the part I had already taken in behalf of the Union. As I remember, it was the same day that I left for Springfield with some of the neighbor boys and went into Home Guard duty in the little fort we had thrown up south of town.

There was a strong Union element in Springfield, and in the southwest, but the Secessionists, in the state as a whole predominated. General Lyon, in command of the small Union army that had been sent to Springfield was inclined, I am told, to wait until he could meet with the other Union forces, but the men of Springfield and thereabouts, who had

come out on the Union side, urged him not to fall back. He knew he was outnumbered but resolved to make a night march south and meet the enemy at Wilson's Creek about ten miles from Springfield. General Sigel, who held a subordinate command, was with him. It is not our purpose to report that battle here further than to say that General Lyon was killed leading a charge and that General Sigel was compelled to retreat from Springfield to Rolla, which was the terminus of the railroad at that time, and on to St. Louis.

When news of the battle reached Springfield, August 10, with the word that General Lyon had been killed, a serious question was forced upon us Home Guards who lived south of Springfield. Should we attempt to get back to our homes before going east or should we leave our homes with no change of clothes, and no money, and take our chances on being received into the army. Some of us, and I among them, decided to fall back with the army. This we did, getting such scraps from the army wagons as we could until we reached Rolla, the terminus of the San Francisco Railroad, where we could get supplies. There we went into encampment for a short time. While there, I applied for enlistment in Co. F, 24th Missouri Infantry, S. H. Boyd, Colonel, and S. P. Barris, Captain. I was accepted and immediately put on guard duty and other forms of camp duty. In a few days, I was appointed a Sergeant of the company. I began at once to study military tactics. But we drew no army uniforms until after we had reached St. Louis. In marching through the streets of St. Louis in our "butternut" and tattered suits, we presented quite a spectacle to the citizens. But as we marched under the Stars and Stripes it was easy to tell the Union

men from the others by the reception we received from the two classes along the line of march out to Benton Barracks on Grand Avenue. If we were a sight to the people of the city, no less was the city a sight to us boys from the Ozarks. The railroad at Rolla was the first we had seen of that modern invention. Our ride from Rolla to St. Louis on a gravel train with rough boards laid across for seats, was one of the most luxurious rides we had ever had, and certainly the fastest.

Not long after going into camp at Benton Barracks, we received our army uniforms and began to realize the dignity of our soldierhood. Soon I had gained such knowledge of the drill that I was charged first with the drilling of the awkward squad and later with drilling the company. Our regiment spent the autumn of 1861 at this place. While at this camp I had a hard spell of sickness which nearly carried me away,—a result of long months of exposure as home guard,—at Springfield and on the march to Rolla.

I imagine that the readers of my life will not be greatly interested in my connection with the civil war, and I would gladly skip it all if it were not for the fact that it connects in a very marked way with my subsequent career. Let it suffice here to say that the army of the Southwest, of which my regiment was a part was sent south from Springfield, under command of General Curtis and General Sigel, in pursuit of the Confederate army. On the morning of March 6, 1862, the Union forces came into contact with the Confederate troops at Pea Ridge, Arkansas. In that conflict I was wounded, about sundown of that day. I was within gunshot of the old Pea Ridge Tavern, when the ball struck me,

entering my left leg just above the ankle, shattering the bone and passing through, turning slightly to the rear and just missing the main leader in the back of my leg. I fell, but rose quickly, carrying my gun, and continued my retreat, for our army had fallen back a mile and was forming a new line. Our Confederate friends called on me to surrender, but I decided to take my chances of joining my army which I saw forming its line at the edge of the woods.

When I was about fainting from loss of blood, an ambulance of our army passed near me and I threw myself in at the rear end and was carried to a hospital tent at the rear of the battlefield, which proved to be that of the 22nd Indiana. There I lay all night. The surgeon told me that there were too many others worse wounded than I for him to dress my wound that night. My own company and regimental surgeon did not know where I was. So I lay all night on the battle-field with my wound undressed. The next morning I saw a member of my company passing by the tent, and I called him, and he notified my company officers, and I was soon removed to our own regimental hospital where my wound was dressed. But the battle did not end on the sixth. On the morning of the seventh I heard tremendous cannonading to the north of us, accompanied by infantry fire. Early in the forenoon a messenger reached us bearing the glad news that the Union forces had won the victory and that the Southern army was in full retreat. A feeble shout went up from the hospital patients. This battle was very fatal to Confederate Generals, Generals Price, McCollough and MacIntosh falling in that engagement.

In a few days our regimental surgeon, Dr. Robinson, notified me that he was going to send some of the slightly wounded men to Springfield in some army wagons that were returning for provisions and that while my wound was a little more severe than the class which he was sending he would allow me to return if I thought I could stand the trip, as he knew my folks were living in Springfield at that time. I readily decided to go, and the next day, lying on my back on my blankets, on the bed of an army wagon, we were bumping along over the stony road from Pea Ridge, Arkansas, to Springfield, Missouri, something over a hundred miles. On arriving in Springfield the post surgeon allowed me to go home on the condition that I was to consider myself under his care. My parents, and the others of the family, received me gladly and my mother felt rather relieved when she saw me carried home only wounded, as she had a presentiment that I would be either killed or wounded in that battle. Under her tender care, and that of the surgeon, I was, in a few weeks, able to get around on crutches. In a little while I was detailed as chief clerk in the Provost-Marshall's office in Springfield.

After two or three months in this position, in which I had a good deal to do with the granting of passes to those wishing to leave the city, it was decided to raise a regiment of United States Cavalry for the war. I undertook to raise a company, and by visiting a few of the surrounding towns and making patriotic speeches I succeeded in doing so and was elected Captain of the same. I was then discharged from Co. F, 24th Missouri Infantry, where I had the rank of Orderly or First Sergeant, and was commissioned as Captain of Co. G, of

the 8th Mo. Cav. Vols., September 1, 1862. My brother William, who had not entered the army till now, was soon made Lieutenant of the company. W. F. Geiger was appointed Colonel of the regiment.

After a little drilling at Springfield, we were ordered on a scout to the southwest, to be gone about two weeks. My mother was ill at the time, and our line of march led us along the street where my parents lived. While my company marched on with the regiment, I alighted and went in to tell my mother "good-bye." I told her how sorry I was to leave her ill, but she said she knew I was a soldier now and must go with my command. She expressed some doubt about my ever seeing her again. That grieved me most of all. As I rode on I was in no hurry to join my company, so sad were my feelings. Her premonition proved to be true. I never saw her again. As soon as our company returned to Springfield, I went immediately to the residence where my parents lived and found that my mother had died in my absence and had been buried near the old "Westmoreland" school house down in Christian County. Her intensity of life in caring for her own large family and others, together with the anxieties of the war, no doubt, shortened her life. A nobler specimen of humanity I have never known. To her I feel especially indebted for whatever good I may have done in the world.

But not only did I find that my mother had passed away, but that my father was at the point of death. I approached the bed softly where he lay and stooping asked, "Father, do you know me?" In feeble tones he replied, "Your voice sounds familiar, but I cannot see you!" The film of death was already over his eyes. And that night he too passed away.

I do not think he cared to live when his companion had passed on to the other world. He was known to his neighbors as the honest, kind-hearted "Uncle Jim." As previously stated, both my father and mother were devoted members of the Baptist Church. While they were denied the benefits of much schooling, they were anxious that their children should have all they could get. They were together in life and not separated in their death. Peace to their memory!

I shall not attempt to report in detail the three years of cavalry service following my promotion to the rank of Captain. It would be impossible for me to do this without going over the war records again, which I think is not necessary. The regiment and division to which my company belonged served in the state of Arkansas after we left Missouri. Working our way south by scouts, skirmish and battle, we captured the city of Little Rock, the capital of the state. This we made our headquarters and center of operations. Some of the most adventurous expeditions I was in, or led, occurred during our encampment in Little Rock and that vicinity. Passing by these, we remained thereabouts until peace was declared.

Our division of the army was then sent south to Camden, in the southern part of Arkansas, to receive the surrender of the Confederate troops in that part of the state. The war was ended! The Union preserved! How these facts thrilled our hearts! While we were encamped in Camden and engaged in receiving the surrender of the Confederate troops, the Fourth of July, 1865, came on. Of course we must have a celebration, for the day would have a new



J. H. Garrison at twenty-three

and richer meaning now. Such a celebration was announced by the Union General in command, who, to my great surprise, appointed me to deliver the address on the occasion. I felt the responsibility of the peculiar situation in which I was to speak to both Federal and Confederate troops. Many of those in Gray would be wondering what the attitude of the government would be towards them and expect the speaker on the occasion to indicate what that attitude would be. While holding no authority from the President or from the Commander-in-chief of the army, to announce the terms of peace, I did feel confident in assuring our friends from the South, who had erstwhile been our enemies, that having laid down their arms against the government, they had become citizens once more of the Union, loyal to its flag and Constitution and that they would not only receive pardon, but a hearty welcome from the government and from the boys in blue; that we had not fought them because we hated them, but because we loved the Union with its starry flag, not one of whose stars did we wish to see erased; that we were now fellow-citizens of the same great Republic, the finest and noblest on earth, and that we must stand behind it as Americans in defense of a common country and a common flag. I told them, also, that we who had fought for the Union could give full credit to the men of the South for their courage and loyalty to their convictions. I was a great admirer of President Lincoln, and tried to reflect his kindly spirit in my address.

These sentiments seemed to meet with a hearty response both from the boys in Blue and those in Gray. This address, with some patriotic songs made a very interesting occasion. The Union General in-

vited me to dine with him in his tent, which I did, and he freely expressed his approval of the sentiments and the spirit of my address. Why he should have laid such a responsibility on a boy of twenty-three when there were men of greater ability, and rank in our army, I have ventured to account for on the ground that these older and wiser men feared to risk their reputations in speaking under such peculiar conditions. But I had no reputation to guard and was not afraid to express my sentiments. At any rate the occasion passed off pleasantly and the behavior of the Union soldiers towards the Confederates was very commendable, as was that of the Confederates toward the Union soldiers. It was not many days after these ceremonies were completed that the Union soldiers began their march northward where they were to be discharged and to enter into the ranks of civil life.

Some time before this, and dating from March first, I had received from the Governor of Missouri, a commission as Major in the United States army, into which position I was never mustered, as the war was closing. I have the commission, however, hanging in my study along with that as Captain to show that I had the good-will of the powers that were. Thus ended my four years in the service of my country, offering life and all that I had for the Union.

CHAPTER III

COLLEGE AND MARRIAGE

It was during my stay in Springfield, while wounded and while acting as chief clerk in the Provost-Marshall's office, that an event occurred which had much to do in shaping my after-life. As an additional clerk was needed to assist me in my work, a young man was detailed from the 10th Illinois Cavalry, by the name of A. N. Harris. He and I became well acquainted and were very good friends. Later on in the war, I wished to send two of my sisters outside of the region subject to Confederate raids, and at the same time to give them educational privileges. I wrote to my friend Harris to recommend some college in Illinois to which I could send them. Having been a student in Abingdon college, in Abingdon, Illinois, he naturally recommended that institution. Thither I sent them. At the close of the war my brother William and I went there to see them, going by way of Springfield, Illinois, to visit the grave of our martyred President Lincoln. What follows formed a radical change in my life and life-plans. How small an event sometimes serves to work very radical changes in one's life! By what strange providence did it happen that the young man, who was detailed as my assistant in the office at Springfield, chanced to be a student of one of our colleges, and himself a staunch member of that body under whose auspices that college was founded. Yes, "there is a divinity which shapes our ends" and we do not understand the means which this divinity uses for the accomplishment of its purposes.

It was not long after meeting my sisters at Abingdon college that they told me that they had united with the "Christian Church" which we had formerly heard called "Campbellites" in the part of the country where we had been raised. I expressed my surprise at this change in their religious attitude, and my fear that the Baptist church would not receive them back into the fold. They good-naturedly informed me that they had no desire or purpose ever to return to the Baptist Church. They felt sure that they had found something that was more in harmony with New Testament teaching and they felt sure that I would approve it when I came to understand it. This astonished me more than ever, for I had carried with me the reports and prejudices that had been with me from my earliest recollections.

These sisters, however, prevailed on us to remain and take the college course. After some hesitation, and consultation with the college authorities, we decided to enter the college. I told the college faculty that, in view of my advanced age—I was twenty-three my last birthday—I could remain in college for only three years. I did not feel that I could spare the time from the career that I had pictured for myself, for any longer course. I was then in robust health and was anxious to enter active life. The truth is, I had political ambitions and felt that the path of progress lay invitingly before me at that time. I assured the college authorities that I could take their four years' course in three years, if they would divide up my studies accordingly. They accepted my offer and assigned me the four-years' classical course. I performed the work with-

in the three years, and received their A.B. degree at the commencement on June 25, 1868.

Needless to say, I took little time for exercise or sports of any kind during that period. I would not advise any young man to ask for this condensation of time, or any college to grant it. But dear old Abingdon college, with all its limitations, has a warm place in my heart even though it has long since become a part of Eureka college.

Something had happened, or at least transpired, during my college career and early in it, to change my plan of life. This college and the church connected with it were associated with this reformatory movement, and believed in it emphatically. They did not fail to make the students of the college understand what that position was. Why should they not do so if they believed it to be of God? When I heard this position presented clearly, as one adapted to the religious needs of the world today, and especially its plea for the unity of Christians, it appealed to me so strongly as not only to bring about my identification with it, but to convince me that the greatest good I could do in the world was to advocate and propagate this plea for a united church on the New Testament basis. This cause seemed to me so vastly important and urgent as to justify me in throwing aside my political plans and ambitions and giving myself wholly to it. This was a great change in my life-plans but one I have never regretted, believing it was of God.

It may be asked what were the features of this plea that wrought such a radical revolution in my life-plans. First of all, the college president, J. W. Butler, who was a graduate of Bethany, and reflecting, no doubt, the lessons he had learned from Alex-

ander Campbell in his morning lectures, made the Bible a more intelligible book, with its Old and New Covenants, presenting a progressive revelation culminating in Christ. Then the clarification of the terms of salvation under Christ, with the emphasis on human responsibility in accepting these terms. But greatest of all was its advocacy of Christian union, by casting off our denominational names, creeds, and party spirit and coming together in Christ in order that the world might believe that God had sent him to be the Savior of the world. I had been advocating and fighting for the union of States under one flag, and one constitution. Why not stand for the union of Christians under one Leader and one Bible as our common rule of faith and practice? These things appealed to my reason, and to my heart, and I resolved to devote my life to their advocacy. Had I never gone to college my life might have run in very different channels.

It is not strange, therefore, that I place a very high estimate upon the relation of our colleges to the advancement of the cause we plead, and to the recruiting of young lives for the service of God, and especially of young men to the ministry of the Gospel. Judging from my own personal experience, I should say it is not an easy question for a young man to decide as to what is the best use he can make of his life. He has probably entered college with other plans in his mind, of a business or social, or political character, and there must be motives of a very high character to lead such a one to surrender the ideals he had cherished, perhaps from childhood, to accept another which would lead him to dedicate his time and talents to the preaching of the Gospel. One enters college with an open mind

and with a desire to learn all that will be useful to him in making the best of life. Students are therefore, in a receptive mood. Their minds are in the formative period, and they are prepared then, as they are never likely to be afterwards, for weighing this important question: "In what way can I best serve my age and generation?"

Of course, I am assuming that the college is aware of its responsibility, as relates to this very question, and functions accordingly. I believe this to be true, as far as my knowledge extends, of our own institutions of learning, and I presume it is true of the colleges of other religious bodies. I will be pardoned, perhaps, for saying, in view of this fact, that we Disciples of Christ have been very slow to recognize our duty in giving such endowment to our colleges as to enable them to accomplish their important work in the most efficient manner. I am glad to add, however, that there are hopeful signs of an awakening to a fuller realization of our obligations to these institutions.

ANOTHER FACT

It was during my college life at Abingdon that another fact occurred which, no doubt, had much to do with the shaping of my future life. It was there that I formed the acquaintance of, and a very high esteem for, and personal attachment to, a young woman who was in the same college with me and who was a member of the same graduating class. She was Miss Judith Elizabeth Garrett, of Camp Point, Illinois. The attachment proved to be mutual and the result was, we decided to get married, and not without good opportunity to know each other very well during those years of intimate

association. Perhaps there is no place where we can learn to know each other quite so well as in college. The marriage ceremony was performed at Camp Point in Adams County, Illinois, just one week after our graduation—July 2, 1868. An older sister of my wife was married at the same time to a life-long friend and fellow-soldier of mine, J. H. Smart. This double ceremony was performed by Prof. A. J. Thomson, one of the teachers in college.

This union of mine with Miss Garrett no doubt had much to do in carrying out my life-plans to whatever degree of success they may have attained, for she was in hearty sympathy with my ideals. Choosing a life-companion to share with one, in the intimacy of wedlock, the labors and trials, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the successes and failures, incident to this mortal life, is one of the pivotal points in the history of any man or woman. When we witness the thoughtlessness with which this relation is often entered into, there is no need to wonder at the number of divorces which we read about in the papers. I would be glad if any word of caution I might add here would cause any of our younger readers to consider more carefully this important matter of choosing their life-companions.

The woman I married was a Disciple, born and bred and trained as such, while I was but a recent convert to a movement which was henceforth to absorb our time and energy.

CHAPTER IV

BEGINNING OF EDITORIAL WORK

Not long after I was married, and while we were still living at Abingdon, in a cottage which I had purchased for the use of my sisters and myself during our college life, I received a call which had much to do in shaping the particular course which my life energies should take. One of my teachers, J. C. Reynolds, the professor of ancient languages, was pastor of the church in Macomb, Illinois. (I hate to think what meagre salaries these devoted professors must have received from the college. Certainly most of them had to supplement their incomes by other work to live at all.) He had resigned his position in the college to give his time to the church and other work, when he wrote me, asking me to become associate pastor with him of the Christian Church in Macomb. I very readily accepted this call, regarding a "half loaf" as better than no bread, and went down in the early autumn of 1868.

I had preached my first regular sermon a short time before at Bushnell, Illinois, whither I had gone to fill an appointment of Brother Reynolds, who was detained in Macomb by the death of one of the members. I was wholly unknown to the church and had this advantage, that no one there knew that this was my first sermon. I did not disclose this fact until after the meeting had adjourned. I was accustomed to public speaking, however, from my boyhood and did not exhibit the bashfulness of a beginner. It was not strange, therefore, that the members expressed surprise on learning that it was

my first attempt to preach. I do not even recall the text on which I based my sermon, much less the sermon.

I have mentioned J. C. Reynolds as the man who invited me to share with him the pastorate of the Christian Church in Macomb, Ill. I feel that I ought to pause here to pay tribute to one of the best men it has been my privilege to know, and one who had much to do in determining the direction of my life-work. He was a graduate of Bethany college and served for a time as professor of Ancient Languages in Abingdon college, where I came to know him. He was a man of wisdom rather than of genius or brilliancy. He was pure in heart and in life and sought to serve. He was humble in spirit and never sought prominence, but only to be useful. If I have succeeded in the work to which I have so largely devoted my life, to Brother J. C. Reynolds belongs the credit for discovering that talent and guiding me quietly to engage in religious journalism.

Shortly after I had joined him in Macomb in the work of the ministry, he asked me to become co-editor with him of a monthly magazine called the *Gospel Echo* which had recently come into his possession. This seemed to me to offer a wider field of usefulness and at the request of Brother Reynolds, I accepted the position. Accordingly, on the *first day of January, 1869*, there was issued the first number of that magazine under our joint control as editors and publishers. This was the beginning of my editorial career. Little did I dream of all that was involved in that humble beginning; of the long years of hardship, sacrifice, responsibility and earnest toil, by day and by night, which were to follow.

A bound volume of the *Gospel Echo* for 1869 lies before me as I write. After a flattering introduction of myself by Brother Reynolds, there follows my "Salutatory" as the first article on the editorial page. In that salutation, I was humble enough to say: "I bring to the columns of *The Echo* no trained quill that has won renown on the oft-contested field of intellectual combat; no mind rich in the treasures of wisdom gleaned from a long and eventful life, nor self-illuminated by the scintillations of its own genius." Slightly sophomoric, do you say? Well, remember that I had only been a few months out of college! That salutatory closes with the following paragraph:

"Our bark is ready. Carefully, hopefully, prayerfully, we commit it to the great sea of religious literature. Our sails are unfurled. Our colors float proudly from the summit of the mast. With our hands at the helm, and our eyes steadily fixed on Bethlehem's Star, a 'God bless you' and a 'A happy New Year to all,' and we make our editorial bow."

Little did I know what I was bowing myself into at the time. It is well that the Lord hides from our eyes the magnitude and difficult nature of the tasks to which he calls us. It is enough to know that the work is His and that we are working with Him. "Sufficient unto the day is its own evil." "My grace is sufficient for thee." These red-letter truths stand out prominently near the close of a long life that has had frequent occasion to test them in the fires of experience. Do right TODAY and fear not the evil of TOMORROW. He whom we follow in right doing, will care for us in any evil consequences that may come to us because of our so doing. On the same principle, if God calls us to a

difficult task, He will supply wisdom and grace to us to accomplish it if we seek His help.

I had not been editor very long until I was convinced that if I was to do anything worth while in the line of religious journalism a larger center must be found, and that the paper should be a weekly instead of a monthly journal. Accordingly arrangements were made for the publication of such a paper in October, 1871.

The September issue of *The Gospel Echo* contained a prospectus of the "Christian Missionary" to begin in Chicago in the following month. This prospectus stated that business men of moral integrity, financial ability, and Chicagoan energy, stood behind this enterprise determined to see it successful. In addition to this pledged capital, this prospectus mentioned as additions to our editorial staff, such men as President J. W. Butler, President H. W. Everest, Professors A. M. Weston, A. P. Aten, B. J. Radford and O. P. Hay. But alas for the plans of man! About the time these plans were consummated, the great Chicago fire occurred, destroying so large a part of the city. I immediately went up to Chicago to find out how the fire had affected our newspaper plans. I found there that the men who were backing the enterprise had suffered great loss and our plans in that direction were all defeated.

Then my thought turned toward St. Louis as a publishing center. But on account of financial restrictions, it was decided to move first to Quincy, Ill., where further preparation could be made for the larger venture.

At this time occurred another event in the widening range of circumstances that were shaping the future destiny of our paper. *The Christian* was the

name of a weekly paper published in western Missouri and edited by some of our able men such as T. P. Haley, George W. Longan, Alexander Procter, A. B. Jones, Geo. Plattenburg. It would have been impossible to find, anywhere in the entire brotherhood, an abler group of men, intellectually and spiritually, than these. And yet, *The Christian* had failed financially under their management, and Brother Longan wrote to me asking that it be consolidated with the new weekly soon to begin at Quincy. The proposition was readily accepted, for it offered a wider field for our proposed paper. And yet, it seemed strange to me that such intellectual giants should be willing to turn over the control of their paper to a young man recently out of college, for by this time the chief responsibility of editing and financing the paper had devolved on me.

And so, in the autumn of 1871, began the publication of *The Gospel Echo and Christian* at Quincy, Illinois, changing our monthly into a weekly. With the beginning of 1872, I dropped the first part of the name and assumed the title of *The Christian*; a name of which I had always been fond. During the following two years at Quincy, we increased the circulation of the paper and gave the brotherhood some idea of the kind of paper *The Christian* was to be.

It was while in Quincy, that I first met with W. F. Richardson who was then a young man working in the printing establishment where our paper was published, and who had to do with mailing it. He had the same cheery and jovial disposition in his work then, that he has always manifested, and performed his duties with the same conscientious faithfulness which has always characterized him. This

was before he began his college life at Eureka. It was there and then that a friendship was begun that has grown closer and stronger with the passing years. A better man than W. F. Richardson, I have never known.

Another incident occurred during the last of the two years we spent in Quincy, which is mentioned here as one of the signs of the times. I had a visit one day from the venerable D. Pat Henderson and Enos Campbell, the latter being the pastor of the Central Christian Church in St. Louis. Brother Henderson read in his dramatic way a long and very caustic article on the organ question—then one of the hotly-disputed questions among us. The article discussed the events connected with the use of the organ in the Central Church in St. Louis and the opposition to it, and answered the argument against it in a very thorough fashion. When he had finished reading it, he brought down his fist on my desk with considerable force saying in his rather imperious fashion, “Now, sir, we want you to publish that article in *The Christian!*” Knowing my personal views on the subject he fully expected I would agree to do so. When I answered him in an equally emphatic manner, “No, I will not publish it,” he gave me such a lecture as a gray-haired veteran of the cross felt he had a right to give to a young editor. Brother Campbell was more gentle in his persuasion, but I explained to them that should I print their article I should have to print a reply to it and that our paper would become the medium of a prolonged discussion of the organ question. I felt there were far more important matters for discussion and determined that these should occupy our columns. I feel now that this was right, but I mar-

vel that a young man should have put his judgment against that of such widely-known and long experienced men as these two brethren. But they had come out of the atmosphere of a local conflict, and were not looking at the subject from an editor's point of view. We parted good friends and always remained such.

This incident may be considered as typical of the policy of the paper throughout its entire history, not to be side-tracked into minor issues, but to keep in the middle of the road, and to devote its columns to the main issues. This policy has often provoked criticism from its readers who were interested in some local or temporary issue. An editor must take a wider view of things, and keep in touch with the best thought of the time, and this course will provoke criticism from good brethren, for the time being, but sooner or later they come to see the larger truth, and thus a healthy progress is assured.

CHAPTER V

ON TO ST. LOUIS—EARLY STRUGGLES

THE year 1873 was given largely to preparation for the removal of the paper to St. Louis. Located, as that city was, on that great national artery, the Mississippi river, the "Father of Waters," and in the heart of the continent, with an equal number of great states on the eastern and western sides of it, it seemed to be a suitable center for a great publishing house. Of course, the union with "The Christian" and the promise of the help of the strong men who were its editors, strengthened our purpose and confidence in making that great city the center of our operations in the publishing business.

Feeling that our plans were too large for individual capital—at least for *my* individual capital,—I proceeded to organize the Christian Publishing Company, a stock company on a basis of fifty thousand dollars capital stock, the shares being one hundred dollars each, a certain per cent to be paid as demanded. The full amount of this stock I think was never subscribed, nor the full amount paid of that which was subscribed, but enough was subscribed and paid to enable us to incorporate and to begin operations in St. Louis, January 1, 1874. There were difficulties ahead of us, of course, which we did not foresee, among which were, the amount of expense, insufficient capital, inexperience, and an only partially friendly reception from those whom we had a right to expect would be in sympathy with us in St. Louis.

An incident illustrating the last point; soon after beginning the publication of *The Christian* in St.

Louis, having meanwhile placed our membership in the Central Christian Church, I visited the prayer-meeting of the First Christian Church, and at its close requested the officers of the church and any others interested, to remain to hear a matter I wished to present. Having mentioned the removal of our paper to St. Louis and our aim to make it an instrument under God for promoting our cause, I requested their patronage and co-operation in the enterprise. The leading elder, a man of high standing in the church and in the city, said there was one question, the answer to which would decide the attitude of that church to the paper: Was it to be a steadfast opponent of the innovation of the organ in our churches? I answered him frankly that I did not intend to treat the use of an organ, or instrumental music in our churches as a vital issue; that I should leave that question to the local churches to decide for themselves; that there were other questions which I deemed vastly more important to which I hoped to give attention. "Then," he said, "you need not expect any sympathy or aid from this church!" Others present seemed to accept that view of things; and, let me state here, these were all good and true brethren who believed that they were simply being loyal to the Bible and to our cause in assuming this attitude. Most of them lived to see the folly of their position, but the incident shows one of the obstacles our paper had to contend with, not only in that city, but in a large number of churches throughout the brotherhood.

It was our good fortune, entering upon a wider career from this larger center, to cope with this passing error and to plead for a broader and more spiritual interpretation of the Bible and of our

mission as a religious movement. Of course, this involved the loss of a certain kind of patronage at a critical period in the history of our publishing enterprise; but this was inevitable. The error was quite formidable, including among its advocates, as already stated, some honorable brethren to whose learning and devotion to the essential principles of our plea, we are greatly indebted, but in a decade, or thereabouts, from the time of our removal to St. Louis, this propaganda had lost its main force and remained only as a lingering prejudice. Like every other error, it had to be outgrown and this took some time as well as a different type of religious instruction.

The service rendered to our cause, during this period, not only as respects freedom in religious worship, but in behalf of missions and of a truer conception of our mission and work, by the *Christian Standard* under the able editorship of Isaac Errett, it would be difficult to estimate. I felt it an honor, as a younger man, to be an intimate and trusted co-laborer with this gifted man of God. Our journals stood for the same great principles, and we often conferred concerning the questions of importance which arose from time to time in the brotherhood.

A brief statement concerning the leading religious journals among us at this date, and their attitude, may not be uninteresting. The oldest, and the one which had been until within recent years the most influential, was the *American Christian Review*, edited by Benjamin Franklin. It was outspoken in its opposition to missionary societies and the use of instrumental music in the worship, and to our colleges, which were all declared to be without au-

thority. The *Christian Standard*, of which Isaac Errett was the editor, was started in 1866. Many brethren felt that the *Review* no longer fairly represented our position. The *Standard* stood for progress; for Christian liberty; for the use of all wise expedients for advancing the cause; for higher education; and for a more spiritual conception of Christianity. The *Apostolic Times* was established in Lexington a few years later, with a group of our ablest and most widely-known brethren, M. E. Lard, W. H. Hopson, L. B. Wilkes, J. W. McGarvey, and Robert Graham, as editors. Its purpose was to counteract what its editors regarded as extreme progressive tendencies among us. The *Evangelist* of Iowa, under the editorship of B. W. Johnson, and others earlier than he, and the *Christian* at St. Louis, under the editorship of myself and others who had preceded me, were both older in their origin than either the *Times* or the *Standard*. They were essentially in harmony with the *Christian Standard*. All these journals had a struggle in their earlier history to perpetuate their existence. Once or twice the *Christian Standard* was on the eve of suspension. The *Apostolic Times* was soon calling for help, and changed its name and ownership, and ultimately passed out of existence. The *Christian* and the *Evangelist* of Iowa had passed through similar experiences. If the history of journalism among us should ever be written fully, it would constitute one of the most heroic, and even pathetic, chapters in our history.

Now that the Christian Publishing Company had been organized in St. Louis and the first issue of the paper had been launched at the beginning of the year 1874, with a strong editorial corps, it

seemed that our newspaper craft had outridden the storm and henceforth was to have smooth sailing. In the leading editorial of that initial number entitled "Our New Home," it is said: "St. Louis is a great center, and that is why the *Christian* is here. Radiating from it in all directions are the various railroads, and moving grandly and solemnly along by it is the lordly Mississippi, opening up to us the snow fields of Minnesota and the cotton fields of the great South." As indicating the spirit of optimism, the editorial closes with this sentence: "We are undertaking a great work for Christ here in this city, and with your hearty aid and God's approving smile, we shall succeed."

Such was the optimistic spirit with which the paper was launched from its new center, and under its new auspices. To inexperienced eyes the outlook was full of encouragement. I wonder how many of the greatest triumphs, and the noblest enterprises of men are due to the ignorance of inexperience! When some one shall write the history of such enterprises and achievements it will be known how much the world is indebted to young and inexperienced men, who, unaware of the difficulties and trials before them, have fearlessly undertaken tasks from which wiser and more prudent men would have recoiled. The venerable editor of our leading religious paper at that time used to refer to me as "The young editor with a stock company behind his back!" I was pictured as having a luxurious time sitting in my editorial office and issuing orders to subordinates while the venerable editor aforesaid was traveling and preaching the gospel among the churches. True, we had a stock company, with a subscribed capital of \$50,000, but this was payable

only on assessment, not more than 5 per cent at one time, and not more than 10 per cent in any one year. Besides, it was the general expectation of most of these stockholders that only a very few assessments would be necessary until the paper would be paying its own way. Certainly it had a strong editorial and contributing staff. J. C. Reynolds, G. W. Longan and A. F. Smith were assistant editors, while our list of regular contributors included O. A. Burgess, H. W. Everest, J. M. Henry, J. H. McCollough, J. H. Smart, and L. B. Wilkes.

One of the first mistakes made by the new publishing company was the purchase of a large printing office on Main and Olive streets. This was fitted up for job work and miscellaneous printing, as well as for our own publications. We got out the City Directory of St. Louis, which required a large number of printers. My editorial office was at first in a small room in the printing office, but later a large and elegant room was taken on the fifth floor of the Equitable Building on Sixth and Locust Streets, which at that time commanded a wide view of the Mississippi River and of the level regions of Illinois beyond. This arrangement we found, however, too inconvenient, and at the end of the year our editorial office was again brought into closer contact with the printing office. In those earlier days I was editor, proof-reader and business manager, all in one, though assisted in most of these duties by my assistant, A. F. Smith.

It soon became evident that the company was running behind. Bills came in with great regularity and with appalling magnitude. The stockholders had been drawn on for all the assessments they would stand for the year. These days were full of toil,

and the nights full of restless anxiety. Early in the year of 1875, having one day made an investigation into the condition of the company, I became convinced that a crisis was imminent, and that things could not go on as they were going. I went to my office on Second and Olive streets, and pondered over the situation. The future was dark and ominous. Was my cherished object of establishing a great religious journal and a publishing house in St. Louis to be thwarted by a financial failure? Feeling that I was at the end of my own wisdom and strength, I fell on my knees and committed the whole case to God, and asked His help in the crisis that I saw was upon us. I went home that night with a heavy heart, and lay down at last to a troubled sleep. Does God hear and answer prayer?

Between midnight and day there was a loud knocking on the door by a policeman's club. When asked what was wanted, he wished to know if this was Mr. Garrison's residence. On being told that it was, he said, "His printing office is on fire!" Hastily dressing I walked the three or four miles through the snow from North St. Louis, where I was then living, as the street cars were not running at that hour. Arriving at the scene, I found the engines still at work, though the fire was practically extinguished. Such a scene of desolation and chaos I had never witnessed before. The office was in ruins, the cases were upset, type scattered everywhere, and the whole covered with slushy ice. A meeting of directors was called at once. They decided that all business must stop, all employees be discharged, all expenses cease, while the officers of the company were to try to collect what was due to it, and meet its obligations as fast as possible. In this extremity

I assumed personal responsibility for the continued publication of the paper, and issued at once a miniature copy, a four-page sheet dated Feb. 11, 1875, announcing our disaster, and urging our friends to stand by us in this time of calamity. In another week the normal size of the paper was resumed, and it was carried forward without missing a number. A call was made on the stockholders for an assessment, and as rapidly as this was collected, the debts were paid. I was enabled with the subscriptions and advertisements of the paper to carry it on, and we were coming *out* instead of going *in*. Looking back over the condition of things at that time it is easy to see that our calamity was a blessing in disguise. The Lord had "answered by fire."

While the fire had stopped the process of getting deeper into debt, the process of getting out of debt was slow and full of painful anxiety. Often when I went to bed at night I had no idea where the money was to come from to meet a note falling due in the bank next day. But it came from some source, and every dollar of indebtedness was paid, and no note of the company or of my own ever went to protest. Of course, this involved hardships and deprivations, not for myself alone, but for my family, of which few people know anything, and my wife shared in the hardships and self-denials of those trying years. Of course, our meager living expenses had to be earned by my preaching on Sundays.

After one year of battling alone, after the fire, I called to my assistance my brother-in-law, J. H. Smart, who left a successful pastorate and came to help me work out our problem. We had known each other from childhood; we had attended the same

common school in our boyhood; were soldiers together in the Civil War; had graduated in the same class at college, and had married sisters. I knew him to be thoroughly reliable, possessed of good business ability, as well as a good education, and that his wife would be a valuable help with him. From the time of his arrival, he assumed joint responsibility with me for carrying on the *Christian*, as the company had not yet resumed business, and all our business was transacted under the title of "Garrison and Smart." The period of stress was not yet over by any means, but its toils and privations were now shared by another, who proved himself in every way a most valuable helper. The stockholders soon reached what they regarded as the limit of their assessments, some with fifteen per cent, some with twenty per cent, and a few with twenty-five per cent of the stock subscribed. Few went beyond that. They were given the option of transferring their stock to us that we might meet the obligations of the company, or paying their assessments. Nearly all of them surrendered their stock gladly, having considered their assessments as a contribution to the establishment of the paper. The stock, however, was regarded as of no value, and could not have been hypothecated for a dollar in any of the banks of the city. When the debts of the company had been paid, there was a reorganization of the Christian Publishing Co., and the business was carried forward again under that name. Neither Brother Smart nor myself, however, received any fixed salary from the company as yet for our services.

It would not be profitable nor interesting to narrate the financial and other difficulties which had

to be met in the next decade in order to carry forward this enterprise. Nothing but a deep sense of the need of such a journal as we proposed to establish, and our belief in its ultimate success, could have persuaded us to press forward through those trying years. There was a time when my life insurance had to be drawn on to keep the press running, and to feed the printers. My own and my wife's property had previously been laid on the altar for the same purpose. And so the press never stopped, nor did the printers ever go hungry for lack of their pay. In every crisis the Lord opened a way for us to go on, though we could not always see the opening until the necessity was upon us. I had a feeling that the Lord, by His providence, had called me to this work and that if I trusted Him and went forward, He would provide a way of escape from, or strength to overcome, every frowning obstacle.

During these years there was much discussion in our newspapers about missionary plans, the right to use instrumental music in the churches, church organization, our relation to other religious bodies, and whether our congregations should receive the pious unimmersed. It was along in the '70's that an event occurred which served to show that many of our brethren and scribes had forgotten what manner of men they were. Moses E. Lard, than whom no man among us stood higher as a preacher or writer, and as an undaunted defender of the faith, issued a small pamphlet, in which he set forth the view that *aionios*, as applied to future punishment, did not necessarily mean *everlasting*, and that we could not certainly predicate, on the meaning of that term, the theory of endless punishment for those

who die impenitent. It was not, of course, a new interpretation of that term, but it was a new method of escape for Brother Lard from consequences which he was, in his later years, unable to bear, with the literal view which he held of punishment. He was at once assailed by his brethren for being a Universalist, and it was openly advocated by many that fellowship should be withdrawn from him for holding and publishing his opinion! Brother Lard's prominence and influence in the brotherhood made this view seem very dangerous to many brethren, and there was no little excitement. In the midst of it all, without at all endorsing or defending Brother Lard's view, I defended his right to hold any view which might seem to him true concerning the meaning of the Greek word in question, without forfeiting his right to the love and fellowship of his brethren. Then I was charged with being a Universalist! Many brethren were unable to perceive that my defense of Christian liberty had nothing to do with my view of the correctness of Brother Lard's theory.

At the same time Isaac Errett was publishing in the *Christian Standard* a series of editorials pointing out the untenableness of Brother Lard's view. Some of my critics referred to this fact, saying that while I had departed from the faith, Brother Errett was defending our position. In a personal letter to Brother Errett I called his attention to the fact that, while his criticism of Brother Lard's pamphlet was entirely legitimate, it was being interpreted by a certain class of brethren as enforcing their attitude in demanding that fellowship be withdrawn from Brother Lard for his heresy; and that I was sure that he agreed with me that our liberty in Christ

was far more important to the success of our plea than any particular theory concerning the meaning of *aionios*. He replied promptly, expressing his thorough agreement with me in the position which I had taken, and accepted my suggestion that the *Standard* should take a decided stand on the question of Christian liberty which was involved. The next issue of the *Standard* contained one of his ablest editorials on "The Tyranny of Opinionism," which left no doubt as to his attitude. About the same time, B. W. Johnson, editor of the *Evangelist*, then published at Oskaloosa, Ia., published an editorial taking the same view. Thus by the united voice of these three papers, the tide of sentiment was turned, and Brother Lard was permitted to spend his closing days in peace. In conversation with Alexander Procter, whom I met on the train about that time, he referred to this incident as furnishing the most painful revelation that had ever come to him, of how far many of our people had departed from the real spirit of the Reformation we were pleading.

The problems which confronted us in that period, and constituted the main themes of newspaper discussion and even of sermons, might be characterized as those relating, first, to doctrinal clarification, and second, to the organization of our churches for other than local work. As to the first, there had already begun, at that time, a reaction against an extreme legalism which had grown up among us out of our frequent debates with the "sects," as our religious neighbors were termed, and a too exclusive emphasis on the "conditions of pardon," to the neglect of the more spiritual interpretation of those conditions and of the Christian life. Some of our best minds

saw the danger of this tendency and began to plead for a more catholic, spiritual and less combative type of Christianity and of our position. *The Christian*, of course, stood for this wider and deeper view of our plea for returning to the Christianity of Christ and of the New Testament, and for a more fraternal attitude to other believers in Christ who walked not with us in all things. *The Christian Standard* of Cincinnati, under the editorship of Isaac Errett, stood for the same things, substantially, but others of our journals and a large section of the brotherhood regarded this position as compromising our plea, and as dangerous! We had a group of strong men in Missouri who made *The Christian* the organ of those more liberal views, while as yet a large majority of the membership in the state held to the more conservative view. This, of course, made "hard sledding" for our new enterprise, but this majority changed to a diminishing minority, as the contest of ideas went on.

As previously mentioned, a minor and waning part of this doctrinal discussion was the question of the right of local churches to use the organ or other instruments of music in their worship. Brother W. T. Moore, pastor of the Central Christian Church in Cincinnati for several years, had introduced an organ in their church worship, and this precipitated the discussion on that subject. Strange as it may seem now, some of our ablest men at that time arrayed themselves on the negative side of this question and argued that it was a compromise, if not a complete surrender, of our plea! These were good men, and some of them able men, who had the welfare of our cause on their hearts. It illustrates how far the legalistic interpretation of the Scriptures had

been carried, by the abuse of the motto, "Where the Scriptures speak, we speak," etc. It cut the nerve of religious enterprise and allowed no freedom to use modern inventions and discoveries of our age in carrying on the work of the Kingdom. It was only a question of a little growth in grace and in knowledge of the truth,—that truth which makes men free—when this crude view of Christianity would be cast aside.

Closely akin, in spirit, to the discussion of the use of the organ in church worship, was that which arose about the same time, concerning the right of our churches to organize missionary societies, in order that they might co-operate more effectively in the work of spreading the gospel at home and abroad. It was an abnormal fear of "ecclesiasticism" which caused many to oppose such organizations. They had gotten their necks out of one yoke, it was said, and they were not to be entrapped in another. This opposition did not seem able to discriminate between a form of church government that deprives local congregations of their rightful freedom, and a voluntary association of churches for co-operation in doing what they cannot do separately, and what must be done if we are to carry out Christ's commission to evangelize the world. This opposition to missionary societies retarded the active enlistment of many of our churches in missionary work even after such organizations were formed.

Even as late as 1880 we were doing only a limited amount of work in home missions, many and inviting as these fields were, and had not yet a single missionary in pagan lands. In October of that same year, at our National Convention in Louisville, I was asked by our Foreign Christian Missionary

Society to deliver an address and chose as my theme the necessity of our engaging in the work of sending the Gospel to the regions beyond, where the people knew nothing of Christ.

ORIGIN OF CHILDREN'S DAY

On the evening before leaving home for the Convention, at our evening worship, I mentioned my journey on the following day to the Convention, and what I was going for and what I was going to plead for, in my address. After the prayer, in which I naturally remembered the cause for which I was to speak, our two boys, aged ten and six years, and a child niece who was living with us at the time, gathered up their pennies and nickels and tied them up in a little bag and brought them to me, wholly unsolicited, saying, "Here is all the money we have and we want it to go for the people who have never heard about Jesus!" Of course, I accepted this gift with thanks, and pledged them that it should go to the purpose for which they gave it.

The little bag of small coins footed up only \$1.13, but I thought I saw in it the prophecy of larger things to come. In the midst of my address at the Convention, when I had urged that the time had come when we ought to send Christ's Gospel into the lands steeped in heathen darkness, I said: "If you older people are not ready to undertake this work, call on the children for their offerings and they will furnish the money to begin this work at once." I then related the incident mentioned above and holding up my little bag of small coins I asked, "Brethren, what will you do with these children's offerings? At present you have no place for it,—no fund in which I can place it."

At the close of my address, which seemed to make a deep impression on the Convention, Brother J. H. Hardin of Missouri moved that a committee be appointed to consider and report to the Convention on the recommendation of my address, to call on the children of the Brotherhood for an offering to start a Heathen Missionary Fund. The committee was appointed, as I recall, with Brother Hardin as chairman. The committee reported to the Convention the next day recommending that a certain Lord's Day be fixed upon as "Children's Day," whereon an offering should be called for from all our Sunday schools and from our children generally, to create a fund, of which the \$1.13 should be the nucleus for sending the Gospel into pagan lands. The report was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted, and this was the origin of our "Children's Day."

Brother A. McLean, the honored leader in our Foreign Missionary work, many years afterward in addressing the College of Missions at Indianapolis on "The Origin and History of our Foreign Work," referring to this incident, declared, "If Garrison should live a thousand years he would never rise to a greater height than he did that night in pleading for foreign missions!" Other brethren said there was a wave of deep feeling and enthusiasm that swept the audience that night, seldom if ever witnessed in one of our Conventions. But it was not the eloquence of the address that moved the people, but the sounding of the needed note to awaken the brotherhood to a neglected duty, and the opening of the vaster field of operations into which the Master was calling us. It was the birthnight of a new sense of our obligation to send the Gospel to heathen lands, and of a new agency for advancing

that work, "Children's Day." Therefore, it is destined to remain one of the historical occasions in the development of our missionary work.

The first Lord's day in May was fixed upon for Children's Day by the F. C. M. S. Convention, October 21-22, in 1880, as the day in each year when our Sunday schools and all children should be asked for an offering to support foreign missions. In the convention of 1890, Children's Day was changed to the first Lord's day in June. The children's offering for 1880, as stated above, was \$1.13. In 1882, it was \$758.86. In the first forty years of "Children's Day," the offerings amounted to \$1,818,314.13. The first missionaries sent out were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Norton and Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Wharton who sailed from New York to India on September 16, 1882. But the chief good of Children's Day has not been in the large amount of money it has raised for missions, but in the development of the missionary spirit in the children of our churches and Sunday schools, the results of which we are reaping today in our enlarged missionary offerings. "Children's Day" has become an important day in our religious calendar, but few among us know of its humble origin as above stated in the autumn of 1880 at our National Convention in Louisville. But "Large trees from little acorns grow, and large streams from little fountains flow." God alone knows the far-reaching influence which Children's Day has exerted and will exert, for the extension of His Kingdom in the world.

CHAPTER VI

ENGLAND, BOSTON, AND HOME AGAIN

I COME now to a temporary change of base and to a new set of experiences in my life-work. A few years prior to this, Timothy Coop, a wealthy Englishman connected with our work in England, and living at Southport, on the coast about twenty miles from Liverpool, had made a visit to the United States and was favorably impressed with our American methods of church work. He prevailed on Dr. W. T. Moore, who had long been pastor of the Central Christian Church in Cincinnati, to accept the pastorate of the church in Southport, England. Brother Moore, after a pastorate of two years in Southport, wrote to me strongly urging that I go to England to become pastor of the Southport church, relieving him so that he might undertake the task of planting a church in Liverpool which he and Brother Coop thought important. The church in Southport gave me this call and, backed up by Dr. Moore's urging, I yielded.

After planning for my work in the office of *The Christian* during my absence, myself and wife and our two boys, Arthur and Ernest, set sail for England on the steamer, "City of Richmond" which sailed from pier 37, New York, at 10 A.M., January 22, 1881. The day was cloudy and cool and drizzling rain. It was not a seasonable time for an ocean voyage nor would our steamer compare favorably with the first-class steamships of today. As the vessel pulled out from shore, I lifted my cap to my native land which I was leaving for the first time and repeated, "My country 'tis of thee."

After a very stormy voyage, during which our vessel was often deluged with waves and, as I came to realize later better than then, was in serious danger of shipwreck, we reached Queenstown, Ireland, where I sent a letter back home and a telegram to Dr. Moore at Southport. We landed in Liverpool on February 2, 1881,—my thirty-ninth birthday. Thus, I began my fortieth year of life in England, our mother country.

In the afternoon we went down to Southport and went to the home of Dr. Moore, where we remained until we found other quarters. We found Southport a pleasant and beautiful little city on the coast about twenty miles north of Liverpool. The church was not large but was well-housed and made up of an intelligent and peaceable membership. The Coops were wealthy, but the other members were of moderate means. Like our English brethren generally, the church was not aggressive in its methods of work but it was more liberal in spirit than many of our older churches in that country.

There was, and perhaps is yet, an extremely conservative element there that had lost, if they ever possessed, the ideal which our movement had in view, and seemed content to champion a certain set of views and were not cultivating the spirit of unity with other religious bodies. But with W. T. Moore, at Liverpool, M. D. Todd, and later, J. M. Van Horn at Chester, H. S. Earl at Southhampton, and myself at Southport, it might have seemed to those conservative brethren that there was an effort to Americanize our cause in England. What is the present condition of those churches we are not able to say, but we do not think there has been any effort to perpetuate the line of American ministers in those

various places. Whether Brother Coop's desire that the churches in England should catch something of the more liberal and aggressive spirit of our American churches, was realized to any great extent by this invasion of American ministers, I cannot say. But, no doubt, our cause was advanced by it to some extent.

While in England we made a trip on the Continent, visiting such places as Amsterdam, Antwerp, Cologne, Strassburg, Heidelberg, Lucerne, Berne, Geneva, and Paris. We were gone about a month on that trip, leaving our boys in Southport with a Mrs. Lee. It was a too hurried trip to base any conclusions on but it was *Terra Incognita* to us, and we enjoyed it very much. I do not know how much permanent good, if any, was accomplished by our stay in England but it was a profitable experience in our life of which we retain pleasant memories.

We enjoyed our stay with the church at Southport. But we had not gone to remain permanently, feeling that my chief work was to be in the United States in connection with *The Christian*. So we sailed for the United States in August, 1882, after a residence of nearly two years in England. Our relation with the Southport church was most enjoyable and it had within its membership some truly loyal souls. But the impression I brought away from England was, that the cause represented by the Disciples of Christ needed a broader and truer interpretation, and a more vivid propagation, to win any great success in that very conservative country, and that it had been unfortunate in that respect in its original introduction. First impressions are hard to remove; hence the importance of sending truly

representative men to present our cause in new communities, and especially in foreign lands.

It seemed very good to be back once more in our native land. One does not really appreciate at its full, the superior advantages and opportunities of his own country until he spends some time in visiting the older nations of Europe. It did not take long for me to resume my place and work on the paper in St. Louis and to adjust myself to the old surroundings.

Soon after my return from England a union proposition which had been pending several years took practical shape. It was that of uniting the *Evangelist*, then published in Chicago, with our paper, *The Christian*, of St. Louis, and also the combination of the two publishing companies which these papers represented, namely, The Central Book Concern and The Christian Publishing Company. Before removing the *Christian* from Quincy, Illinois, to St. Louis, I had visited Oskaloosa, Ia., where the *Evangelist* was then published, to bring about a union of the two papers. All the details were agreed upon except the place of publication. B. W. Johnson, the editor, and F. M. Call, the business manager, did not see their way at that time to change their location, while my heart was then set on St. Louis as the proper center for a great publishing house for the Disciples of Christ. Accordingly, I organized the Christian Publishing Company in St. Louis in November, 1873, and began the publication of *The Christian* from that place in January, 1874. Soon after this the Evangelist Company purchased the *Christian Record*, a monthly periodical edited by J. M. Mathes, at Bedford, Ind., and united it with *The Evangelist*. Later it bought out the old

publishing firm of Bosworth, Chase & Hall, of Cincinnati. This firm owned the plates and published about all the books of the brotherhood up to that time. The Evangelist Company then changed its legal firm name to "The Central Book Concern," and feeling the need of a wider field had moved to Chicago. The increased expense of doing business in a great city made its proprietors realize the value of the combination proposed, and negotiations were again opened looking to that end. A satisfactory method of union was agreed upon, and went into effect in the autumn of 1882. St. Louis was the center, The Christian Publishing Company was the firm name, and *The Christian-Evangelist* became the name of the paper.

Thus flowed together two streams, as blend the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers just above St. Louis, to form "the father of waters." These two streams were themselves formed by numerous tributaries, having their sources principally in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Indiana. The *Evangelist* dated back to 1850 with its tributary, the *Christian Record*, whose origin was probably later. The *Christian* had in its veins the blood of a long line of ancestors, among which were the *Gospel Echo*, and the *Christian Herald*, and a number of predecessors whose work it came to do, as the *Bible Advocate*, the *Christian Sentinel* and the *Christian Messenger*, of which Barton W. Stone was an editor; all these of Illinois. In Missouri was the *Christian*, which was absorbed by the *Gospel Echo*, which took its name, and the *Christian Pioneer*, so that the Christian Publishing Company and *The Christian-Evangelist* of today are an inheritance from the past. They represent the lives and labors of generations

of loving and loyal hearts. They have become an integral part of the brotherhood they have so long served. Men may come and men may go, but a great publishing house, or a great religious journal, having its roots in the long past, and yet keeping in touch and in vital union with the great living interests of today, goes on fulfilling its beneficent mission from generation to generation. The union of the two companies and papers mentioned proved to be a fortunate one. The *Christian* and the *Evangelist* were conducted on very much the same lines, so that there was no compromise on the part of the editors involved in the union. Brother B. W. Johnson was an able writer and, what is much rarer, a good editor. F. M. Call was a good financier and economical manager. The combination easily placed the Christian Publishing Company at the head of our publishing houses.

There seemed to be an embarrassing wealth of editors growing out of this union, as Brother J. H. Smart was associated with me as editor of the *Christian* at the time. It was agreed, however, that this surplus of editors would be only temporary, as all of my associates felt at the time that my career was nearing its close. I had returned to the United States rather worse than when I left, and the conviction among my friends was quite general that the end was near. It was not long, however, until Brother Smart sold his interest in the company and opened a publishing business in Kansas City, and edited a small paper there. Brother Johnson devoted a good part of his time to the Sunday school work, preparing our lesson commentary, while the burden of editorial control fell on me. This arrangement continued until the autumn of 1884, when at

the National Convention held in St. Louis, I was urged to accept the care of our mission church in Boston, under the employ of the American Christian Missionary Society and the New England Society. I found that by agreeing to maintain my position on the paper, and to write for it each week, the arrangement would be agreeable to the company, and after making a preliminary visit to Boston, to survey the field, I accepted the position, and instead of dying, as my friends had predicted, I decided to go to Boston to begin one of the most difficult tasks of my life.

One of the first things I found necessary to do in Boston was to provide a suitable place for our meetings and worship. Wesleyan Hall, on Bromfield St., where the Disciples had been meeting, was inadequate and inconvenient. But this was a large undertaking for a feeble folk as we were and it took some time to bring it about. On June 15, 1885, I contracted for the purchase of a large tabernacle on Shawmut Ave., at the cost of \$18,500, of which \$1,000 was to be paid in cash when the deed was made, \$1,000 sixty days afterward, and the remainder \$2,000 per year till the amount was reduced to \$10,000, which we could carry with mortgage as long as we wished. We had to put \$1,000 repairs in it to get it ready for use.

The tabernacle was dedicated September 20, 1885, in the presence of a very large audience which filled the auditorium. Brother R. M. Moffett, our Home Secretary, was present with us and preached at 10:30 A.M. on the text, "Greater works than these shall ye do," etc. I preached the dedicatory sermon at 3:00 P.M. on "Some Characteristics of the Church Which Christ Built." There were between

five hundred and six hundred people present, most of whom, no doubt, had never before heard our position as a religious movement expounded. The people manifested great interest, and a few prominent looking gentlemen tarried after the dismissal of the audience to ask a few questions concerning this strange doctrine and people. We all felt it had been a profitable day for our cause in Boston. Brother Moffett spoke at night on "Seeking the Old Paths."

It is impossible to say what amount of good was accomplished by my work in Boston, but I put in a year and three-quarters of hard work there and whatever may be the history of that church we must believe that there went out from it certain lines of influence which have advanced, and will continue to advance the kingdom of Christ. The people of New England are pretty well set in their ways of thinking, religiously and otherwise, and will be slow to accept any reformation originating in the West and little more than a century old.

Our last Lord's Day in Boston was full of divine blessing. There were three to confess Christ in the morning service. These were baptized in an afternoon service. At night, there was a large audience to hear my farewell sermon, and there were some additions by letter. On Monday evening, the church gave us a farewell supper and social at the tabernacle. Brother W. H. Rogers of Swampscott, made a speech to which I responded. There were nearly two hundred at the supper and it was altogether an occasion of interest, though there was a note of sadness in it. We spent Tuesday forenoon getting our packing completed and in the afternoon went to our train where about twenty of our friends met

us for a final "good-bye." Of course, there were tears and sadness at this parting.

We came on westward, reaching Buffalo the next morning, where we were met by Brother J. M. Tribble who told us that Brother Hertzog, who lived at Suspension Falls, would show us about the Falls; but we did not see him and so we saw the Falls without a guide. I preached at night for the church in Buffalo, stopping with Brother Tribble. Leaving Buffalo in the early morning, we came through Canada enjoying the autumn scenery which was then in its glory. We had an unpleasant experience in crossing the Detroit River at Detroit. The river is broad and deep there and a stiff gale was blowing, the waves rolling high. Our train was run on to a large ferry-boat. I had taken our party to the pilot house. We had passed to the other side and the vessel touched the shore but the force of the wind, which had developed almost into a hurricane, prevented it from entering its slip and drove it back into the river where it fell into the trough of the waves and rocked so violently as to throw children from their seats and to cause both women and children to scream. Being the only man left in our sleeper, I did what I could to quiet them, but it looked very perilous for a time. Finally, however, a landing was effected and then the train had to encounter fallen trees across its track through the forests of Michigan.

We landed at St. Louis, Friday morning, October 15, 1886. This closed the Boston episode of my life, covering nearly two years—the forty-third and nearly all of the forty-fourth years—the most active period of my ministry. Boston is a great city but

we were not sorry to be back home at our proper work.

Now followed once more the task of re-adjusting my life to my editorial work on *The Christian-Evangelist*. This included finding a house in which to live, and getting our furniture in and fitted up for housekeeping, which was temporarily at 1016 Cardinal Avenue. But I resumed my editorial duties at once. Brother Johnson, who had acted as editor during my stay in Boston, gracefully yielded to me the editorial management which I had formerly held. One of the last letters which I received from Isaac Errett was received at this time, congratulating me and the paper on my return to my original work. He thought it was a mistake for me to have divided my time on the paper with the work in Boston, involving, as it did, my absence from the office. It may have been, but I was doing what seemed to me the best thing at the time. God knows the ultimate results. I am sure, too, that I must have sought His guidance in making my decision.

I was asked by the Central Christian Church, after my return from Boston, to fill its pulpit till January 1, 1887, when Brother J. M. Tribble of Buffalo, who had been chosen as pastor, would begin his work. This I did. For the present, Brother Tribble was only to preach for the church on Sunday and act as Assistant Editor of *The Christian-Evangelist* in place of Brother T. W. Grafton, who had been Brother Johnson's assistant. In these temporary absences from the office, while in England and in Boston, I continued my editorial relations with the paper and also my editorial contributions to it.



J. H. GARRISON

1. At thirty-four
3. At fifty-four

2. At forty
4. At sixty-two

In the spring following our return to St. Louis, we began the building of a residence on a lot which we had purchased at what was then known as "Holmes' Station" in the western suburbs of the city as it then was. While this was in process of building, my time was divided between editorial work on the paper and preaching and lecturing hither and thither. On Aug. 26, 1887, we decided that our new home was near enough completed to move into. So, having sent out one load of our furniture we managed to sleep in it that night on the date above mentioned. I named this place "Oakdale" at first, but later when we had improved it I called it "Rose Hill." Bartmer Avenue was the name of the street in front of us. This unpretentious home amid the trees and flowers became a real home to us. In it we lived from 1887 to 1914, the year we moved to California—a period of 27 years, covering, perhaps, the busiest and most productive period of my life. About it there gather many precious and sacred memories. John Howard Payne was surely right when he wrote his popular song, "Home, Sweet Home."

"'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Home is more than a boarding-house. Every real home is a sanctuary where daily offerings are made, where holy ties are cemented, where character is formed and where strength is accumulated for those wider activities which take us out into the world of conflict and trials, and to which we return to rest from our weariness and to find a welcome which can be found nowhere else. It is a place where

neighborhood acquaintances are formed and friends are made, and to which one's dearest friends find a warm reception.

The old residence still stands on Bartmer Avenue and though it is occupied by strangers we never visit St. Louis without going out to see the dear old place, no longer in the suburbs but in the midst of the city.

An incident connected with the purchase of this lot may be of interest. One day, when our English brother, Timothy Cook, of Southport, England, was in this country, and visiting us, I took him out to show him our lot. He was pleased with the location, but he said, "You ought to purchase the other vacant lots reaching to the next street." I explained that I was not financially able to do so. "But," he said, "I will lend you the money, and you can pay me when you are able." I accepted this kind offer and made the purchase. When I got ready to build, these lots had advanced in value so that the increase was a great help in building our house. His business sagacity enabled him to see that these lots were bound to advance in value with the growth of the city. And he had the money, and I did not. Later, when I offered to repay him the loan, he said, "I do not wish to receive a cent of that money; just turn it over to the Foreign Christian Missionary Society!" That was eminently characteristic of the man—an ideal Christian man, whom I had learned to esteem highly, while I was serving the church at Southport, England as pastor, for his purity of life, his reverence and devotion, and his liberality to all worthy causes.

CHAPTER VII

A QUESTION OF LOYALTY

It was not long after resuming my regular work on *The Christian-Evangelist* that I was called on to pass through one of the severest trials of my life. The Central Christian Church, of which we had been members from the beginning, had employed as its pastor Brother R. C. Cave, one of our most gifted ministers, a man of blameless life. After serving very acceptably for a time he began to present some doctrines that seemed to us destructive of the fundamental things of our common Christian faith as well as our own religious plea. At last it became evident that something must be done to save the Church. It has always been my policy and principle to work in hearty co-operation with the pastor of the church with which I was connected. But here was a situation that made such co-operation, or even an attitude of neutrality, impossible.

During my absence from the city on a Lord's Day in the latter part of 1889, the church, under the inspiration of the pastor's preaching and with his approval, passed a series of whereases and resolutions which seemed to many so utterly radical and revolutionary, and so destructive of all we have stood for as a religious movement as well as of faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, that they demanded immediate action. These were published in the *St. Louis Republic*, where I first saw them. I immediately called on the pastor for some explanation and found that he was in perfect sympathy with these resolutions.

I went to prayer meeting on the following Wednesday evening. The pastor led and after a few songs and prayers announced that the remainder of the time would be devoted to a business meeting. He brought up the resolutions adopted the previous Sunday and urged an immediate decision respecting them. I begged that a future time be fixed and opportunity be given for a better representation. It was denied. When they refused to reconsider their action I called for letters for myself and family and gave my reasons for this course. Bro. Smart, my brother-in-law, also did the same for himself and wife. After many consultations it was decided that although the church had once been denied us in which to hold a meeting in order to protest against the action of the majority, we would repeat our request and invite the whole church. This was done. On Christmas morning, I wrote a protest for those members of the Central Church who were opposed to the preamble and resolutions, citing the objectionable features.

A special meeting was convened on the following Friday evening. It was called to hear and sign a protest to the preamble and resolutions recently adopted. Bro. F. E. Udell was called to the chair and read the protest which cited the points in the resolutions, which had been passed, and our reasons for objecting. I was asked to explain and defend this protest. On each point against which we protested I asked the offending pastor if this were a fair expression of his conviction. He answered frankly and without any attempt at evasion that it was. Meanwhile a petition asking for his resignation was being circulated. About 60 had signed this petition and protest, when the pastor rose and

tendered his resignation to take effect then and there. The church decided not to act on it till Sunday week. It was a heated meeting but excepting one speech it was all parliamentary.

On the Sunday following the presentation of our protest, the brother who had been sent for to preach, did not appear, and I was called upon to fill the pulpit and spoke on, "Earnestly Contending for the Faith Once Delivered to the Saints," in which, of course, I emphasized the necessity of standing by the great fundamental truths of the gospel. It is a strange comment on the peculiar temperament of the ex-pastor that he was present and took occasion to say that he endorsed the things which I had preached! But he began at once holding meetings with the disaffected members in a hall in the city in an attempt to start a new church. This church appeared to prosper for a few years but eventually disappeared. Those of us who had called for letters withdrew our requests, and remained with the Central to build up the things that remained.

About one-third of the members of the Central Church, representing about two-thirds of the wealth of the church, followed the ex-pastor in his new movement. This left the depleted church with a mortgage of \$16,000 on its property and only about enough assets to meet its current expenses. It was thought it might be necessary to give up the building and make a new beginning. But when the brotherhood learned of this situation through the secular press and through *The Christian-Evangelist*, which meanwhile contained an open letter to me personally from the pastor and my reply to him, they said the building must be saved, and churches and individuals began sending in letters of hearty approval

and contributions to help us meet the mortgage. Most of the contributions were in small amounts, only a few \$100 donations, but they were general throughout the brotherhood, for it was regarded as a brotherhood affair. The mortgage was lifted, the church was saved, and later, uniting with a sister congregation, formed the Union Avenue Christian Church which has fulfilled and is fulfilling so important a mission in the brotherhood.

While this was a sad experience to me, personally, yet the endorsement of my defense of our position and of our common Christianity was so universal as to demonstrate our essential unity and to result, as many believed, in permanent good to our cause. As to the dear brother who had allowed himself, for the time, to be carried away by rationalism and a certain loose liberalism into this dangerous position, but whose sincerity we never doubted, after his retirement following a ministry of several years with the "non-sectarian church" he became identified with the Union Avenue church and lived in peaceful fellowship with it until he passed on to that just Judge who knoweth the heart and whose mercy we shall all need when we stand in His presence.

Soon after this painful episode I attended a district convention of our people at Liberty, Mo., and there met and heard a young preacher speak with such efficiency and power that, after some inquiries concerning him, I asked him if he could go with me to St. Louis and take the pastorate of the Central Christian Church. It was a critical position for a young man to take, but I believed he had the ability and spirit to serve the church acceptably. This

young preacher was Frank G. Tyrrell who served the congregation most acceptably for about nine years and later, as pastor of the Cabanne Church, was one of the pastors interested in bringing about the union of the two churches which formed the Union Avenue Christian Church.

CHAPTER VIII

A SUMMARY OF PRINCIPLES

I HAVE NOW reached a point in my life-history which will be very difficult for me to write about—the things pertaining to my editorial work. The more than forty years of my life devoted steadily to the editorship of *The Christian-Evangelist* were by no means monotonous, as an editor is compelled to be continually facing new issues as they arise in the cause he is seeking to serve, and others of less importance in the routine of daily tasks, but which are not of sufficient importance to entitle them to a place in history, or even in a biography. And yet, these were history-making years for the Disciples of Christ. It has been said by others whose friendship, perhaps, influenced their judgment, that during this period, *The Christian-Evangelist* was the greatest single molding agency, under God, in shaping the character and course of our religious movement. But the utmost I would claim for it is that the paper has always stood steadfastly for those principles and policies which the editor believed to be right and necessary to our success, regardless of personal criticism; and that it has been loyal to the spirit and purpose of the Reformation of the nineteenth century, and to the teaching of the New Testament as we understand it. Furthermore, it is true that the Disciples of Christ have developed along lines which are in harmony with this teaching. To have had some part, however humble, in this growth and progress of a great religious movement, is a matter for which I am profoundly grateful. That the paper under its present able editorship of B. A. Abbott

and his assistant, Barclay Meador, remains true to the same ideals which have always characterized it, is also reason for sincere gratitude to Him to whose cause it has been dedicated. It is this fact that justifies me in contributing, still, in a humble way, to its usefulness.

It is not an easy task to sum up the chief things for which I have tried to stand during my long editorial career, which, counting in my writings as editor emeritus, number at this writing, more than fifty-five years, forty-three of which I was editor-in-chief. From the beginning until now I have had a high appreciation of the value and providential design of the religious movement inaugurated by the Campbells in 1809, as an agency for promoting the Kingdom of God, and have tried to present in our columns, in a Christian spirit, the principles for which I conceived our movement should plead. Briefly stated, these principles are as follows:

(1) The unity of all Christ's disciples according to His prayer (John XVII, 20-21) on the New Testament basis of unity, namely: a common name, Disciples of Christ or Christians (Acts XI, 26); a common creed, or essential article of faith, that stated by Simon Peter on which Christ said He would build His church—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (Matt. XVI, 15-17); faith in and obedience to Christ as conditions of admission into His church, and the development of Christian character (Matt. XIX, 19-20, Acts II, 37-42); and the recognition of the Christian character and work of other religious bodies who follow not with us in all things, and the cultivation of more amicable relations with them, believing that if we have some truth which they have not, that would be the best way to

impart such truth to them, and that if they have some truth which we have not, that would be the best way for us to receive it. As the years have gone by, it has become more apparent to me that the closer we are united with Christ, the closer we will be united with each other and that therein is the solution of the problem of Christian unity. The disposition of some among us to stand aloof from other Christians and to think of ourselves as having a sort of monopoly of religious truth, I have always resisted as un-Christian and contrary to the very spirit and intent of our plea for Christian union. Some of the fiercest criticisms I have received during my editorial career were because of my advocacy of federation among Protestant churches, or their co-operation in the common tasks of the Church. Happily, this is now in the past.

(2) The necessity of regarding ourselves as only learners (disciples) in the school of Christ, who have grasped only a few primary truths, while the infinite breadth and depth of His teaching is yet to be learned, and still more, to be believed and practiced. This conception of ourselves and of our mission, shared by our leading and representative men from the beginning, has prevented us from summing up our beliefs or opinions in the form of an authoritative human creed which must be accepted as a condition of entrance into the church. Its creeds have proven to be a fruitful cause of division as well as a bar to that progress in the knowledge of the truth which is the birthright of every child of God.

(3) In view of the fact that there have been contentions or strife on questions of minor importance, I have felt it wise to advocate the principle: "In faith, unity; in opinions, liberty; in all things,

charity.” In other words, our unity must be in our *faith*, not in our opinion, and that faith must be in Christ, a *Person*, not a doctrine, and therefore, a faith that involves obedience to His teaching according to our understanding of that teaching.

(4) Hence, growth in grace and in the knowledge of the truth has been urged as an essential condition of fulfilling Christ’s will and of our mission. Of all species of dwarfs, the religious type are the most pitiful, and the pathetic part of it is that they are usually unconscious of their diminutive stature.

(5) Of course, an essential condition of Christian growth is the doing of Christ’s work in the world, an important part of which is the spreading of His gospel to those who know it not, or mission work. Hence I have steadfastly advocated the work of home and foreign missions as an essential part of the great commission and of our own spiritual welfare, and the co-operation of our churches in this work and in the regeneration of society—its industry, education, politics and government, by the power of the gospel.

(6) I have endeavored to take a world-view of Christ’s religion and of its sublime mission in the world as a purifying, spiritualizing, unifying and energizing force, making for the exaltation and salvation of the race. The present demoralized condition of the world can only be remedied by a united, Spirit-filled and Christ-guided church, bringing all those regenerative and redemptive influences to bear for the betterment of man, and in that way to secure a better society—“A new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

(7) *The Christian-Evangelist* through all these years, as now, has been a steadfast advocate of

Prohibition, believing the free use of intoxicants to be one of the chief enemies of the individual, the home, the society and the government "of the people, for the people, and by the people." It is a feeble or false Christianity that can live on good terms with the evils which afflict society.

(8) I have never been afraid of any harm that could befall Christianity by the advance of physical and biological science in discovering the secrets of nature, or of Biblical scholarship in bringing to us new information concerning the nature, structure, meaning and history of that wonderful volume. This is not saying that the scientists and Bible scholars have made no mistakes in their conclusions. They are constantly engaged in correcting their own mistakes, when farther investigation makes them apparent. It is only saying that all truth is one, and that the God of nature is the God of the Bible. Our finite minds have mastered only a few of the more essential facts and truths in these two volumes, and we can well afford to be patient with our own ignorance, and charitable to those who claim to have made greater progress than we have. Personally I am deeply thankful to those who have had the time, qualifications, and the temper to make researches in those wide fields of knowledge for which I have had neither the time nor the training, but of the results of whose painstaking labors I can in a measure avail myself.

(9) In common with all evangelical editors I have emphasized the reality of the life beyond death, as attested by the Scriptures and as demonstrated by Christ's own death and resurrection from the dead, on the third day, as declared by His apostles, and by others to whom he appeared after His resurrection,

including a company of about five hundred brethren on a mountain top, most of whom remained alive in Paul's day (1 Cor. XV, 1-6). Concerning the nature of that life which is called eternal, much has been left to be revealed because we have not yet been able to receive it. To me, one of the most satisfying views of that life is that it is a state, or condition, not only of freedom from sin and its consequences, but of eternal progress in the knowledge and practice of those truths and virtues which dignify and glorify humanity. It is not merely the fact of Christ's death, burial and resurrection that constitutes the gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth," but that "He died for our sins, according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15:1-6). That is an essential part of that gospel which has proved to be such a transforming power in the lives of men. I have made no attempt to evolve any theory of the atonement, but have been content with this statement of Paul and of the Scriptures to which he refers as to the significance of Christ's death (Isaiah 53:5-12, Jno. 1:29, Col. 2:13-14). It is the motive that lies behind the fact of Christ's death—the love of God for mankind—that makes the gospel the conquering power that it is in the world. Christ's resurrection follows inevitably His crucifixion and burial, for having submitted to the pangs of death, "it was not possible that He should be holden of it" (Acts 2:24).

(10) Perhaps the most dominant and constant note in all my more than half century of editorial work has been the necessity of Christian unity in order that all men might believe on Christ according to Christ's prayer (John 17:9-12). Of course, this involved my advocacy of such means of pro-

moting that union and such efforts to remove the obstacles to its consummation, as seemed to me to be necessary and expedient. It is very gratifying, therefore, that in the light of life's eventide, I am able to see the growing sentiment among all Christians in favor of such unity. That it will be realized some time, in God's way, I can not doubt.

These fundamental truths and such current questions as have arisen during this long period of my editorial connection with *The Christian-Evangelist* have furnished abundant material for my editorial work.

CHAPTER IX

NEW VENTURES

I do not know how it may be with others, but it has been my experience that long distance direction of newspapers is neither satisfactory nor profitable. Perhaps James Gordon Bennett could direct the editorial policy of the *New York Herald* from Paris, and Pulitzer could control his papers from his yacht in far corners of the world, but it never worked well with me. Two episodes impressed that conviction upon me.

In view of the fact that the Christian Publishing Company had become financially stable and *The Christian-Evangelist* widely influential, it seemed reasonable to believe that another religious paper located at a point sufficiently remote not to compete with the paper in St. Louis might be conducted under the same general editorial auspices with such economy and efficiency as to give the brotherhood in a distant area a better paper than they would otherwise have. Acting upon this belief, I bought a controlling interest in the *Pacific Christian*, published in San Francisco, and made a trip to California in February and March, 1898, to reorganize its office force and inaugurate the new regime. The experiment was undertaken hopefully, but it is sufficient to say here that for various reasons it did not succeed, and within a few months I was glad to sell out again at considerable loss. The circumstances of this case, however, seemed to me so exceptional that I was not convinced that a similar venture could not be carried to a more successful issue in another place, perhaps less remote.

In October of the same year I therefore bought from F. M. Kirkham a majority of the stock of the *Christian Oracle*, published in Chicago.

The complete story of this paper would illustrate vividly the pitfalls and vicissitudes of journalistic finance—as indeed the detailed history of *The Christian-Evangelist* would equally well. The *Christian Oracle* had been founded in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1884 by D. R. Lucas and Ira W. Anderson, but since 1886 its chief owner and editor had been F. M. Kirkham (a brother-in-law of General Drake) except for a period during which it had been edited by my brother-in-law and former colleague, J. H. Smart. In 1890 the paper had been moved to Chicago and the company reorganized by the formation of a new company in which one of the stockholders was C. C. Chapman. The records show that at that time the resources of the old company inventoried \$11,500, but only about \$1,000 of this was in tangible assets—furniture, type, and a stock of books—the balance was in arrears on subscriptions and other accounts and the estimated value of the list. There was no cash on hand, and the accounts payable were \$1,467. For these combined resources and liabilities, the new company paid \$15,000 in its stock. The paper continued to perform a worthy service and to enjoy varying financial fortunes. The statement for July 1, 1897 shows a deficit of \$1,600 for the preceding eleven months. A year later there had been a gain of about \$1,500 in cash receipts over the previous year, so presumably the paper had about paid expenses. It was three months later that I bought a controlling interest in the company. I do not remember exactly what I paid, but it was more than it was worth. The business was immediately en-

larged by the purchase of a book business known as the *Christian Repository*, of Louisville, Ky.,—also for more than it was worth. Among the new stockholders who took an interest in the company were C. A. Young, E. S. Ames, H. L. Willett, J. J. Haley, G. A. Campbell, George Snively, Frank Tyrrell, and other well known brethren. The business did not prosper. I find it recorded that in August of the following year I agreed to advance \$1,500 on certain notes held by the company, presumably notes that had been given for stock, but this only postponed the evil day. In December, 1899, I bought back the stock that I had sold to others and then turned over my entire interest to those who would agree to take it and try to continue the paper, and got out with what was to me a very heavy loss of about \$14,000. This was my last adventure in absentee landlordism in the newspaper business. From that time to the end of my editorial career I concentrated my attention on one paper and one company.

A few weeks before I severed my connection with the *Christian Oracle* the change of name to the *Christian Century* was announced, and the paper began publication under that name in January, 1900. It was only after struggles extending over the next eight years and various re-organizations that the paper began to get on its feet. Anyone who thinks it is an easy matter to found a religious paper and get it on a firm financial footing has only to try it. He need not even do that, if he will read the inside story of some who have tried it before him.

One of the institutions among the Disciples of Christ that has contributed both to clarity of thought on theological, social and ecclesiastical subjects, and to that liberty of thought which we have ever claimed

as our birthright, is the annual Congress which we have held for the free discussion of current topics among us for the past quarter of a century. The first Congress was held in St. Louis in the latter part of April, 1899. I find a report of it and an editorial on it in the issue of May 4, 1899. The writer, together with a few other brethren, in consultation at Macatawa Park, Mich., in August of the previous year, thinking one day how we could advance the cause we all loved and believing that the interests of our cause demanded a fuller and freer discussion of current questions to which our missionary convention could not give adequate time and which would not be pertinent thereto, decided to call a Congress to meet at the above date and place. I was called to act as General Chairman. In the report of this Congress in the issue of *The Christian-Evangelist* for May 4, 1899, I find this statement:

“The first Congress of the Disciples of Christ is now a matter of history. It transcended the most sanguine expectation of its friends, both in numbers and in the interest awakened. If any one attending its sessions had entertained the idea that the propriety or need of such a Congress was doubtful, that idea was entirely removed by the close of this Congress. So strong was the conviction as to the value of such a gathering, that it was unanimously voted to hold the next one a year hence, instead of two years, as some of us had thought before the Congress convened. The session began Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. After prayer by J. P. Pinkerton of Jefferson City, the Chairman of the first session, J. H. Garrison, gave a brief address of welcome to the members of the Congress present, together with a brief introduction to the first topic

to be considered, 'The History of Doctrine.' He congratulated those present on having attained the dignity of members of Congress, referred to the religious liberty which had always characterized this religious movement making such a congress entirely in harmony with its history and spirit, and spoke of St. Louis as a suitable location for our First Congress, being the center of the nation and of the brotherhood."

The strength of the program and the range of topics is indicated by the following list of speakers and subjects: Professor E. S. Ames on "The Value of Theology." E. V. Zollars on "Education." J. H. Hardin on "College Endowment." J. J. Haley on "The Scope and Significance of the Cry, 'Back to Christ.'" J. A. Lord, George F. Hall, F. G. Tyrrell, G. W. Muckley, B. L. Smith, and B. Q. Denham on "City Evangelization." W. D. MacClintock on "The Value of Literature in the Training of the Teacher of Religion." R. T. Mathews on "Crucial Points Concerning the Holy Spirit." A. B. Philpott on "Church Organization and its Adaptation to the Present Needs of the Church." Mrs. Ida Harrison on "The Enrichment of Public Worship Among the Disciples."

The following is the report of the "Closing Words" of the Congress: "The General Chairman of the Congress then took charge of the meeting and conducted the closing exercises which consisted of brief talks by members of the Congress expressing their appreciation of what they had seen and heard, and Bro. J. B. Briney expressed the feeling of us all, perhaps, when he said, 'Two things have impressed me as never before during this Congress, namely: the liberty which we have in Christ Jesus, and the

unity which underlies all our differences of opinion.' Many brief and happy speeches were made and all expressed their delight at having been present at this Congress.

"The General Chairman told of the origin of this Congress and expressed his gratification at the splendid outcome. It was not in the power of any one present, he said, to know the vast influence for good which would flow from this Congress. 'God Be with You till We Meet Again,' was then tenderly sung, a closing prayer was offered by the chairman, and the First Congress of the Disciples of Christ had come to an end."

This is the editorial estimate of the value of such a congress at the close of its report: "It is scarcely too much to say that this Congress marks the beginning of an era of larger liberty, closer fraternity and of a safe and enlightened progress in the history of our movement." Speaking now a quarter of a century after the foregoing statement was written, I still think our Congress has been a strong contributing factor to whatever safe and sane progress we have made.

The addresses in this Congress so impressed the writer with their timeliness, that he edited and published them in a volume entitled, "Our First Congress," which is now out of print. The Congress has continued to be held annually since 1899, with the exception of one year during the war. The twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated in connection with the Congress held in Chicago in April, 1925.

CHAPTER X

EDITOR AND STOCKHOLDERS IN CONFLICT

IN the year 1899 I had a peculiar and painful experience growing out of a difference of opinion as to the editorial policy of the paper between the majority group of stockholders in the Christian Publishing Company and myself. A controlling interest in the company had fallen into the hands of those who were not in sympathy with my editorial policy. This came about through the consolidation of *The Evangelist*, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, with *The Christian*. These parties had secured 301 of the 600 shares which made up the stock of the united company. For several years, our relations were sufficiently harmonious. My relations with Brother B. W. Johnson, who had been editor of *The Evangelist* and became co-editor with me of *The Christian-Evangelist*, were never anything but agreeable to the day of his death. He was a devout and scholarly man and his death was a great loss.

The years from about 1894 to 1899 saw the beginning of a consciousness among us of the problems raised by the higher criticism. Before that time, few of our people had ever heard of it and fewer still knew what it meant. My own attitude toward these problems is sufficiently indicated by an address which forms a subsequent chapter of this book. I still think it is a reasonable and defensible position which gives ample room both for loyalty to Christ and for freedom of scholarship.

The immediate occasion of the dissatisfaction of certain stockholders with my editorial policy seems to have been the weekly articles on the Sunday school lessons, by Dr. H. L. Willett, and the par-

ticular point that was objected to was that he assigned the book of Daniel to the Maccabean period, thus making it a piece of apocalyptic literature referring to past, present and near future events, rather than a prophecy dating from the Babylonian period. Perhaps it would be difficult to get up so much excitement upon that technical point at the present time. However, this single item was considered only symptomatic of a general liberal attitude toward these questions of Biblical criticism. The following letter presents the case as the majority stockholders saw it:

Aug. 31, 1899.

Dear Brother Garrison:

We, the undersigned stockholders of the Christian Publishing Company, have for some time regarded with solicitude the attitude of *The Christian-Evangelist* toward questions which we believe bear a vital relation to the success of the cause of Christ. We refer especially to the question of what has been termed advanced Biblical criticism. While there has been a disavowal on the part of *The Christian-Evangelist* of any assent to the conclusions which its friends are trying to thrust upon us, there is a general belief, which we are frank to say we share, that the sympathies of its editor are on that side, and that the bias of the paper is in that direction. As we cannot longer agree with the editorial management in the course pursued in this matter, we beg leave to submit the following reasons for the changes which we propose:

1. As a matter of personal conviction we object to the paper being made the channel for the propagation of speculations which are at best divisive and, as we believe, a hindrance to the cause we love. We believe in this we share the views of the great majority of our brotherhood.

2. The present attitude of *The Christian-Evangelist* toward the so-called advanced Biblical criticism

puts us in a contradictory light before our patrons, since the views expressed in our Sunday School literature and those on Sunday School topics in *The Christian-Evangelist* so radically differ. We cannot long escape the charge of insincerity should these things continue.

3. We have also noted the voice of the people in the continual decrease in the circulation of *The Christian-Evangelist*, in the face of an advance in all other departments of our literature.

For the above reasons we have become fully convinced that a change should be made in the Christian Publishing Company which will bring harmony in its counsels and unity in its utterances. Believing in your sincerity in the course you have hitherto taken, we cannot ask you to compromise yourself by a change of policy in the editorial management. Believing further, from our point of view, that your course, if continued, will work injury to the cause of Christ, we cannot conscientiously longer give it the support of our financial interests.

We therefore, herewith, propose, though our holdings represent the majority of the stock of the Christian Publishing Company, to sell our interests to yourself or such purchasers as you may select, and retire from further connection with the company, thus giving you the sole management and undivided responsibility for the course of *The Christian-Evangelist*. We would name \$400.00 per share as a reasonable value of Christian Publishing Company stock and the price at which we are willing to dispose of our interests, on terms that may hereafter be agreed upon. That the readjustment of the company may be made at the beginning of the next fiscal year, we desire an answer on or before Sept. 20, 1899.

Believing the best interests of all parties concerned will be served by the above conditions, we are,

Fraternally yours,

F. M. Call, and others.

This did not exactly come out of a clear sky, for some months earlier a buy-or-sell proposition had been discussed. On Feb. 2 I had made such a proposition to Mr. Call, the business manager and largest stockholder, having arranged to finance the purchase if he chose to sell. On May 27 he decided to sell and proposed that I "pay within ten days \$10,000 on account, which shall be forfeited in case of failure to carry out said proposition." But after this delay of nearly four months I was no longer in a position to make the purchase. Neither was I at the time of this proposition of August 31. After some further exchange of correspondence and discussion of possible terms, I sent the following reply:

October 6, 1899.

Messrs. Call, et al.,
Dear Brethren:

It has been just one month today since I received your communication dated Aug. 31, expressing your dissatisfaction with my editorial management of *The Christian-Evangelist*, and proposing to sell me your stock in the Christian Publishing Company. As less than six months had elapsed since I had offered to sell my stock to you or to purchase yours at the price mentioned, and I was then urged to remain as editor and was given your pledge of support in my editorial management, and as there has been no change in my editorial policy since that time, I am unable to account for this sudden change of base.

I am now unable to buy your stock. Of this fact I had informed Mr. Call before your offer was made. I have only delayed answering you to this effect until the present because my many brethren urged me to do so in the hope that some arrangement might be made whereby your stock might be trans-

ferred into other hands friendly to the present management of the paper. But the time has been too short to arrange a financial deal of such magnitude.

There remains therefore but one thing for me to do, and that is to offer my stock in the company to you at the same price and on the same terms on which you offer to sell me yours. The justice of this you will no doubt recognize under all the circumstances. Besides, it is the logical end to which your communication looks, for, believing, as you do, that the paper as managed by me is "a hindrance to the cause we love," and that my course "if continued will work injury to the cause of Christ," you would seem to be under obligations to buy my stock rather than sell yours to me and give me undivided control.

The evil of which you complain can only be remedied by purchasing my stock, which I now offer for sale, and with it, of course, my resignation both as editor of *The Christian-Evangelist* and as president of the company, to take effect when the stock is transferred to you.

I shall not undertake to express my deep regret at the necessity which demands this step. I call God to witness how earnestly I have sought to know His will and be loyal to it. I call you to witness, my brethren, how unsparingly I have given my strength and my best ability, not alone as editor of *The Christian-Evangelist* but as author of several books and pamphlets for which I have received no compensation. I make here no defense of my editorial policy. I can leave that to the brotherhood. That I have made mistakes in the thirty years and more of my editorial work, I doubt not; but that "a great majority of the brotherhood" I have served so many years would condemn my editorial policy on the ground mentioned in your communication, I refuse to believe.

But I bow to your decision. You have my resignation, and you have also my sincere prayers for the

success, in the highest sense, of *The Christian-Evangelist* to which I have given the best years of my life.

Fraternally yours,

J. H. Garrison.

Three days later, assuming that the sale of my stock was a settled fact, I sent to the entire body of stockholders a statement of the negotiations leading to my resignation and closing with the following statement of my editorial policy:

“I have been aware, of course, that the policy of *The Christian-Evangelist* was not agreeable to all its readers, but my experience in the past has taught me that the only wise course for an editor to pursue is to strive to make his paper right on all leading questions and depend upon its readers ultimately to approve its course. My aim in the past has been to avoid extreme tendencies among us, not for mere policy’s sake, but from principle, believing that the truth is nearly always found midway between extremes. It has been my purpose to lead our readers to a higher plane of religious living and thinking. That it has accomplished this end in a measure, is testified by thousands of our readers. Another steadfast feature of *The Christian-Evangelist* from the very beginning has been the championship of the principle of Christian liberty, for which it has stood like a rock through all the stormy periods of our history. No other paper ever published among us has ever given anything like the emphasis it has to that vital and fundamental feature of our religious movement. This has always proved an offense to some, but in the end, wisdom is always justified of her children.

“In the pursuit of these ideals I no longer have the united support of the stockholders, according to their testimony, and, as an honest man who values truth more than position and freedom of action more than material gain, there is nothing left me but to

accept the inevitable and yield my place to another who may carry out more fully the ideals of those who hold a majority of the stock. In doing so, I freely accord to them the liberty I claim for myself, and the same honesty of conviction which compels the course I have taken.

“And now, ‘with malice toward none, and with charity for all,’ I surrender the very solemn and important trust which I have sought to discharge in the fear of God these many years, with the prayer that, in the discharge of your duties as stockholders and directors of this company, you may have the guidance of Him without whom we can do nothing.”

Your brother and co-laborer,

J. H. Garrison.

But the end was not to come so soon. Rumors of my proposed retirement had brought many letters of protest and assurances of confidence from leading brethren. A letter dated Sept. 13, from Brother A. M. Atkinson, a loved and trusted friend to whom I had written early in September for advice, urged me not to buy but to sell to the others if they insisted on a separation, and to throw my energies into the *Christian Oracle*, of Chicago, of which at that time I owned a controlling interest. Bro. Atkinson closed by saying: “I left Macatawa Park without saying good-bye, which you will charge to a very unpleasant night and great haste in the morning. I was quite sick on the way home, and especially that night at Benton Harbor. I am feeling better now, and in Howard’s absence the last three weeks have had much hard work. We move into our new home the last of this week. I want to hear from you soon and often.” Brother Atkinson did indeed soon move into his new home. A month later, while making a speech on Ministerial Relief at the Cin-

cinnati Convention, he was stricken with heart failure and died in my arms.

Just at the time of the Cincinnati Convention, the publication of the facts in regard to my resignation and the reasons for it, in the *St. Louis Republic*, brought a flood of protests. It began to look as though the "great majority of the brotherhood" was not so unanimously in favor of my retirement as had been supposed. The city editor of the *Republic*, Holland S. Reavis, a young man and a close friend of the family, believing that what the case needed was simply publicity, took the responsibility of publishing an unauthorized but accurate statement of the facts and spread the full story over the front page of that paper. In this judgment he showed a wisdom beyond his years.

The result was that those who had proposed to sell their stock no longer wished to buy mine. After a little delay, by going deeply into debt and with the co-operation of friends, I bought their stock and secured a controlling interest, which I retained until the reorganization of the company and its absorption into the Christian Board of Publication ten years later. The financial burden was heavy and my responsibilities were greatly increased, but peace reigned and the policy of the paper remained unchanged.

CHAPTER XI

CONCERNING FEDERATION

FOR some time during the year 1902, or perhaps earlier, the matter of church federation was in the air and brethren were expressing their opinions pro and con. All of us were looking forward to the International Convention, which convened that year in Omaha, with some apprehension as to what disposition would be made of this matter. Dr. E. B. Sanford, who was the leader in the federation movement, had been invited to be present and address the convention on the subject. It proved to be a convention marked by general unanimity of thought with few discordant notes. The one exception to this rule was the discussion on the subject of federation, which occurred on Tuesday evening, and that was conducted in a parliamentary way.

As I had been known to favor federation from the beginning, and was one of its earliest advocates, it is probable that it was at my suggestion that Dr. Sanford was invited to be present at the convention. After a very able presentation of "Christian Union, the Paramount Issue," by E. L. Powell, of Louisville, Ky., Dr. E. B. Sanford, of New York City, secretary of the National Federation of Churches, was introduced, and presented very briefly the movement he represented. He defined the purpose of Church federation as follows:

"The movement this federation seeks to aid and foster is at its heart a missionary movement, spiritual and evangelistic in its spirit and purpose. It desires to bring believers of every name who recognize their oneness in Christ into such co-opera-

tive relations that along lines of practical service and counsel they will most effectively advance the kingdom of God. This movement contemplates a vital linking together of forces that hold to Christ as the head; forces that inscribe upon their banners these supreme convictions:

“First. That the gospel affords a remedy for all evil; furnishing as it does redemptive power that can save both the individual and society.

“Second. The Church, of which Christ is the Head, composed of those who, in loyalty of purpose, trust, love and serve Him, is the chief instrumentality by and through which this gospel is to be brought in saving power into the life of men and the world.

“Holding these convictions, federation is the recognition on the part of those who enter into it, of the essential unity that underlies denominational and all other differences.”

Immediately following Dr. Sanford's statement, I offered the following resolution, carefully worded, as I supposed, to avoid all difference of opinion or any need of discussion:

“Resolved, That we, representatives of the Disciples of Christ, in convention assembled, having heard with pleasure the presentation of the claims of the Federation of Churches in the United States, as urged by the national secretary, Dr. E. B. Sanford, do hereby express our cordial approval of the effort to bring the churches of this country into closer co-operation and to give truer expression to the degree of unity which already exists, as the best means of promoting the complete unity for which our Lord prayed, and we pledge our hearty co-operation with this and every other movement that has for its object the unification of believers, to the end that the world may be converted and the kingdom of righteousness established in the earth.”

The chairman of the Convention, assuming that there would be no discussion on so conservative a resolution, put the question at once, and it was carried by an overwhelming majority, few, if any, voting in the negative. At this point, however, Brother J. A. Lord, Editor of the *Christian Standard*, who had been behind the chairman on the platform and had not been able to secure recognition, said that he had hoped for the opportunity of asking before the vote was taken whether this resolution involved "the recognition of the denominations." In order to give a chance to this brother, and others, to state their objections more fully, a motion to reconsider was easily carried. It was then explained by the author of the resolution, and others, that it recognized the *fact* of denominationalism and looked towards the mitigation of its *evil* by promoting the spirit of co-operation—a necessary step towards that unity for which we were pleading; that because we could not work together in all things was no reason why we should not work together as far as it was possible. But this explanation was not satisfactory to the objectors and there was a spirited opposition on the part of a few who argued that it was a compromise of our position. There have always been a few among us, and perhaps among others, who have regarded the spirit of fraternity with other religious bodies as inconsistent with our plea for Christian union. These were in evidence at the Omaha Convention and they lifted their voices against this resolution favoring the federation of the churches.

Nevertheless, at the close of the discussion the resolution was again submitted to a vote and approved by a very large majority. Those voting in

the negative no doubt believed they were more loyal to the principles of our movement than those who favored it. But as a matter of fact they had never caught a true vision of its real spirit, intent and scope, as it is understood and presented by our representative men. Commenting editorially on this action, I said:

“If we believed that all those who voted against the resolution were really opposed to what the resolution favors,—namely, co-operation with other Christian people in all possible ways consistent with the utmost loyalty to the truth we hold and to the plea for unity which we make,—the outlook would be truly discouraging. But we refuse to believe it, in spite of the fact that the resolution was so explained and can mean nothing more. The people who voted *nay*, voted against something nobody proposed, being misled by suspicions and misconceptions.

“For some time we have been saying that ‘Christian union is in the air.’ That is true. That is just where it has been, for the most part. It is high time we were bringing it down to the earth and putting it into practice among ourselves and with our religious neighbors. We cannot work together along all lines, as yet, because there is not sufficient agreement; ‘but whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule; let us mind the same things.’ This many of our best churches are already doing in the large cities and in many of the smaller towns. But so far as we know, this is the first resolution ever adopted or proposed in one of our national conventions endorsing a policy which the spirit of God has already led many of our preachers to adopt. It is, therefore, an advance step, and marks the deepening conviction among our best minds that unity must come, not by debates and strife, but by ‘speaking the truth in love,’ and by cultivating the spirit of fraternity and co-operation with all who love our Lord Jesus

Christ in sincerity. We can best show our hatred of sectarian narrowness by avoiding all manifestation of that spirit in our own lives. This is a rising and not a setting sun among us. No hand can stay its progress towards the zenith of its influence, as a mighty power working for a united Christendom.

“The Omaha convention is now history. It has made its contribution to our progress, and has dissolved back into the great brotherhood from which it came. Its influences, which are far reaching, will abide. Many will think differently, feel differently and act differently, about the cause we plead, because of this convention. Many lives will be newly molded by it. Many who have been nominal members, have gone home with higher ideals of Christian life, and with nobler purposes to make their lives more useful. All of us, let us hope, have been strengthened in faith, quickened in zeal, enlightened in our understanding of the needs of this world, and so better equipped to serve our Master and our race.”

While the resolution favoring federation had been passed by the Convention by an overwhelming majority, the question was by no means settled but only raised. A running fire of newspaper controversy was continued intermittently through four or five years following, and there was much persistent misstatement of the purposes and implications of the federation movement. *The Christian-Evangelist* temporarily lost a good many subscribers by reason of this erroneous statement of the issues, but these were gradually gained back as truth gradually emerged from the errors with which it had been beclouded. Meanwhile, however, we gained some enemies among brethren whom we would gladly have had for friends.

By 1906 the heat had largely gone out of the discussion about federation. Argument had not led to

unanimity, but all possible varieties of opinion had found expression, the brethren had found relief by putting their loyalty on record, some alignments had been made, and we were going about our Father's business. The following extracts from personal letters which I wrote to my son indicate my own feeling about the progress of the light:

June 3, 1906.

I have begun breaking new ground within the last few months in respect to our relation to other religious bodies, and, as I fully expected, it has drawn the fire of a certain class of our scribes and pharisees. But it seemed to me that the time had arrived for the issue to be fought out. Bro. W. T. Moore took up the cudgel for me in the-----and has been quoting Thomas and Alexander Campbell in a way to nonplus that journal. On the whole, the fight seems to be fairly won for the larger view, both as respects federation and the underlying question as to whether we are *It* or only a part of it.

June 10, 1906.

Yes, I think the federation question is about over, with a few stray shots here and there. I am, however, about to treat it in a historical way in my serial. No discussion among us has ever separated our people into two classes so distinctly—the intelligent leaders and better class of laymen on one side, and (others) on the other.

Sept. 23, 1906.

In our church circles, things seem to be quieting after the storm. The Buffalo Convention is likely to be well attended. What action will be taken, if any, *re* federation, will be determined by consultation after we arrive on the ground. No doubt we could endorse it by a majority vote, but whether this would be worth while with a large minority against it, is the question, if there is probability that objections may be removed.

This is all now ancient history. It is gratifying to add that at the present writing (1926), though there may not be unanimous agreement as to the wisdom of every action which has been taken growing out of our relations with other religious bodies through the Federal Council of Churches, which succeeded the National Federation of Churches in 1908, there is no discussion of the principle involved and no denial of the right and need of the churches to federate.

CHAPTER XII

INTERNAL CONTROVERSY

WHILE the Centennial Convention at Pittsburgh in 1909 was a milestone of progress for the Disciples of Christ, and in some respects marked the beginning of a new period in their history, the years immediately preceding it were marked and marred by some controversies which we would be glad to forget. But they are history, and it is dangerous to forget history. The federation question had been fairly thought through to a decision by 1907, though there were still some lingering differences of opinion and some discussions of it in the papers and conventions. The resolution favoring federation was passed at Norfolk—not in a regular session of the convention but at a specially called meeting at the close of a convention session—after only one voice had been raised in opposition, and with but few negative votes. Other questions which agitated the brotherhood at this time had to do with “tainted money,” suggested by a gift of twenty-five thousand dollars by Mr. Rockefeller to the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, and an attack upon the Foreign Society and especially its president, Brother A. McLean, by one of our papers on the charge of “unsoundness.” On these topics there was acrimonious controversy extending over many months—if a controversy can be called acrimonious when the acrimony was chiefly confined to one side. I think it is not unjust to say that this was the case. At any rate, the judgment can be easily checked up by reference to files of our leading papers during that

period. At the same time the preliminary steps were being taken which issued in the formation of a brotherhood publication society, but of this I will speak in the following chapter. Furthermore, there were controversies between the business management and the editorial office of *The Christian-Evangelist*, not unlike that which had led to my purchase of the controlling interest in the company eight or nine years earlier.

In recording the events and issues of these years, I must lean heavily upon the letters which I wrote at the time to my son. These, naturally, were perfectly frank and intimate statements of my own attitude and my understanding of the situation. If it looked different to others, I can only say that this is the way it looked to me. The following letter was written just before the Norfolk Convention:

Sept. 29, 1907.

We are having exciting times now over the-----'s attack on McLean, and McLean's crushing replies. It has come to a life-and-death struggle between the ----- and McLean, and the brethren are rallying to McLean. They are talking now of establishing a new publication society to publish a paper, books, etc., for the general interests of our cause, provided we, the Christian Publishing Co., agree to the scheme and sell out at a reasonable price, which we are willing to do provided the brethren agree to go into the scheme. They want nothing to do with the -----,—all our missionary and general organizations and their officials. They have broken with it for good. We are facing a new situation. The course of the ----- has become intolerable. The Cincinnati preachers last Monday passed resolutions condemning its course and expressing confidence in McLean. Things will be doing at the Norfolk Convention: Federation—new Publication Society—"Tainted Money"—McLean vs. -----,—all will

pass in review. Don't you wish you could be there? We will make history. Besides all that, I am going to say a few things in my Disciples' Day Address, which has not yet been begun.

The Convention came and went, and its decisions were in the main, as I have indicated, favorable to those who stood for liberty, loyalty, and progress.

A little later there arose again, as in 1899, an internal controversy within the company about a matter of Biblical interpretation, and, as in the former case, it grew out of the articles on the Sunday school lessons in *The Christian-Evangelist*, which were now being written by W. E. Garrison. In 1899 the sensitive point was the date of Daniel. In 1908 it was Saul and the Amalekites.

July 23, 1908.

Yesterday I had a communication from Bro. Pittman (business manager of the Christian Pub. Co.) rather dictating an editorial course for *The Christian-Evangelist* on more conservative lines, which I have replied to today in a letter which will, no doubt, result in his resignation or mine. I made it clear to him that the editorial department is not subject to the business management, nor indeed can be. He enclosed also, in a separate letter, a criticism on your Sunday school article, which I will enclose.

As there is some prospect of the Committee of Twenty-five agreeing to a plan for a publication society, which is to be practically a private corporation to buy up and control such of our journals as will accept the appraised value of their stock, I have advised that this crisis between the editorial and business managements be postponed until autumn. The parting of the ways will have to come soon, either by merging into a larger company, or a reorganization of our own. I have written to Bro. Clarkson that if he and the other directors agree

with Bro. Pittman's letter they should prepare to take my stock and relieve me of editorial responsibility.

July 26, 1908.

I judge you gave him about the right answer, for surely it is a new departure in our company for the business manager to give orders to the editorial department. Of course it is intolerable. I will have none of it. In his letter today he suggests the possibility of my retiring from the active control of the paper, and allowing them to get an editor who would change the policy of the paper so as to make it unobjectionable to conservatives! That is of a piece with his suggestion in his former letter that, while my position was no doubt true, yet I ought to be willing to hold these truths in abeyance and advocate things that are more popular so that we may make some money. Well, we shall soon see what's what. Things will take shape rapidly now. I have advised holding things in *statu quo* until autumn to see what the Committee of Twenty-five will do. But they may want to take more speedy action, and if so, I will have to meet it. Of course if the policy of the paper is to be changed, my connection with it would have to cease *entirely*. But ought I to part with my interest to men whose declared purpose is to change its policy? Not, I think, until I have exhausted every effort to have the paper continued on its present lines. If we have no men of means who will invest in the stock of the company for the sake of holding it to its present position, it would seem that I had labored largely in vain. I cannot believe that. To find such men is now my problem. That is exactly what I think the Committee of Twenty-five ought to accomplish.

August 1, 1908.

Your last favor enclosing Bro. Pittman's second letter to you and carbon copy of your reply, has been received. I wish to say, first of all, that your replies meet with my hearty endorsement, in both spirit and matter. While it is possible that your refer-

ence to the destruction of the Amalekites might have been couched in language that would have avoided criticism, I believe the truth is substantially as you have stated. But you have certainly spiked his guns on the matter of his partisan correction of your non-partisan paragraph on the Denver Convention (in Current Events). I had already written him that you were right concerning the course of the paper in the past as to politics, and that you were decidedly right also in saying that *The Christian-Evangelist* had never been edited from the business office. I learned from Bro. Clarkson that Bro. P. wanted to pass a resolution at the July meeting of the Board defining the attitude of *The Christian-Evangelist*—and that in the absence of the editor and chief owner of the stock of the company! Clarkson wrote me that he would not stand for any such thing, and the resolution was not passed. Dowling also writes that he opposed it.

Just at this time, W. E. Garrison became President of the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts and resigned his position on the editorial staff of the paper. That closed the incident of the Amalekites and relieved the tension momentarily, though of course the essential differences persisted.

Aug. 23, 1908.

Bro. Pittman has written that, in view of my statement of what *The Christian-Evangelist* stands for and must stand for under my administration, he is convinced that the difference between us is very broad, and that I may consider that his resignation is in my hands to take effect when he gets a check for \$14,000 for his stock. I have written him that I am sorry my statement of principles and aims does not commend itself to him, but that since it does not I think he is right in seeking to separate himself from the company, and that as soon as we find whether the proposed Publication Society will ab-

sorb our plant, we will, in case it does not, adjust our business accordingly. We now have the problem of selecting a successor for him. He would not consent for a moment, he said, that I should go and he remain. I hope the Committee of Twenty-five will do something to relieve the situation.

A severe illness of several weeks duration in September and October, 1908, doubtless strengthened my desire to be released from some of my editorial and financial burdens.

Nov. 1, 1908.

I owe altogether too much, and my purpose is to sell a controlling interest in the company to somebody who would like to be my successor, if possible, but at least enough of my stock to meet my indebtedness. I have written Bro. Smither, of Los Angeles, about the matter. He has money, ability, and editorial ambition. I have offered to sell him 350 shares, thinking you and one or two others would like to have me include your stock in the deal.

Two or three weeks later Bro. Pittman made me an offer of \$70,000 cash for 350 shares of stock. The price was below the actual value, but the proposition was a tempting one to a man heavily in debt. But I did not feel that I could accept it.

Nov. 29, 1908.

. . . But who are his backers? He will not tell. I have pretty strong reasons for believing it is the — Publishing Company. Of course I told him I could not sign without the consent of the directors and leading stockholders. Nor could I agree to sell without knowing who was buying or how the paper would be run. I showed the document to Scott and Clarkson today, and they were amazed at its audacity, but thought it was too good a thing for me to refuse. But I pointed out to them why I could not honorably turn the paper into hands that

would almost surely reverse its attitude and spirit. Meanwhile I have heard from Smither, but I hardly think we will trade. He wants me to take more real estate than I care to load up with. He wanted me to go out to California, and promised to pay half my expenses for the trip, but I could not go now.

The further story belongs to the history of the organization of the Christian Board of Publication. I should add that, with the exception of the incidents mentioned above, my relations with Brother Pittman were always agreeable. He was a man of fine spirit and great unselfishness and devotion to the cause, as was amply proved by his many years of unpaid service for the Second Christian Church in St. Louis. While our ideas about the conduct of a paper were not in entire accord, his character and loyalty were above criticism.

Meanwhile preparations were being made for the Centennial Convention, which was still a year ahead and a special centennial committee had been appointed, of which I was chairman. Professor H. L. Willett and Brother Perry J. Rice had been invited to occupy positions on the program, and the preliminary announcement of the program with their names had drawn the criticism of the ultra-conservatives. Threats were made of boycotting the missionary societies, and some church boards passed resolutions declaring that they would take no more offerings for either the home or the foreign society until they were assured that neither Willett nor Rice was to be on the convention program. Of course I stood against this spirit of proscription.

Oct. 25, 1903.

Our Centennial Committee has voted not to force Prof. Willett off the program. He had not declined, as reported, but wanted the Committee to act. We

have acted. Of course the ----- will make war to the knife on the Committee, but it does not make much difference what it says now. I am saying some things in this coming issue which will tend to bring things to a head. We cannot serve God and Mammon.

Nov. 1, 1908.

You will be surprised to learn that I had an all-day visit from Brother Lord (editor of the *Christian Standard*) yesterday. They had requested us to withhold report of the Centennial Committee's action refusing to force Willett off the centennial program, one week, and asked conference. Pittman went over at our board's request to see what they wanted and if it related to editorial policy to ask one of them to come and see me. They sent Lord. They agreed to stop their war against Willett and the missionary societies and the Centennial if Willett would voluntarily resign his place on the program. I had joined with McLean in suggesting this course to Willett, for the sake of peace, now that the Committee had voted to retain him. In a letter received while Lord was here, he agreed to do so provided it would stop the war against the missionary societies and would not sacrifice Rice, who was also condemned by the super-sound. I got Lord to sign a statement in which he pledged the Standard to stop its opposition to Rice and the missionary work. I have notified Willett of this action and await his decision. Lord wants me now to open a correspondence looking to greater unity between the papers, and made an apology for not having replied to my letter on that subject over two years ago.

During the latter months of 1908, the columns of *The Christian-Evangelist* were filled with discussions of this question of liberty and loyalty, including an extensive symposium on the distinction between faith and opinion. Dozens of our leading thinkers and best known brethren went on record as holding

that loyalty to the gospel and to our essential plea left Biblical scholarship free to pursue its critical investigations, that neither the Bible nor the faith had anything to fear from the most searching inquiries, and that it was not a matter of prime importance that we should reach unanimous agreement upon all matters of Old Testament and New Testament criticism. Willett and Rice both appeared on the Centennial program. The published report of the Convention, which was printed by the Standard Publishing Company, carries a prefatory "publisher's note" in which the publishers renew their protest against the "recognition of men who are notorious for public utterances that conflict with the plain teaching of the Scriptures." But "God lives and the government at Washington still stands" and the Restoration Movement continues to flourish in spite of these eddies in its onward current.

CHAPTER XIII

RE-ORGANIZATION—THE CHRISTIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION

I HAVE already mentioned the beginning of the plan for the establishment of a publication society owned and controlled by the brotherhood. At the Norfolk Convention in 1907, a committee of twenty-five representative brethren was appointed to consider the desirability and feasibility of such a project. There had been so much controversy between our privately owned papers, and at least one of them had taken such a critical, and at times hostile, attitude toward our missionary agencies and had so willingly made itself the vehicle for attacks upon them, that it was conceived that there would be a gain in peace and unity if our more important publishing interests could be consolidated under an organization in which the profit motive could not enter into the determination of their policies. On the other hand, there were those who thought that it would be better to make one publishing house a brotherhood-owned concern and let the others take their own course. Some declared that they would have nothing to do with the company which had been hostile to the societies. Others were evidently puzzled when it became apparent that it would have nothing to do with them. So no immediate steps were taken by the committee. In a private letter, dated April 5, 1908, I wrote: "There was but little progress made, I think, by the Committee of Twenty-five. The *Standard* has refused to have anything to do with the committee, and I think that puzzles them, as any action they might take would be opposed by that

paper, and the wedge of division driven deeper in." A few weeks later, I sketched the plan in the following letter:

April 26, 1908.

I do not yet know what the Committee of Twenty-five will do, but, I fear, nothing. When Bro. Medbury was here I talked with him about the matter and he claimed to see a great light. I hope he will make his committee see it. It was the idea of forming a Christian Publication Society, as we now have missionary societies. Let the shares of stock be small enough to enlist a large number of members in all parts of the brotherhood. It could have an annual meeting at the time of our national convention for the purpose of electing its board of directors, and these, the editors. It could absorb existing publishing companies as fast as they are willing to be absorbed. Our two leading companies, however, should agree beforehand to go into it. At any rate, it cannot be long before I must either lay down my pen, or cut off a large part of the burden of responsibility I am now carrying.

The matter drifted along during that year, and nothing decisive was done at the New Orleans Convention. Late in October, 1908, I made overtures to Bro. A. C. Smither of Los Angeles, in regard to his taking my stock and my editorial place, and it was in the following month that Bro. Pittman's cash offer was made. The first of these proposed deals I did not immediately follow up and the second I refused, for reasons already stated.

Meanwhile it was becoming apparent that what the Committee of Twenty-five would do depended chiefly upon what Mr. R. A. Long would do, or else that his action would make that of the committee unnecessary. Without waiting for action by the committee, Mr. Long began to take steps toward

acquiring some stock in our company. His motive is clear in the light of subsequent events. Mr. Long evidently believed—and correctly, as the event proved—that the committee would not be able to effect the unification of all our publishing interests on a basis which would eliminate private control and private profit, and he therefore turned to the idea of making one company a brotherhood publishing house. In January, 1909, he had agreed, subject to some conditions, to take fifty shares of stock in the Christian Publishing Company and to become a director and was trying to get others to take one hundred shares. But the others did not come in very promptly and so the transaction hung fire. Mr. Smither was still willing to buy stock in the company if he could get a controlling interest. He called to see me on his way to the Pittsburgh convention in October, 1909, and proposed to take twenty per cent of my stock each year until he had taken it all, at \$225 a share. At Pittsburgh Mr. Long asked me to submit to him a proposition along the same lines, but a few days later, on October 27, he proposed to purchase my entire stock at once and enough more to make four hundred shares. His plan at that time was to put the company in the hands of the Brotherhood Movement, giving it all profits above six per cent for ten years and then turning the business over to it as a gift.

From that date until the completion of the transaction and the inauguration of the business on the new basis, events moved more rapidly. Mr. Long's purchase ultimately included all the stock of the company, the Brotherhood Movement, the future of which seemed uncertain, was eliminated, and the control was placed in the hands of a board of trus-

tees. The following letter which I wrote to my son on Dec. 5, 1909, gives the essential facts:

I was over in Kansas City Friday of this week. There were about fifteen of our representative brethren present. Scott, Clarkson and I first arranged the details of our trade with Long, and then we convened in his directors' room and he made his proposition to turn over the 450 shares of Christian Publishing Company stock which he had purchased to the brotherhood, he to receive four per cent on his investment for five years, and at the end of that time he releases all his interest and it is to be the property of the brotherhood. He requested that directors be appointed then and there to manage same. These were nominated, to be duly elected at our annual election. We also selected W. R. Warren to be General Manager. I was asked to remain as Editor-in-chief. The terms are \$215 a share, with twenty per cent in cash and the balance in five annual installments. Of course it is a great relief to me to feel that the continuance of the paper under proper control is now assured.

Thus the negotiations which had covered more than two years, counting from the appointment of the Committee of Twenty-five, came to an issue which I believed then and still believe promises good results for our cause. For me it meant relief from a heavy burden of financial responsibility which I had borne for many years and the opening of a way to retirement within a few years from the complete editorial responsibility which I felt was now too heavy a load for my strength. Perhaps it was the result both of nervous exhaustion and of this sudden relief from a long strain that a week later I suffered a severe attack which for a time apparently threatened to be the end. On Dec. 15, I was able to write:

Your telegram came today and I have just answered it. I will, however, write you a brief letter with my own hand that you may know I am convalescing. I have had my stenographer, dictating an editorial and some letters. The doctor advises me to remain in a few days. I do not yet quite understand what befell me last Friday night, though the three doctors seem to have had all they could do to restore consciousness and keep me going. There seems to have been a partial failure of the heart and the vital powers. I accept it as a reminder that I must slow up. It is a piece of great good fortune that I have closed the deal with Mr. Long and have all the papers in legal shape. I am now in a position to cut down my work, and must do so, particularly the public calls to which I have been responding. My nervous system is much run down.

The proposed trip to Palestine and Egypt, for which arrangements had already been made and which was to have begun in February, was abandoned in obedience to the doctors' orders, and a short trip to Europe, including the Edinburgh Conference, was taken in June and July, 1910. An account of this will be given in a later chapter.

Meanwhile, however, the company was to be launched with its new organization. This was done at the annual stockholders' meeting, Jan. 4, 1910, at which time the directors named in Kansas City were formally elected. It was decided that Brother Warren should be Managing Editor as well as General Manager. The directors were careful to inquire whether this would be in harmony with my desires, —to part with that much of my previous authority. I told them that was exactly my desire. I would claim the right of determining the attitude of the paper on questions of importance while it carried my name as editor, but I would be glad to counsel with all of them on any matter of moment.

It would be too much to say that during the following two years there were no divergences of opinion in regard to matters of editorial policy or that there was no internal friction in the adjustment of the functions of those who shared the direction of the enterprise. The situation was a new one to all the parties concerned and we had to learn by experience and experiment. I had an impression that, in view of the fact that my complete retirement from editorial responsibility must come very soon, some were perhaps impatient for the readjustment which that would involve and that I might appear in their eyes to be "lingering superfluous on the stage" after my part had been played. However, when the matter came to an issue there was strong insistence that I continue as editor. On Oct. 19, 1910, I wrote:

We had a quite full meeting of the directors of our company (at Topeka), and a free discussion as to what the policy of the paper ought to be. This I myself introduced by stating two possible ideals that the company might adopt, and indicating which one I approved, and with which alone I would be content to remain on the paper. Let it suffice here to say that the general consensus of opinion was in entire harmony with what I outlined, and nearly all the changes which I have urged were recommended independent of any suggestion from me at the meeting. Under these conditions, it would seem that my duty is to remain for the present at least with the paper. Indeed, Bro. Long was exceedingly emphatic in his wish that I should remain, and said he would regard my leaving the paper as an event not to be thought of seriously for a moment. I feel that we all owe Bro. Long a debt of gratitude for his liberality, and if I can remain with a proper sense of self-respect and conscientiously perform my duty as Editor, I shall be glad to do so.

It was, however, only a month later that I received an intimation that, among other measures of economy proposed in view of the mounting expenses of the company, was a reduction of my salary by one-third, with a corresponding reduction of my work. This rumor proved premature but it gave me some hours of somber meditation. However gladly one would rest, it is not so easy to let go. The following letters reflect the darker mood, as well as my recovery from it and my own view of the proper solution of the problem.

Nov. 13, 1910.

If my brethren feel that my mental powers are failing sufficiently to justify them in taking this action, I perhaps ought to accept the situation either by severing my relation with the paper entirely or partially as the finance committee has suggested. Sooner or later every man has to face the stern fact that he can no longer do his work as satisfactorily as he once did, and that in the judgment of his brethren he ought to give place to a younger man. I am realizing that it requires extra grace to face this situation without great depression of spirit. I am now struggling under the burden of trying to determine where the line of duty is midway between the sacrifice of proper self-respect and the defense of my personal rights on the one hand, and a captious resistance to the inevitable on the other. I had about made up my mind that when I reached the age of seventy, which is only a little more than a year away, I would ask to be relieved of part of my work and write as I might feel like it. Perhaps the Board would grant me this were I to suggest it. These are days when I feel the need of you to counsel with and comfort me, for I confess to a severe battle with myself. I am praying for proper humility. I do not want to over-estimate my help to the paper, nor my past work. The fact is, I take a

very humble view of both, and if my public service should be ended as editor, I hope I shall have the grace to yield my place to another.

Nov. 20, 1910.

I am afraid my last letter wore more of an autumn tint than my letters ordinarily do, and more than I intend them to wear. My melancholy, if there was that in it, was superinduced by two causes: first, I had not been feeling well for a week; and second, I had just received intimation that I might be partially retired for next year on the paper and felt considerable depression from the realization that the time which every man fears had come to me, at least in the judgment of some. I am glad to report myself much improved in health, and completely recovered from any dread of the inevitable retirement, whether it comes now or later. I knew I had no right to be depressed on that score, and I took myself in hand and subjected this ego to a pretty stiff self-examination, with the result that while I feel capable of doing some good work yet for a few years, I cannot afford to put my judgment against that of my brethren on that point if it turns out that they so feel—I mean the whole Board of Directors. So I am perfectly content to retire either in whole or in part, as they may elect. I have heard so many old men out of a job declare that they could “preach as well as they ever did” that I am trying to avoid that mistake. My own judgment would be that a good strong man should be put on the paper as editor one year with me and after that retire me, or rather let me retire of my own choice to some such position as Lyman Abbott sustains to the *Outlook*, that is, writing as I feel like it on such pay as they may wish to give.

This view prevailed and committee was appointed to select an editor to assist and later to succeed me. In March, 1911, I wrote that the committee was turning to B. A. Abbott, and added: “I feel that this

would be a very happy solution of the matter. I would feel it a delight to work with a man of Abbott's spirit and to have him take my place when I lay down my pen." While there was some further delay in the consummation of this plan, I may here confirm the opinion expressed above and record my satisfaction that my work has been continued as he has continued it.

My partial retirement being now agreed upon it remained only to determine such details as my duties and salary.

Sept. 20, 1911.

The one thing that is sure to happen, and which I have demanded, is the cutting out of my burden of responsible editorship of the paper, and to remain, if I remain at all, as simply an editorial writer. That such a change should be accompanied with a corresponding cutting down of my salary is natural, and I should not complain at such reduction. But if the sum were too frivolous, I should prefer entire freedom, with the opportunity which such freedom would give, to engage in anything else which might offer itself to me.

Oct. 14, 1911.

Yesterday we had our board meeting, and when we were through with the financial report and the matter of the new adjustment of our editorial forces came up, I asked and was granted leave to speak and presented my resignation to take effect on my seventieth birthday. I left the room after presenting my resignation, but I learned from others that there were many eulogistic speeches in reference to my editorial work, which I am glad I did not have to hear. They voted to accept my resignation, but accompanied it with the request that I should retain my connection with the paper, to write when and where, as much or little, as I pleased, at a salary of \$1500 from and after Feb. 1 next. * * * Bro. Smither

has entered upon his work with a good deal of tact and wisdom, and I think will be popular with the employes. I have arranged to have a desk delivered at my residence on Monday, and will aim to do most of my work hereafter out there, where I will have less interruption and more opportunity for reading and study.

I have been suffering from intercostal neuralgia since my return from Lexington. There was a large attendance, of course, at the funeral, for Brother McGarvey was greatly beloved by those who knew him best, for the purity of his life and his kindness and gentleness of heart in spite of the severity of some of his criticisms. He was in his eighty-third year. It cannot be long until some of the others of us will follow, and I trust we may go with the same faith and trust in God which he had.

On Feb. 2, 1912, my seventieth birthday, my resignation took effect and, in accordance with the action of the Board, I became Editor Emeritus.

CHAPTER XIV

RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE EDITORSHIP

WITH the approach of my seventieth birthday, the time at which one may with some reason expect to lay down the burden of the active management of a large and important enterprise, the question of the future of *The Christian-Evangelist* and the Christian Publishing Company had been a matter of increasing concern to me. Overtures had been made to me from more than one quarter for the purchase of my stock in the company, with which went the control of the paper and the business. One of these offers had led to negotiations which had progressed almost to the point of an agreement upon terms which would have been entirely satisfactory to me—and, as it later turned out, would have been exceedingly profitable, since the purchaser proposed to turn over Los Angeles real estate which has since vastly increased in value—when the plan of establishing a brotherhood publication house was suggested. That devoted and far-seeing Christian man, R. A. Long, of Kansas City, Mo., proposed to purchase, and eventually did purchase the entire stock of the Christian Publishing Company, and reorganized it as a corporation not for profit under the management of a Board of Directors. In addition to the munificent sum which he paid for the property, Mr. Long generously gave, and is still giving, of his time and remarkable business ability for the oversight of the business, serving as president of the Board of Directors.

By this change in control, the organization of the business became similar to that under which most

colleges are held. But as it was anticipated that profits would arise from the business, it was provided that all net profits should go to the support of the various missionary enterprises of the brotherhood.

This re-organization relieved me of the responsibility which I had borne as president of the company, and paved the way for my retirement from the active editorship of the paper. I remained as editor-in-chief for some months to give the new organization continuity with the past and to give assurance that the new plan involved no change in the policy or spirit of *The Christian-Evangelist*.

When my seventieth birthday arrived, all of these preliminaries had been completed and all the conditions had been met which seemed to be the necessary steps to my retirement without injury to any interest. At that time, therefore, I relinquished my post as editor-in-chief, and retired to the position of Editor-Emeritus, charged with the duty of doing as much or as little editorial writing as I pleased but with the understanding that my work would probably be confined to the continuance of the Editor's Easy Chair as long as health and strength permitted. At that time I wrote and published the following editorial statement in regard to the change:

A BACKWARD GLANCE: LIFE'S AFTERMATH

This is not a valedictory. The change in my relationship to *The Christian-Evangelist*, beginning with this number, is not a complete severance, but only loosing some of the strands in the cord that has so long bound me to its service. It is the laying down of a part of my burden that the other part may be borne longer and perhaps more acceptably. As

one's powers of endurance and capacity for work inevitably diminish, a wise conservation of energy would seem to require that he concentrate his remaining strength on the kind of work he is best fitted to do. This is the meaning of my change of relationship to the paper, by which I surrender to younger and stronger hands the burden of editorial management and responsibility to devote what time and strength there may remain to me to writing—not for the paper alone, but, if God please, in the line of some additional book-work.

That this change should occur on my seventieth birthday, at my request, is perhaps more a matter of sentiment than of reason, and yet, there seemed to me to be good reasons for not postponing this change. It is a change in which, for obvious reasons, I desired to take the initiative. Age sometimes brings with it a benevolent sort of blindness to its waning powers. I have a strong disinclination to even seeming to lag superfluous on the stage. One thing I know is rapidly diminishing, whatever may be true of my intellectual powers, and that is the time in which I shall be permitted to labor in the earthly vineyard of the Lord. Reason would suggest that this limited time be used where I can accomplish the most enduring good. The brethren upon whom now rests the editorial responsibility, are much more mature in years and experience than the writer was when he assumed the editorship. They do not need my assistance in bearing the editorial responsibility, and if at any time they wish my advice, I will be in calling distance. For them I bespeak the same gracious consideration and courtesy from our readers which they have so long extended to me.

Forty and three years on the first of last January, I accepted the position of editor of this paper, or its predecessor. It is not without mingled emotions of sadness and of satisfaction that I lay down the responsibility. Never before in the history of the paper has the way been open for me to transfer this responsibility to other hands, though I have often desired to do so. I came to feel at last that God had called me to this work and had shut my way up so I could not escape from it. I therefore became reconciled to it until I had served my time, and had accomplished that particular task to which I had been called. That task seemed to have been accomplished with the transfer of the paper and of the publishing house from private ownership and management to the control of trustees who hold and manage them in trust for the use and benefit of the brotherhood at large. I have remained in my old position long enough, since this transfer was made, to preserve the historic continuity of the Christian Publishing Company, of which I was president for nearly as many years as I have been editor of the paper—and the Christian Board of Publication, which is the heir of all the toil, struggles, tears, prayers of the mighty host of saintly men and women, who for nearly half a century have been consecrated to this enterprise.

Above I spoke of mingled emotions of sadness and satisfaction—sadness because of even this partial change of a relationship which has lasted so long and has produced so many sacred friendships, and about which have clung so many hallowed memories, hopes and aspirations. The testimony of thousands in these years, that their Christian lives have been broadened, deepened and enriched by the paper, is to

me a priceless heritage. It has compensated me for the strenuous toil, and the burden of anxiety and responsibility which have often seemed to press me to the ground. The feeling of satisfaction comes from the fact that the paper and the Board of Publication, of which it is a part, into which so much of my life has gone, are not only to continue, but to go on with a power and influence which they never could have attained under private ownership. This crowning blessing of God's providence exceeds my fondest hopes, and is cause for deepest satisfaction and devout thanksgiving. Every devout man who, like Moses, has put his life into some great enterprise for God, has prayed with him, "Establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it!"

From the hill-top of years, may I be pardoned for a glance backward across the more than two score years of editorial work? No one can be more conscious than I am of the limitations and shortcomings of this rather long editorial career. As I look back at it, however, I am consoled by the fact that I have said and done in each case and emergency what seemed to me at the time to be demanded in the situation, by the best interest of the cause. While keeping in mind what Jesus told his disciples—that he had many things to say to them which they could not then bear—I am not conscious of ever having withheld a word that I believed Christ wanted me to utter because it would provoke opposition from those whose faces have been set against all change and progress.

The great key-words of *The Christian-Evangelist* have been *Liberty*, *Loyalty*, and *Love*. Liberty in Christ, loyalty to Christ, and love for Him and the

brethren, enabling us to "forbear one another in love" and to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." It has stood for Christian liberty in the wide realm of thought, and of expediency, in methods of organization and worship, within the circle of loyalty to Christ. It has never recognized any conflict between the utmost loyalty to our plea for Christian unity, and co-operation with all other believers in Christ in carrying forward enterprises of common interest for furtherance of the kingdom. Not only so, it has pointed out constantly that no other attitude is consistent with the principles of our plea. This position has caused opposition and misrepresentation, but who today does not recognize the vantage ground it has given us in our propaganda of the New Testament plea for unity?

In my heart, as God knows, I have been, not only loyal to the great reformatory movement of the nineteenth century, but passionately devoted to it. No man, in my estimation, is so disloyal to it as he who makes a mere opinion or theory an occasion of division, or who, by his exclusiveness and bigotry, creates the impression that we are a narrow, hobby-riding sect, instead of a people seeking to be as broad and catholic as Christ and the New Testament. On the other hand *The Christian-Evangelist* has never advocated, but has stood, foursquare against, all proposed shortcuts to Christian union which compromise Christ's authority or the institutions of his appointment. Union is not to be hastened by the sacrifice of unity.

Let this suffice for the past. What of the future? Is there any work a septuagenarian may do? In the beautifully written volume by Dr. J. M. Campbell, entitled, "Grow Old Along With Me," in a

chapter entitled, "Life's Aftermath," he says: "When the full harvest of life has been reaped, there should be an aftermath—a second crop—which in its own way is just as valuable as the first. This aftermath will in some respects be different from anything that has been produced; but in all its essential qualities it will be the same as the main crop." (p. 45.) How much of an "aftermath" there is to be in my work, I know not. But this I do know, I have no desire to cease work. It would require more effort and self-denial to cease my literary work entirely than to continue to do what I can in that line for the Lord who has been so good to me, and to all our sinning and suffering race.

"Whether many or few, all my days are his due;
They shall all be devoted to him."

In so far the title *Emeritus*, with which the directors have honored me, carries with it the idea of being out of service, it is inapplicable to me. Let it stand for the completion of the "main crop," as our friend, Dr. Campbell, would call it, while with God's help, and the continued inspiration and encouragement of my friends, I will try to produce "the aftermath," which may furnish some nourishment for those hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and redeem life's eventide from fruitless leisure.

A NEW TITLE—EDITOR-EMERITUS

(These paragraphs from the Easy Chair immediately following my retirement embody some further reflections upon my new status, and some indications of how life looked to me at that time:)

"*Emeritus!*" That is an honorary title which only age and long service can confer. Hence, it is not a

title for which men scramble! It originally meant honorably discharged from service. Of course, it does not mean that now, for here is the same old "Easy Chair," and the same old occupant, performing the same old service, in the same old way! Out of service? Not while the hand is able to write, the brain to think, the heart to feel the world's need, the tongue to speak the message of God's love, and the feet to walk to the house of God or to the home of sorrow. Rather, in view of the calls God is making on this generation, and the wide-open doors of opportunity everywhere, one who has caught the vision of the world's needs, feels like praying that the sun of one's brief day of life might be stayed in its course toward the horizon until the great battle for righteousness and truth might be won by a united church, conquering in the name and under the banner of Christ. Seventy—and a large part of the world yet in pagan darkness! Seventy—and the licensed saloon dealing out death, demoralization and destruction in our own Christian land! Seventy—and the masses of our working-men alienated from the church founded by the Carpenter of Galilee! Seventy—and the church yet divided into separate and competing, not to say warring, factions, in spite of Jesus' prayer for its unity. This is the pathos of age—this is why the man at seventy would retard the chariot wheels of time, if he could, that he might share further in these great conflicts and also in the triumphant celebration of victories sure to be won.

January 1, 1869—February 1, 1912. These two dates span the period of my editorial service. It seems to me a short span. It was only a little while ago that I wrote my "Salutatory" in the *Gospel*

Echo. I have just taken down from my library a leather-bound volume of that magazine for the year 1869. There is first an introduction by the senior editor, Brother J. C. Reynolds, who, though a truthful man, speaks of me in terms which I would not like to vouch for, especially as to my "scholarship" and "literary attainments." Yet, as I had recited Latin and Greek to him at college, my repudiation of these claims might have reflected on him as a teacher. I am glad to note in my salutatory, however, a modest disclaimer of any "trained quill" and "mind rich in the treasures of wisdom" or "self-illuminated by the scintillations of its own genius." A bit sophomoric that, but modest all the same. Here is the closing paragraph: "Our bark is ready. Carefully, hopefully, prayerfully, we commit it to the great sea of religious literature. Her sails are unfurled. Our colors float proudly from the summit of the mast. With our hands at the helm and our eyes fixed steadfastly on Bethlehem's star, a 'God bless you' and a 'Happy New Year' to all, and we make our editorial bow." Observe, it was only a "bark" we were launching, and that it relied on sails to catch the favoring breeze of public opinion, to make it go. Little did I dream of the length of the voyage before me, or of the tempests that would assail our frail craft once it was out in mid-ocean. But in God's providence it has kept afloat till now, having been transformed, meanwhile, from a small sailing bark to a modern ocean liner, with twin-screw propellers, watertight compartments and all the safety appliances! Of course, it is entitled to new pilots, engineers and crew.

I have spoken of the time between the two dates mentioned as seeming to be short. This is true of

the swift backward look that takes no note of intervening events. But if one stops to analyze the period into months and years and decades, and to note the events, the changes, the obstacles to overcome, the opposition to sane and healthy progress, the tasks accomplished, and the growth of the brotherhood in numbers, in missionary organization and achievement, the problems solved and the wider outlook of the movement, which is now a factor in the religious life of this country and in world-wide missions, the time seems long. Not a forward step has been taken in all this period which has not had the advocacy and often the leadership of this paper. Naturally, this has drawn upon the paper and its editor a good deal of criticism from those who identified progress with heresy. No doubt the critics in the main meant well; at any rate there is not a lingering trace of bitterness in my heart toward any writer who has ever criticized the paper and the measures it has advocated. When I stop to think of the vast amount of writing I have done in those forty-three years, I feel deeply the responsibility I have incurred. Much of it related to passing events and will live only in lives it has helped to enrich, and in the movements it has helped to shape. Some of it, particularly that part which is embodied in the books I have written, I would fain hope may continue to live, and to be appreciated hereafter more than at the present time. However that may be, what is written is written, and we commit it to God's providence and mercy.

A few years ago some one wrote a book on "How to be Happy Though Married." There's room for another book, if anyone will dare to write it, on "How to be Honest and Fair, Though Editor of a

Religious Journal!" Few positions offer more temptations to duplicity, misrepresentation and playing to the gallery. That so many editors resist these temptations and are reasonably fair in stating the position of an opponent, and cultivate the virtue of candor and square-dealing, is much to the credit of the fraternity. There should be a convention occasionally of editors of religious papers who are in good standing to talk over their common problems, temptations and perils, and to swap ideas about editing a religious journal. One live question for discussion would be, "Can an editor hold his job on a religious paper and be in good standing with his readers if he should adopt the Golden Rule in his treatment of other editors and of other religious bodies?" There is probably no severer test of Christian character than that which an editor is subjected to when he undertakes to state the religious position of others, especially with the view of replying to same. There is no class of people who need the prayers of their brethren more than the editors of religious papers. Yet who prays for them? How few even understand the tax on their wisdom and their patience. They are often criticised for utterances, based on a wide knowledge of facts, by readers who see only a very limited part of the field. Because an editor must write of other papers and peoples, his motive is often misunderstood. Pray that he may be honest, "though an Editor."

For my own part, I have received more criticism for trying to be just and fair to all in my editorial work than I have received for all the errors or mistakes I ever committed. Some people count courtesy as the opposite of courage, and fairness as a sign

of weakness! But an editor can always rely on the good judgment and sense of fairness of the majority of his readers to approve a policy of justice, courtesy and fairness. To the readers of *The Christian-Evangelist* who have, through all these years, supported the paper in its efforts to maintain this editorial policy, I feel a debt of gratitude which I cannot adequately express. In the midst of unfounded suspicions based on crude misconceptions, their words of encouragement, and their steadfast friendship and sympathy, have been a source of comfort and strength. They have understood me and my ideal of journalism. In spite of all the hardships, the heartaches, the disappointments, the hard work and ceaseless anxiety of my editorial life, I thank God for leading me into it. I would not choose differently if I had my life to live over again. Its compensations have been rich and rare. And the consciousness of doing good for Christ and his cause has lightened all my burdens, and sweetened all my toil. I am not saying "good-bye" to our readers. We shall meet often in this, and other departments of the paper, if it please God, in whose hands are the destinies of men.

CHAPTER XV

WORLD'S MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT EDINBURGH

IN 1910 there was held in the old city of Edinburgh, Scotland, a World's Missionary Conference of all Protestant religious bodies, to consider the subject of missions, or the evangelization of the world. Mrs. Garrison and I decided to attend this conference and revisit some of the scenes in Europe and perhaps some places we had never visited. We sailed from New York harbor, May 31, on the steamer "Kroonland," together with many others bound for this missionary conference, including many prominent ministers and laymen, and we held a sort of floating convention on the ship. We landed at Southampton, June 9, and proceeded north by way of London and Liverpool to Bowness on Lake Windemere. Here Frank Coop and wife of Southport, joined us in their car to take us through the lake region, having driven 70 miles before breakfast to overtake us. I copy from the "Easy Chair" of that year, a description of this second trip to Europe, including the conference and an account of several historic places visited.

We sped along the north shore of Windemere, where the Coops have a summer home, which we paused to admire, and then on to Ambleside again and to the Knoll where Harriet Martineau lived at one time, and was visited by George Eliot. On the way down by Lake Windemere the house where Mrs. Hemans lived and wrote was pointed out. The new route for this morning took us by Fox How, the home of Dr. Arnold—Arnold of Rugby—and on to Hawkshead, where the old schoolhouse stands yet

in which Wordsworth went to school. On the writing desk in front of his seat the boy Wordsworth cut his name in the wood, which is now covered with glass. Thence we drove to Coniston, where is the grave of John Ruskin, on whose tombstone seven lamps are engraved, suggested by one of his most famous books. Around Coniston Water, towards its northern end, is "Brantwood," the home of John Ruskin for twenty-five years. On through Yewdale, and by Ettenwater to Grasmere again, and then we began the long upward grade toward Keswick, with mountains to the right of us and mountains to the left of us, with the vale of Grasmere behind us, while old Helvellyn had a veil of mists and clouds about his head. Almost midway between Grasmere and Keswick lies Lake Thirlmere, three miles long, a quarter of a mile wide, and over five hundred feet above sea level. It is the chief source of the water supply of Manchester, ninety-five miles away, with which it is connected by a series of huge aqueducts. On the shore of this lake we halted, kindled a fire, boiled some tea, and had an excellent mid-day lunch, which the Coops had brought along with them. Soon we were in sight of Derwentwater where the "water comes down at Lodore," and Keswick, the home of the poet Southey, where is his marble sarcophagus. Thanks to the Coops and their speedy automobile, we visited many places about the lake region which we had not seen before, saw a large amount of beautiful scenery, and reached Keswick in good time for an early afternoon train to Edinburgh, where we arrived about six P.M., glancing at Melrose Abbey and the woolen mills of Gallashiels, as we passed.

Here we are in the old historic city of Edinburgh—"the Queen of the North," and the terminus *ad*

quem of our long journey. We are quartered at the Hotel Royal on Princess Street, fronting the great monument to Walter Scott, and the Assembly Hall on the hill, just across the valley and Princess gardens, where the World Conference is now in session. We arrived in time for the reception of delegates on Monday evening, which might be described as a brilliant affair. On Tuesday afternoon the Conference was organized with Lord Balfour as chairman and with necessary secretaries and clerks. On Tuesday evening Lord Balfour delivered a brief and well-worded presidential address, outlining the objects and aims of the Conference. The Archbishop of Canterbury delivered an address on the central place of missions in the church. "If the delegates to this conference be weighed, rather than counted merely, there has been no such meeting in the annals of Christian history," he said. The primate of the Church of England was followed by the untitled, unordained young man from America, Robert E. Speer, on the leadership of Christ in the world of missions, and none of us felt ashamed of our American representative.

Just now the most wonderful thing in this old city is not its old castles, its ancient and historic buildings, its imposing monuments and beautiful parks, but the great World Missionary Conference, which is now nearing its close. Today and this evening will complete its program. Great Britain, the Continent of Europe, and North America, with their dependencies and their mission fields, have been face to face and heart to heart in consultation and prayer for the last eight days on the subject of the greatest interest to mankind—the evangelization of the world and the bringing in of the universal reign of Christ. The large assembly hall in which the Conference

meets has been crowded daily with probably the most representative body of the church universal which has ever convened on this planet. Only the Roman Catholic and Greek churches were not represented, and this, of course, by their own choice. For the first time the high church party of the Church of England joined in a meeting with their non-conformist brethren, and one of these said he "felt like a lion in a den of Daniels!" There can be no question but they felt like "lions," and some of them claimed the lion's share of apostolicity and catholicity! The business committee probably felt that it was a great victory to gain their co-operation, and hence it gave them a prominence on the program and in the discussions which was out of proportion to what they have contributed toward making such a gathering possible. John R. Mott, now Doctor Mott by the action of the Edinburgh University, which conferred the degree of D.D. on both him and Robert E. Speer at the beginning of the Conference, presided over the business sessions of the Conference during the day, while a different chairman presided over each session. The work of the Conference was embraced in the printed reports of eight commissions, which consisted of from twenty to thirty members on each commission, who had been appointed fully a year and a half before. Each of these commissions did faithful work in gathering information and formulating its report. Each of these reports occupied a day in its discussion.

That our readers may understand the scope of the Conference, we give the titles of these commissions as follows: 1. Carrying the Gospel to all the Non-Christian World. 2. The Church in the Mission Field. 3. Education in Relation to Christianization of National Life. 4. The Missionary Message in

Relation to Non-Christian Religions. 5. The Preparation of Missionaries. 6. The Home Base of Missions. 7. Missions and Governments. 8. Co-operation and the Promotion of Christian Unity. These general topics, with their various subdivisions, covered most of the missionary problems, and served to put before the church, as it has never been done before, the vastness of the task which our Lord has laid upon us. No wonder the topic for discussion on the last evening was, "God Is Our Sufficiency."

Perhaps the greatest interest centered in the report of Commission VIII, on "Co-operation and the Promotion of Christian Unity." The report itself was admirable in spirit and bore eloquent testimony to the necessity of union in order to the conversion of the world. So far as the missionaries were concerned their sentiment was unanimous for union, and they do not regard it as a far-off event, but one that is actually taking place in mission fields. Every speaker favored it, but many frankly confessed they saw no way to bring it about, but they believed God would show us the way. The Disciples have a distinct contribution to make to this problem, but no opportunity was given them to participate in the discussion. The writer sent in his card, according to rule, expressing his desire to speak on the subject, but the chairman claimed afterward that he did not understand the particular subdivision of the subject, desired to discuss. Brother Hensey, of Bolenge, Africa, had a correction to make concerning the work in the Congo, but his was one of the left-over cards. These facts, together with the fact that no representative of the Disciples had a place on any commission, or on the program of the Conference, or has been given a place on the new Continuation Committee which has been appointed, nat-

urally cause our delegates here to feel that an injustice has been done us. While sharing in this feeling, I cannot believe that it is the deliberate intention of the committee to slight us, but that it is the result of the fact that the men managing this Conference *know little or nothing of the position or strength of the Disciples*. The remedy is a more whole-souled participation in all union efforts at home, and greater consecration to the work of missions. In a word, our policy is to *compel* recognition by the place we shall win for ourselves in mission work, and in service to our fellowmen.

Since the foregoing was written a new phase of the matter has been developed. Bro. A. McLean wrote a respectful protest to the chairman of the executive committee against the injustice done us. I had previously written Chairman Mott urging McLean's appointment as a member of the Continuation Committee and pointing out that we had no representation in the official management nor on the program. These communications had the effect of bringing a hearty disclaimer of any intention to discriminate and an invitation for one of us to send up a card and he would be glad to call on us. But neither of us felt that we could afford to do so under the circumstances; that is, as a concession to a protest. We must accept the explanation and not allow any injustice, through a lack of knowledge of us, to hinder our appreciation of so great and significant a gathering. The discussion of Christian union was marred by an excess of high churchism, which intruded its theory of ecclesiastical union in what seemed bad taste to some of us, but on the whole there was a clear perception of the truth, which all but the blind could see, that the only union possible or desirable is union on Jesus Christ as the only and

sufficient creed. True, some of the Anglicans spoke of the "Nicene Creed," and some of the "Apostles' Creed," but these sentiments called out no approval from the great body of the Conference. Such was the solemn emphasis on the necessity of unity and the sin of perpetuating our divisions, that it does not seem possible that our denominationalism can ever obtrude itself into our councils in a way to destroy the effectiveness of Christian co-operation and the growth of Christian unity; especially on the mission field.

We are sure that this Conference will mark a new epoch in the history of missions. The vast amount of information which has been gathered and collated from all fields, the principles of missions, together with methods of comity and co-operation—all this is bound to tell mightily on the future of mission work.

The Conference is over. The addresses last night were chiefly devotional, leading up to a solemn dedication of all the delegates, led by Chairman Mott, to the great task which has called us together. The great hall was packed to its fullest. Tickets of admission were in great demand. The spirit of devotion was very marked. Indeed, this has been the dominant feature of this great Conference. We have heard greater addresses in our own conventions than most of those made here. It has not been a great speech-making convention, but what its name implies—a conference of workers concerning the great undertaking in which they are engaged. This brought them face to face with God in prayer. At the heart of each business session all business was suspended, and a half hour devoted to intercession. Much of this was silent prayer, in which absolute silence reigned, save an occasional word from the

leader directing the petitions along common lines. Singing was another striking feature. There was not a solo, quartet, or chorus, but the full, hearty singing of the old church hymns by all the delegates. In a word, it was a deeply spiritual body of men who believed profoundly in God, in Christ, in prayer, and in the greatness of their work. No doubt the Conference marks a new epoch in Christian missions, and we believe in the relation of Christian people toward each other at home and abroad. We Disciples have had delightful associations with each other here—the Philputts, the Longs, the Lockharts, the Hieronymuses, the Morrisons, the Gates, the Thomsons (Sydney and his son Harry), the Inmans, the Henseys, the Graingers, the McGavrans, the McLeans, Sisters Harrison, Pounds, Oeschger, Thompson, Lindsay, the Marshes, and perhaps a few others whose names escape us. A tea-meeting with our Roxbury Chapel brethren here, on Tuesday evening last, was a most delightful occasion, with refreshments, speeches, songs, prayers and a general love-feast. The writer preached to them Sunday morning and several spoke at night. Now we scatter, several of us to meet in London, July 4, at our own Conference. We leave this morning for Glasgow, thence to North Ireland for a few days, and thence to Southport and London. A great historic gathering disperses to the ends of the world. Let us hope its influence will abide forever, and hasten the redemption of the world.

Since returning home from the conference we have set down certain impressions concerning it which may be of interest to our readers. We can only mention a few of them: (1) The greatness of purpose which convened the conference. What other object could have gathered the leaders out of every

religious body in Christendom except the Roman Catholic and Greek churches, and from the most distant parts of the earth, to sit in council for ten days? No other motive would have been adequate to bring together such a noted assembly as this. (2) The growing ascendancy of Christ. No one could sit in that conference without feeling that Jesus Christ is coming more and more to his rightful place in the church. He has too long been obscured by doctrines and dogmas, ecclesiasticisms, and sectarian rivalries, and his great work has been sorely neglected. Now the church seems to be awaking to the fact which always ought to have been obvious, that its exclusive business in this world is to extend the reign of Christ over the hearts and lives of man, and to carry good news of salvation through him to all the nations, tribes, and families of men. (3) The magnitude of our unfinished task. There was no disposition in this conference to belittle the difficulties that stand in the way of the universal triumph of Christianity. The degradation of the peoples who sit in darkness; the power of age-long superstition and idolatry; national and racial antipathies; the aggressive power of Mohammedanism and of certain other cults; the prejudice awakened against Christianity by the misrepresentations of non-Christians coming from Christian lands, not to give, but to get; the divided condition of the Church, and its world-mindedness—all these, and many other obstacles, were fully and frankly stated so that we might see the magnitude of the task which yet remains to be accomplished by the church. (4) The unifying power of a great task. Was it any wonder that a great assembly, brought thus face to face with the magnitude of the world's need and the difficulties to be overcome, should instinctively realize the folly of

undertaking this task with divided forces, and should feel the necessity of closing up our divided ranks? Especially would the missionaries who had been in a hand-to-hand conflict with the power of paganism feel the need of, and plead for, a united Church. (5) The folly of ecclesiastical arrogance and exclusiveness. There was just enough of that sort of spirit exhibited in two or three of the High Church representatives to make one realize how utterly out of harmony it was with the prevailing spirit of the assembly and with the spirit of Christ. The religious body which today says in effect, "We are the people; we have the truth; we are infallible, and the rest of you must come to us to be corrected," is an anachronism, and needs to learn that humility is one of the Christly virtues without which there can be no unity. (6) Remarkable devotional feature. There was something more deeply impressive than anything we have ever witnessed in any other religious gathering. The most impressive and deeply solemn moments were those of absolute silence—a silence so profound that it was awe-inspiring. Never was prayer more exalted as an essential factor in all religious work than in that great representative gathering. The singing, too, was in harmony with this devout and reverential spirit. (7) Finally, as was announced by Dr. Mott, we have discovered that the greatest hindrance to the spread of Christianity lies in *ourselves*. The doors are open everywhere; the fields are ripe for the harvest; our God is ready to enrich us with all spiritual wisdom and strength for the task, but the Church is divided, and is not consecrating its talents and wealth to the supreme work for which it was called into existence.

CHAPTER XVI

IRELAND AND OBERAMMERGAU

THE following record of a month of travel in Ireland, England and on the continent following the Edinburgh Conference in the summer of 1910 is taken from Easy Chair paragraphs written at that time.

The Conference ended, the Disciples present met, by some subtle law of affinity, in front of the Assembly Hall, exchanged mutual good-byes and good wishes and parted, going our several ways. The scribe and his travelling companion came to Glasgow Friday morning, and proceeded, after registering for a room in a hotel, to the town of Ayr, the birthplace of Robert Burns, located down the coast about forty miles southwest of Glasgow. It is a larger town than we expected to find, containing at present a population of about 20,000. In the town itself stands a statue of Burns, looking in the direction of his birthplace, which is about two miles away. After lunching at the hotel, we took a cab and drove out to the spot which is now the literary Mecca of so many pilgrims. The cottage is a long, low white building, with a thatched roof, divided into four rooms. We enter from what is really the rear of the cabin, over a green, smoothly-shaven lawn, bordered with flowers. The first room entered was originally the barn, and a large stone marks the place where the grain was threshed and a wooden flail shows how it was done. The next apartment contained stalls for the cattle and horses, for the poet's father was a farmer. The next room was the living room, containing such articles of homely

furniture as a poor family of that date would use, including a large spinning wheel and a smaller one, and the table and chairs. But the last room, the kitchen, was the most interesting, for besides the old fireplace and its crane and the quaint cooking utensils, and the tall clock, there stood back in one corner a set-in bed. Here, on a winter night in 1759, the author of "Cotter's Saturday Night" was born, to whose birthplace kings and princes now come to do him honor. A neat modern building stands by, filled with memorials and mementoes of the poet and the place. Further on, near the bank of the Doon, stands a large monument which the poet's admiring friends have erected, in the base of which are rooms containing many manuscripts and other documents relating to him.

Between Burns' cottage and the monument stand the roofless walls of the "auld Allowell Kirk," where Tam o' Shanter saw the witches dance. A gray and grizzled watchman, with a wooden leg and a sightless eye, presides over these ruins and the cemetery which surrounds it, and can quote, with proper Scottish brogue, Burns' poetry by the yard. One of these tombstones marks the grave of the poet's father, William Burns, and contains a beautiful tribute from the son to the father. Here also are buried two of the poet's nieces. Time is playing havoc with many of these tombstones, as it has already with the memory of the men whose fame they were intended to perpetuate. How transient a thing is human fame! How few of us can escape oblivion save as our names are written in God's "book of remembrance," which, after all, is the only thing that matters! Of course we walked down to where the old bridge spans the clear, warbling Doon, and standing in the center of it and looking down its

winding course through the green fields and the gently sloping hills, we could readily understand how Burns could write, "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon"! The whole region hereabouts, though beautified by the hand of man, must have been beautiful in the poet's time, with nature's own simple beauty. Returning to the town, we crossed the Rye, near where "the twa brigs," of which Burns sang, span the stream side by side, the old and the new, the former outlasting the latter, as his poem prophesies. The poet's grave is at Dumfries, where he spent his last years in the service of the government at the princely salary of 50 pounds a year. He died as he lived, a poor man, but he won a name above that of kings and potentates, because he had the insight to see that "rank is but the guinea's stamp," and though one be poor and lowly born, "a man's a man for a' that." We returned to Glasgow in time to ride out to the university on one of their corporation street cars, which is making money on penny fares for ordinary distances. It was time for the gates to close when we arrived, but we arranged with the maid who keeps the gate to let us out when we had walked through the grounds and around the magnificent structure crowning Gilmore Hill. This building has superseded the more humble one which stood there when Thomas and Alexander Campbell were students within its walls. But has the ancient university ever sent forth two men who have exerted a wider influence for human good than this father and son, whose work was largely done in the new world? Eternity alone can answer.

The next day we sailed from Androssan, the seaport for Glasgow, on one of the Laird Line of steamers for Portrush, on the northern coast of Ire-

land. Hitherto we have been largely revisiting scenes we had visited more than a quarter of a century ago. Now we were entering new territory. We were favored with a fine day and a calm sea—not a prominent characteristic of this Channel. We were scarcely out of sight of the land on the voyage, a projecting arm of Scotland, forming the Clyde, and some islands belonging thereto following us, until the shores of Ireland rose out of the sea. Sometimes the vessel ran close to the shore, so that we could see the green hills and the grazing herds feeding upon them. As we neared Portrush the bluffs grew bolder and Giant's Causeway was pointed out on the shore to our left. We landed at the harbor of Portrush, a popular summer resort, at 2 P.M. Having lunched on the vessel, it was not long until our baggage had been deposited in a hotel and we were seated in Ireland's gondola, an Irish jaunting car, for an eight-mile ride up the coast for a nearer view of the Giant's Causeway.

Our boatman dexterously rowed us around and between immense stones forming miniature Patmoses, and entered a cave sixty feet in height, worn out of the solid cliff, whose stony sides were variegated with a variety of tints from the pink at the bottom to the deep green at the top. One side of this cave was trap rock and the other basalt, and they met together at the top in a seam or "fault." A pistol fired at the mouth echoed like a cannon in this mighty cavern. Then we entered a similar cave called the Cathedral, forming a perfect Gothic arch ninety feet high, and rowed into it so far that Mrs. G. begged that we go no further. While in there we sang a song and never realized before what superb voices we possessed! But old ocean has been singing his anthems in these caves perhaps long

before man made his entrance upon the tragic stage of human life. As our boatman rowed us along in front of these perfectly formed columns of stone, formed with a skill surpassing that of man, it was plain that tremendous forces had aided in rearing these columns. Ocean, earthquake, and fire have been in a mighty struggle and these shapely columns are crystals formed in the heat of this titanic conflict. Once more in our jaunting car, backs to each other, facing outward, we returned to the hotel by the same route, passing the arch of stone through which one views the ocean, then the old Dunluce castle, now in ruins, standing on the ocean's brink on a crag, and separated from the land by a deep moat—an intimation that human forces had also been in conflict along these shores in times not prehistoric. Fierce were the tribes and clans that once strove for the mastery of these fair shores. We pass also one of the finest golf links in Ireland, as we near the town, showing that the men of our day would rather play than fight, and prefer golf-sticks to war-clubs. We had a perfect day for this visit, and our guide assured us it was seldom calm enough, and the tide at just the right stage to enable him to show visitors what he had shown us.

And these wonders are in County Antrim. Did the reader ever hear of that county? The primary object of our visit to this county was not to see Giant's Causeway, but to visit the scenes of the early labors of Thomas and Alexander Campbell. A secondary object was to locate the section from which the maternal ancestors of the Editor emigrated about the beginning of the last century. On the evening of the same day on which we had seen the wonders previously described, we took the train for Antrim, a town of less than two thousand popu-

lation, located near Lough Neagh, the largest body of fresh water in the Kingdom. We spent Lord's day there, attending the worship at the Presbyterian Church, whose pastor was exceedingly courteous in giving us what information he could concerning the Campbells, which was very little. A Mr. Smith, a Unitarian minister and a local historian, had at one time made some investigations concerning the Campbells for one of our ministers, to whom he sent the results of his investigations, the receipt of which was never acknowledged. He put us on the track of interesting facts which we followed up, returning on Sunday evening to Ballymena for that purpose. But concerning that we will write more fully hereafter. Suffice it to say that we located our own ancestors in the same county, and learned that they all came originally from Scotland. From Ballymena, concerning which more hereafter, we came to Belfast, a modern, up-to-date city, where we spent the remainder of the day and the night following. It was interesting to note that fully nine-tenths of the names on the business houses of Belfast were familiar American names. The City Hall in Belfast is one of the finest structures of the kind we ever saw. In the forenoon we came to Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland and an interesting old city. The country between these cities is beautiful and the crops are promising. It is an undulating country, and its small farms, divided from each other by hedges, with their white cottages, make a pleasing picture. Flax, oats, potatoes, with other vegetables and grasses, seem to be the principal crops. Strawberries grow to perfection and are just now at their best. The streets of Dublin abound in statues to the memory of Britain's heroes and Ireland's patriots. In St. Patrick's Church we saw the grave and pul-

pit of Dean Swift. We leave today for the Isle of Man, and go thence to Southport for the Lord's day. The weather, since our first day in Ireland, has been cool and rainy. Ireland has made a valuable contribution to our great Republic, and the Irish heart beats warmly for America and Americans.

Easy Chair! It has certainly been on wheels since our last notes were penned. Let's see; it was Dublin, was it not, from which we sent the last? How much we have seen and heard and felt since then! From Ireland's capital we came on an ocean freighter, to save a day's time, to the Isle of Man. As we steamed into the port of Douglas at 10 o'clock at night, with its semi-circle of colored lights blazing out a welcome, it seemed an enchanted spot. The smaller Avalon Bay, Catalina Island, was at once suggested. At 4 P.M., July 1, we set sail again on the "Empress Queen," one of the fleet steamers which run between the island and Liverpool. As on the voyage from Dublin to the island, the sea was a little rough in the Channel, and many succumbed to its disturbing influences, but Mrs. G. and I remained on hurricane deck and enjoyed the sail. At 8 o'clock we landed at Liverpool, sailing up the Mersey to the great floating docks, just as we did nearly thirty years ago. At Liverpool we took the electric line for Southport, and in an hour's time we were being welcomed to the hospitable home of our friend and brother, Joe Coop. Here we rested over Saturday in preparation for the work on Lord's day. It was the anniversary of the Sunday school, and special music, flower decorations, and the presence of a former American pastor and his wife, were the features of the day. Many memories of the past came to me, and almost overwhelmed me, as I stood once more before the church I had so often addressed

nearly three decades ago. There rose before me the faces of saintly men and women, who since then have passed on to the upper sanctuary.

It is known to many of our readers that the church at Southport, under the leadership of Timothy Coop, of blessed memory, was the first of our English churches to adopt American methods. Brother Coop had often visited in America, and once on listening to an address at one of our conventions by James A. Garfield, afterwards president of the United States, became impressed with the conviction that a similar spirit of Christian liberty combined with the utmost fidelity to the great essentials of Christianity, ought to be introduced among the English churches, and he became a very liberal contributor to our foreign missionary work. Already H. S. Earl, who had come to England on his own charge, was addressing large audiences in Southampton and other places and winning many converts. Through Brother Coop's influence, Brother W. T. Moore was induced to resign his great church in Cincinnati and come to Southport. He had been there a year or more and was opening up a new work in Liverpool, when at the instance of the Southport church, he wrote, and afterwards cabled, urging me to come to Southport, in the winter of 1880-81. This is how it came about that the writer was at one time the minister of this congregation. Timothy Coop's boys, Joe and Frank, were then faithful helpers in the church, as young men. They are now leaders in the local and general work in England, loyal to the memory of their father, with sons and daughters now grown, and some of them married, who are walking in the footsteps of their parents. Thus a new generation has come on the stage since last we were here. Brother Hammond, their present

minister, was formerly a Baptist minister, who found it no sacrifice of principle, but rather an opportunity of greater loyalty to his own ideals, to become preacher and pastor for this flock. He is loved and respected by the congregation.

On Monday morning, in company with the Coops, the Thomsons, Brothers Hammond, Hundle and others, we took the train for London to attend the conference on Christian Union, in Caxton Hall, on Monday and Tuesday, where several leading ministers of nonconformity took part, and the conference at West London Tabernacle on Wednesday, among the Disciples of England, America, Scandinavia, and our missionaries from several foreign lands. Brother Durban, our able English correspondent, has reported these conferences. There was still another conference to be held on the day we left for the continent, between representatives of the two groups of our English churches—those holding to the old methods and stricter interpretations, of the school of David King, and other English leaders of that type, and those whose practice and teaching are more in harmony with the great majority of our American churches. We were sorry not to be able to attend this conference, but we had the privilege of attending a preliminary meeting and giving what advice we could besides sending a letter to the conference through Brother Frank Coop, suggesting a basis of closer co-operation. There is no good reason why these two groups of churches should not be in fraternal co-operation. Their differences lie clearly within the sphere of Christian liberty. Each can be true to its convictions as to the best methods of work and worship while granting full liberty to others to do the same. If this is not possible among

Christians, all hope of Christian union is a delusive dream.

Our special object in making a week's tour on the continent was to take in the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The sail across the English Channel, a night on a European sleeping car, and a half-day's additional ride brought us to the old city of Munich. Saturday morning we went on to Oberammergau, a ride on the train of about two hours. The scenery along the route is of unfailing interest. The shades of color in the crops are as varied as those in Joseph's coat, and the mountains grow higher and the valley deeper as we approach the end of our journey. As we ascend the Ammer, a swiftly-flowing stream, swollen by recent rains, we come in sight of the Bavarian Alps, whose deep crevices are filled with snow. Soon we pass Unterammergau and in a few minutes more the famous little Bavarian village of Oberammergau, with its red-tiled roofs, its quaintly built houses, its narrow, crooked streets, is seen nestling in the mountains, on the tallest crag of which stands a cross, dominating all the landscape. We landed there in the rain, and were conducted to the home of one of the villagers, Anton Zwinck, where we had been assigned. The skies continued to drip all afternoon, but this did not prevent us from walking to and fro through the crowded streets of the quaintest of mountain villages.

Sunday, July 10, dawned fair and bright, and the sunshine lay upon the surrounding mountains like a heavenly benediction. The ringing of the early church bells, together with the tinkling of innumerable cow-bells, as the village cows marched sedately through the streets to their Alpine pastures, formed a concourse of sweet sounds which filled our waking moments. Soon after seven, the breakfast hour, the

streets were crowded with an eager throng, speaking in many tongues but having a common destination—the theater in which the world's greatest tragedy was to be represented, in harmony with a custom that has come down through past centuries. By 8 o'clock the large auditorium, seating more than four thousand people, was completely filled, and the boom of cannon without announcing the beginning. The seats, sloping upward from the immense stage to the rear, are under cover of an arched roof, sixty feet in height, while the stage itself, with its singers and hundreds of actors, is under the open heavens, with the green mountains and blue sky in full view of the audience. The performance began at eight and closed at six in the evening, with two-hour intermission at noon. We shall attempt no description of this truly remarkable drama. A fast train brought us through the fairest portion of Germany, with its ripening harvest, its green meadows, where the women were at work with the hay, through Nuremberg and Cologne, where we crossed the Rhine, and where our young friend, Thomson, left us, we going on to Paris, and through the lowlands of Holland to Flushing, where we once more committed ourselves to the tender mercies of the English Channel, which, to its credit be it recorded, was as smooth as a mill pond. We had a delightful voyage and reached London and our hotel in time for supper, and to complete these paragraphs, which were begun in Munich. We spent only a few days hereabouts, sailing for Montreal on the 21st inst. Our next Easy Chair will be written on the great "Herring Pond," homeward bound.

We were absent on this second European visit about two months and returned in time to spend a part of our summer vacation at Pentwater on Lake Michigan.

CHAPTER XVII

SUMMER HOMES AND VACATION TRIPS

MACATAWA AND PENTWATER

THE mention of Pentwater suggests a chapter in my life which perhaps deserves a place in this autobiography. Some one who has followed my life thus far may raise the question, "When did you rest?" An editor has very little time to rest, for when he is not actually writing, he is studying what most needs to be written about and what he should say about it and what others have written. But I was not only an editor but a preacher, as well, and was constantly being called upon to preach on special occasions far and near, such as conventions—county, district, state, and national—revival meetings, funerals, church dedications, etc. In the course of time this constant drain on my nervous energy began to have its inevitable effect, and I began to plan, with my doctor's advice, for some rest.

In the summer of 1889 I rented a cottage at Macatawa Park, at that time a new and small resort on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, near the little city of Holland, Michigan. Within a year or two, I built a cottage which was our summer home for about fifteen years. The fishing was good in those early days, and I divided my time between the pen and the fishing-rod. The many installments of the *Easy Chair* written there during those years, under the sub-title "*Macatawa Musings*," bear testimony to my attachment to this place and to my delight in its beauty of lake and woods.

But the course of development and "improvement" gradually made Macatawa too populous and

crowded for the quiet which I needed. In 1904, after a little exploration, I located another place further up the lake, about 75 or 80 miles north, near the little village of Pentwater, which was at the head of an arm of the bay that reached inland, and far enough away not to bother us. There, on hills overlooking the lake and covered with pine and hemlock trees, I secured a forty-acre tract of land. I took in with myself as partners in this purchase, W. J. Hallack, T. T. Crittenden, J. L. Brandt, and C. A. Young. Later the tract was subdivided into about one hundred lots and the "Garrison Park Association" was formed on such terms that each cottage owner might become a stockholder in the association. I had built for myself and family a frame cottage down close to the lake with only a clump of hemlock trees between us and the water. These we trimmed up so as not to obstruct our view of the lake while sitting on the broad verandah of our cottage which we christened "The Pioneer." We proceeded to improve the park and it soon became, and is yet, an almost ideal summer resort. Of course the "Easy Chair" advertised it as such and it brought in a desirable class of cottagers, as "Easy Chair" readers would naturally be! And we had a most happy colony of friends who spent their time mostly in resting, bathing, swimming, fishing and swapping fish-stories. Here we spent our summers mainly for about ten years until we decided to remove to southern California, keeping up, of course, our editorial contributions to the paper. We had made a few visits to the sun-kissed western coast and found there a climate that did not require removal to the north in summer and to the south in winter and in 1914 we decided to make this land our future home.

AN EXPEDITION TO ALASKA

From Portland where our International Convention held its sessions in July, 1911, a party of us decided to make a discursion into Alaska, not to search for gold as many had already done, but to explore Uncle Sam's new territory. The following is condensed from the account of the journey which appeared in "The Editor's Easy Chair" in *The Christian-Evangelist*, at the time:

A starlit evening, with the round, red face of the moon rising above the horizon line, the evening star blazing over the Olympian Range, and the electric lights of the city of Seattle receding behind us as the steamship "The Queen" moved out of the harbor and turned its prow to the northwest—such was our poetic and picturesque parting from the pier at Seattle for our Alaskan voyage. Many friends, including some of the delegates to the Portland Convention, came with us to the boat to wave us a *bon voyage* from the shore. Never did a vessel weigh anchor and begin its voyage under more favoring conditions. Our immediate party consists of eight persons: R. A. Doan, wife and son Austin, of Nelsonville, O.; Oreon E. Scott, of St. Louis; Mrs. Stacy, of Richmond, Va.; and the editor and his wife and granddaughter Judith. Other delegates to the Convention, including John E. Pounds and wife, are in another vessel which sailed a little in advance of us, and which is making substantially the same trip. "The Queen" is substituted for the ill-fated steamer, "The Spokane," recently wrecked, on which we had engaged our rooms. This circumstance has, no doubt, cut down the passenger list to some extent, though it has a fair quota of passengers—about one hundred and thirty-five. It is capable of carrying

over two hundred. It carries only cabin passengers, and caters to that class who are making the round-trip to see the country and to enjoy the voyage. Alaska is a part of our national domain which most of our citizens have never seen. Our party is of that number, and we purpose, providence permitting, to get such a glimpse of it as this voyage to Skagway and return can afford.

Here is Victoria, where we arrived early this morning, and where we remain till 11 A.M. We have only a limited time in which to see this capital city of Vancouver Island. We are now in British waters, and this is the capital of British Columbia. Within our own memory this voyage would have been in the nature of a journey into the region of the unknown. The discovery of gold, however, has drawn thousands of our citizens to Alaska who never would have seen it otherwise, and has builded cities and railroads and is making it the home of our American civilization. The development of Alaska has been one of the causes of the marvelous growth of Seattle. But there are other contributing causes which have made these cities of the Sound—Seattle and Tacoma—the prosperous centers they are. The rapidly-developing Northwest has made these cities a necessity. What a development this region has had!

We are now four days out from Seattle. This morning at about 8 o'clock the steamer blew three whistles to announce that we were just passing the line from British Columbia into Uncle Sam's territory, Alaska. As the passengers were assembled in the social room awaiting breakfast at the time, I proposed and led in the singing of "America." And yet it would be difficult to tell by any external marks which is British and which American soil. We are having a really delightful voyage so far. The

weather seems to have been made to order—clear, bright, with just enough twang in the air to make it a tonic, and to make overcoats and sweaters comfortable morning and evening. The “Queen” is proving a very comfortable, well-managed vessel, and we have a very agreeable and pleasant company of passengers. The scenery has been all and more than we could have anticipated, and sufficiently variegated to prevent any monotony. At one time the channel is narrow, and the ship moves along between precipitous, snow-covered mountains which seem to close in ahead of us and make further progress impossible; but as we go ahead an opening is discovered, and the vessel continues its winding course amid waterfalls that dash themselves into foam as they rush down the mountain-sides into the deep salt-water channel which is one of the mighty Pacific’s arms reaching up into the fastnesses of these everlasting hills. Then the channel widens into what seems an inland sea, dotted here and there with wooded islands or with bare rocks which lift their heads above the water. Frequent lighthouses mark the channel, and how lonely must be the lives their keepers live! The mountains are covered with what seems to be a thick growth of dwarf spruce and pine. The water is very quiet for the most part; it is only when it is exposed, at places, to the direct action of the ocean that the vessel feels something of an ocean swell. The narrower the passage becomes the more interesting it is, and the more rugged and wild the scenery. Here and there a lumber camp, an Indian village, and an occasional passing vessel are the only signs of life in this wild and inhospitable region.

Naturally there was a good deal of curiosity to see the scene of the wreck of the “Spokane,” on which

many of us had engaged our passage. The place is known as "Seymour Narrows," and we passed it at one o'clock in the morning. Nevertheless some of us remained up and others got up at that hour to see the narrow gorge where the mainland of British Columbia crowds down so close to Vancouver's Island as to leave only a very narrow passage for the large body of water that flows through it. The tide rises thirteen feet at its flood, and when it is flowing it is difficult to manage a vessel in it. It is the rule, we learn, not to attempt the passage except when the tide is low, or when it has reached its height, so that the current is not flowing so rapidly. On the night we passed it the frowning cliffs, which rose abruptly on either side, and the channel between were illuminated by the moon, which was about three hours high. The Great Dipper hung above the chasm and the North Star showed that we were going a few points west of north in the Narrows. A stiff cool breeze blew from the north, but silence prevailed except the swish of the current against the vessel and the signal bells and machinery answering thereto. "Just there to the right," said an officer to us, "is where the 'Spokane' hit the rocks." "You have not slackened your speed much," we remarked. "No," he said, "we can control the vessel better when it is making fairly good speed." The captain was on the bridge, the pilot was at the wheel and every member of the crew was lined up at his post for duty. The lifeboats were suspended over the edge of the boat, ready to be lowered instantly if needed. But they were not needed. The good ship passed safely through the narrow channel, and a short distance beyond, in a small bay, lay the wreck of the "Spokane," with the lights shining from the wrecking vessel that is seeking to raise it. Said one

of the passengers, pointing to the light: "That is where I was a few nights ago, for I was on the 'Spokane' when she met with her disaster." We all breathed a little more freely when the channel was passed, and we laid us down and slept the sleep of peace and trust. Since then we have passed through many channels, with mountains to the right of us and mountains to the left of us, lifting their snowy heads above us, without a thought of danger.

These lines are penned just as the ship is pulling out of Ketchikan, a port of entry where we landed at 11 A.M. and remained until 3 P.M. Ketchikan is a considerable town, with its hotels, churches, stores and fishing cannery, picturesquely located at the feet of snow-capped mountains. The Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze and a boy on the wharf selling the *Saturday Evening Post*, made us feel we were landing on American soil.

Our next stop was at Metakhatla, in the island of Annette, where Rev. William Duncan is conducting a mission among the Tsimsean Indians. Father Duncan has been laboring here fifty-five years, being now eighty years of age. The island has been given to him and his Indians. They were a hostile, blood-thirsty, savage and cruel tribe when he came among them from England in his young manhood. He has a cathedral-like church, which is the most conspicuous figure in the landscape as the ship approaches the island. We visited the salmon cannery, which is the principal industry of the island, though he has taught them several useful trades. They built the church with their own hands. While in the building we were surprised to find it designated as the "Metakhatla Christian Church." When the old man spoke to us in the town hall, he explained how, when he landed here among these savages, he found

he could do nothing but preach the simple gospel of Christ. One of the old chiefs said to him on his arrival, "Have you any letter from God?" When the missionary said he had a book from God, the chief asked: "Does this book of God tell God's heart toward us?" When answered that it does, and that it is a heart of love, the old chief was ready to welcome him and extend all the aid he could. Mr. Duncan came here as a layman of the Episcopal Church, but in answer to our inquiry he said, "I soon found I could not preach Episcopalianism, nor any other ism. I could only preach and teach Christ and Christianity pure and simple. We don't need any sectarianism here on this island." "We don't need it among the whites," we said, "and we are now trying to get rid of it and to be one in Christ." "Yes," he replied, "I tell my Indians the white people are beginning to follow our example, and it pleases them very much." It is sad to add that the church under whose auspices this brave-hearted missionary came out has disowned his labors, and that he is now conducting his mission independently. Our passengers left him a liberal contribution, as no doubt the passengers of other vessels do that visit this remarkable man and his mission.

Our vessel tarried only one day at Skagway, and most of this time was occupied with our railroad trip to Lake Bennett, the headwaters of the Yukon. The remaining few hours of the day were devoted to doing the town of Skagway, and in the evening the "Queen" began her return voyage.

In these northern regions distance is most deceiving. Everything is on a large scale. The mountains, the gorges, the cataracts, the glaciers, the icebergs—all give one the impression of bigness. Alaska itself is immense in its geographical extent.

containing 586,400 square miles, an area equal to several of our ordinary states. Its resources are beyond computation. It is said that it has more gold than California, Australia, or South Africa; that it has more coal than Pennsylvania; that its fish excel the fisheries of the entire Atlantic Coast. It has more copper than all the United States besides, and more furs than any other region in the world. Besides that, it has millions of acres of farming and grazing lands that are even unsurveyed as yet.

It was a fine lot of passengers we had aboard the "Queen," consisting largely of physicians, school-teachers, business men, a few artists, and one minister, who is also an editor. We came to know each other very well, and the spirit of fraternity and equality prevailed. The second Sunday out we were requested again by the passengers to conduct religious services in the forenoon. The ship was scheduled to reach Queen Charlotte Sound on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, and it was expected that the passage for a few hours would be rather rough. We could not get possession of the dining-room until 10:30, and we sought to compress the entire service as nearly as possible within half an hour. A forty-minute sermon was compressed into twenty minutes, and the other part of the service abbreviated accordingly. At the close there were some resolutions passed which, by request, we had prepared, expressing our appreciation of the services of the officers, and our sympathy for the brave crew who had lost their personal property on the "Spokane" in their efforts to save the lives and property of the passengers, most of whom were now serving on the "Queen," and for whom a liberal offering of about \$120 was taken. "Coronation"

was announced as the closing hymn. By this time the boat was rolling and some of the passengers were getting pale. When the second line was reached, "Let angels prostrate fall," the ship gave a lurch and the choir saw the humor of the situation, as some of the female "angels" were almost "prostrate" before Neptune. However, all felt that the service had been helpful, and many of the passengers were interested to know the ecclesiastical relationship of the minister who on two Sundays could preach so undenominational a gospel!

At Vancouver, on July 24, the "Queen" landed and divided her list of passengers, most of whom left the vessel there for the Canadian Pacific, and the others going on to Seattle. Our party were among those who ended their cruise at this growing Canadian metropolis of the Pacific Coast, where we spent a day in sight-seeing, and then on through the Canadian scenery of western Canada, with brief stops at Laggan, Banff, Winnipeg, and Minneapolis, where there was another separation, the Garrisons and Doans going on to Pentwater.

CHAPTER XVIII

SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

AMONG my old papers, I find a document entitled, "Programme: Services in Appreciation of Dr. J. H. Garrison on His Seventieth Birthday, by Union Avenue Christian Church, Friday Evening, February 2, 1912, F. E. Udell Presiding." On the following page is my photograph. After a musical programme, there came this order of exercises:

Address: "Church Leader and Statesman," by Dr. W. F. Richardson, Pastor First Christian Church, Kansas City.

Address: "Editor and Author," by Dr. W. R. Warren, Editor The Christian-Evangelist.

Address: "Church Member and Officer," B. A. Abbott, Pastor Union Avenue Christian Church.

Response: Dr. J. H. Garrison.

Informal Greetings and Social.

I have no record of what these good brethren said in their addresses, but I am sure from the warm personal friendship existing between them and myself, that what they said would not bear printing—in an autobiography. I do not recall my response, except that it took the form of a poem which, by some good or ill fortune, has managed to survive the wreck of time. But it was an occasion which we hold in dear remembrance and which has served, not only to mark my seventieth anniversary, and the formal vacation of my position as editor of *The Christian-Evangelist* which I had so long held, but our removal to the western coast was also in con-

templation and added to the feeling of the evening. And then our connection with the dear old Union Avenue Church, had been long and pleasant, with such ideal pastors as J. M. Philputt and B. A. Abbott, now succeeded by George A. Campbell, and with such officials and prominent members as the Udells, the McCanns, the Clarksons, the Grants, the Thomsons, the Scotts, the Tills, the Pattersons, the Colemans, and a host of others, of like spirit, who could but lay the foundation of a great historic church.

But here is the Response to these congratulatory and complimentary addresses by three of my dearest friends, which I must have preceded with a more humane and intelligible form of expression of my appreciation:

At Seventy: A Protest

What means this good-natured assembly—
This gathering of friends tried and true;
These speeches, this music, these greetings—
What's the reason for all this ado?

Do you say I am growing quite aged,
That I've reached my three score and ten—
The time announced by the psalmist
As bounding the lifetime of men?

But that was way back in times ancient,
Before Christ, the Life-giver, arrived.
Think you not His science of living,
Should teach men to be longer-lived?

True, my hair has grown grayer and thinner,
Time's plowshare has furrowed my brow;
But my heart is as young and buoyant,
As when farmer-boy guiding the plow.

Age is not a mere matter of *years*, friends.
Would you know how old one has grown?
You can judge by his *thoughts* and his *spirit*:
By these is one's *real* age made known.

He is old whose heart has grown callous
To the needs and burdens of men;
Whose mental accounts have been balanced,
Though he be only *one* score and ten.

He is young whose heart is responsive
To the thoughts and tasks of our day,
Whose mind's ever open to progress—
Though he's lived *seven* decades, and is gray.

With this much admitted as certain,
I am going to risk being bold:
I'd rather be *seventy years young*, friends,
Than be only *forty years old*.

The years of my life have fled swiftly,
So busy my hands and my heart,
Nor am I impatient to die, yet,
Until I have finished my part.

My life from my youth, though quite varied,
Has been guided by one constant aim—
To win His "well done" in life's contest,
And observe all the rules of the game.

'Twas farmer-lad, schoolboy and teacher,
Then soldier, till Union was saved,
And the starry flag of our country,
In triumph o'er all the land waved.

Then the years of hard work at college
Where wisdom and wife were both won:
Then minister, editor, author—
In these lines my life-course has run.

The road has been steep and quite rugged,
And thorns have oft wounded my feet;
But God has been good to me, always,
And the friendships of life very sweet.

The cup of my life has been mingled
With sorrow as well as with joy;
But He knoweth best what to send us,
To purge our life's gold from alloy.

Through the toilsome part of my journey,
One true heart my welfare has sought,
Without whose unfailing devotion
My life-work could not have been wrought.

The honors of this celebration
Are hers quite as much as my own;
By her thoughtful and kind ministration
She's the power *beside* the throne.

I'm willing to go when He calls me,
Yet would welcome a few years more
To round out the work He's assigned me,
Ere I pass to the evergreen shore.

Some people imagine that youth-time,
Is the only bright spot in life's way,
And that age is a thing to be dreaded,
With its years all somber and gray.

But age brings its own compensations:
It's the fruit-time of all the past years;
While Mem'ry and Hope—God's bright angels—
Dispel all its sadness and fears.

From the hill-top of age one beholdeth
The City that lieth foursquare;
While the landscapes of earth, all about us,
To youth never seemed half so fair.

I love the blue skies and bright sunshine,
The stars, the birds and the flowers;
I love the bright faces of children—
Fairest scenes in this fair world of ours.

But what I should like most to live for,
Even though I be three score and ten,
Is to help sad hearts bear their burdens
With voice, or with deed, or with pen.

It is glorious to live, and labor,
And to do God's work with a zest;
But 'tis sweet, when eventide cometh,
To go home to our Father, and rest.

What God wills for me in the future,
I know not, nor care I to know;
'Tis enough to know that He leadeth:
Where *He* leads, there *I* wish to go.

The fond hope of my heart is this, friends,
That when life's bitter conflicts are o'er,
We shall meet in Christ's presence, up yonder,
To be severed again—nevermore!

CHAPTER XIX

GOING WEST

THE year following my resignation as editor of *The Christian-Evangelist* I prepared five lectures entitled, (1) "Place of Religion in the Life of Man"; (2) "Place of Christ in Religion"; (3) "Place of the Bible in Christianity"; (4) Place of the Church in Christ's Plan"; (5) "Place and Progress of the Kingdom of God." These lectures were prepared in response to an invitation from the Board of Trustees of the Thos. E. Bondurant Foundation. A committee of the Board of Trustees of Eureka College had chosen me to deliver these lectures before the students of the college. This 1913 series of lectures were delivered also at the University of Illinois and at other places. It was the plan of the Bondurant Foundation to have the lectures published in book form. These lectures were published, in 1918, by the Christian Board of Publication, St. Louis, under the title, "Place of Religion in the Life of Man."

This was the last of a series of books I had written in connection with my editorial labors, as follows: (1) "Alone With God"; (2) "Helps to Faith"; (3) "The Holy Spirit"; (4) Half Hour Studies at the Cross"; (5) "Heavenward Way"; (6) "A Modern Plea for Ancient Truths"; (7) "The Old Faith Restated" (edited); (8) "The Story of a Century," written at the completion of one hundred years of our history as a religious movement; (9) "Reformation of the Nineteenth Century" (edited); (10) "Our First Congress" (edited); (11) "Rightly Dividing the Word" (tract); (12) "Congregational-

ists and Disciples" (pamphlet); (13) "Union and Victory" (tract); (14) "The Disciples of Christ" (tract); (15) "Higher Criticism" (pamphlet); (16) "Our Movement: Its Origin and Aim"; (17) "A Nineteenth Century Movement"; (18) "The World's Need of Our Plea"; (19) "The Place of Religion in the Life of Man"; to which is now to be added this autobiography which may or may not be my last.

These books grew out of my experience, and my conviction as to the needs of the cause I was seeking to promote. Some of them have had wide circulation. "Alone with God" is now in its twenty-sixth edition. It was translated into Chinese by a native convert sixteen years ago and is being circulated as a devotional book in that country. The book on "The Holy Spirit" I felt to be greatly needed among our people; it is the only book on that subject among us, so far as I know. It has not had the circulation which I had hoped for it. Others have fared better. But such as they are, and containing the best thought of my life, they are committed to that public which has always been so generous and charitable towards all my writings.

WESTWARD HO!

Now that my editorial duties no longer required me in the office in St. Louis I had the opportunity of fulfilling a desire I had long cherished of moving to California. I had made a few preliminary visits to Southern California, where our youngest son, W. E. Garrison, had established a School for Boys, and where we had placed our granddaughter, whom we had raised (now Mrs. E. Paul Young), in Pomona College. It is easy to catch the California habit when you make a few visits here. We had

gotten the Southern California germ and in 1914 we removed to that part of the state locating first in Claremont, the seat of Pomona College, a pleasant town near the little city whose name the college bears. It proved a very desirable community of excellent people, most of whom had been attracted there by the college, as we had been.

It was during our stay in Claremont that we came to the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage, and I find the following record of it in the "Easy Chair" of *The Christian-Evangelist* of July 18, 1918:

The second, as well as the Fourth of July, has been a memorable day this week, in our personal annals. The golden wedding was much more successful than we could have anticipated from the short notice we had given. We had hoped to be back in St. Louis for the observance of the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage, but as circumstances made this impossible, we hesitated about undertaking it out here on the coast, but in view of the fact that it never comes but once we decided to observe it, and sent out notices to a few friends in this and in other states more remote. The notice was so short that many of those farther away had to send their messages by wire. We also had a stack of letters from dear friends. These messages will be handed down as a part of the heirloom we shall bequeath to our children and grandchildren. It is fortunate that each of us has within him a monitor which reminds us how far we have fallen short of our own ideals, lest we might be led to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, by such appreciative words. Nevertheless my wife and I prize most highly the good words that have been expressed about our happy relationship in our married life and how we have supplemented each other, until our personalities

have coalesced into a unity which is no doubt the divine intention of the institution of marriage. Certain I am that whatever I have been able to accomplish, whether as editor or minister, has been made possible by those home conditions and influences which she has supplied and by that love and personal sympathy with my work, without which no man achieves the highest and best of which he is capable. The wife's part is often ignored, because she is not so much in the public eye as her husband, but it has been a gratification to me, that in the kindly messages which have come to us on this occasion, the wife's part has been recognized and appreciated. But what about the occasion itself?

It was an ideal evening. There were present about seventy-five or eighty persons. These consisted of some of the leading men of the town, such as President Blaisdell of Pomona College, and several of his faculty, Dr. Sumner and Dr. Campbell, both veterans, and our immediate neighbors, together with friends from Pomona, Los Angeles, Fullerton, Long Beach, Highlands, Pasadena, Van Nuys, etc. Many of these were old-time friends, such as the Chapmans, the Dowlings, the Coopers, the Richardsons, the Tyrrells, the Meiers, the Rogers, the Brownings, the Bagbys, and Holts, Dr. and Mrs. Dye, Brother George A. Miller and Miss Mary Gowans. In the receiving line besides Mrs. G. and myself, were Mrs. W. E. Garrison and their son Frederic, who represented his father, who after a recent illness was not strong enough to stand in line but was able to be present a little while. Miss Gowans sang appropriate songs, "Long, Long Ago" and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," the popular wedding song. At this point Brother Richardson spoke a few words, and said while he could

not read all the telegrams, he wanted to read one received from the Union Avenue Christian Church, St. Louis, of which the bride and groom of the evening had been members nearly all their married lives, or 46 years. The telegram was authorized by the church assembled for worship by a rising vote and was signed by B. A. Abbott, former pastor, and Palmer Clarkson of the official board, conveying "a thousand golden wishes for your golden wedding from your more than thousand friends in the church." It was a beautiful thing to do, but was characteristic of the dear old church. Dr. Richardson remarked that the muse often moved me on such occasions, and if I had anything of the kind to bring it forth. I read these verses:

Our Golden Wedding Day

Two score and ten, they tell us, wife,
Have been our years of wedded life!
How swift the flying years have sped
Since that bright day when we were wed!

When first we met three years before,
The clouds of war had just rolled o'er.
I scarce had doffed my suit of blue.
In college halls I first met you.

Not many moons had rolled around,
Before we each the other found.
This was the richest mine of ore
I found in all my search for lore.

When college closed in '68
We knew quite well our mutual fate:
Whate'er we'd do, where'er we'd go,
We'd share each other's weal or woe.

Ah! that was in life's beauteous morn,
When our life-plans were still unborn!
But all the world seemed wondrous fair
And we could work "most anywhere."

The dreams we had in those young years
Had in them neither doubts nor fears.
The world was wide and we were strong,
And forth we went with joy and song.

The Unseen Hand that guides our ways—
To whom we now lift grateful praise—
Soon found a field of service, where
Men's toils and burdens we could share.

This field had thorns as well as flowers;
No easy task was that of ours;
But He who gave us work to do
Has been our help life's journey through.

And so, dear wife, we've stuck together
Through all kinds of wind and weather.
From this one aim we would not swerve:
God put us in this world to serve.

Altho' the way's been hard and long,
And tears have mingled with our song,
These count for naught if in our day
We've shed love's light along the way.

If we have made some lives more bright,
If we have helped the blind to sight,
If we have strengthened some faint heart
To keep up hope and do its part—

If aided by the Power above,
We've helped advance the cause we love,
E'en when some conflict was involved,
Yet, if the problems have been solved,—

This compensates for all our pain;
We have not lived and wrought in vain.
Whatever good we may have done,
Is due to this: we've worked as one.

How grateful are our hearts today
For all the friends who've cheered our way,
And those who greet us here tonight
With loving hearts and faces bright.

That larger host throughout the land
Whose cheering words and helpful hand
Have strengthened us in life's hard fight—
God bless them every one tonight!

And now, my dear, let's join right hands,
To solemnize these golden bands;
The love which made our hearts to blend
Will keep us till the journey's end.

Miss Gowans led us in "Auld Lang Syne" followed by the old song which has touched so many hearts, and which wife and I had sung back in the old college days when we were members of the college glee club: "When You and I Were Young, Maggie!" The bride and groom of fifty years joined in the chorus:

But now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
The trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

Brother W. H. Bagby then read some beautiful lines he had prepared for the occasion. Dr. J. M. Campbell, my old friend, then read some resolutions of congratulation, representing our local Afternoon Club of which he and I are members. After a few words of thanks to the friends present and absent

by the writer, Miss Gowans sang one of my favorite songs, "The End of a Perfect Day," and the visitors had their way again till a late hour.

An unexpected feature occurred at the close. The municipal band appeared in front of the house and played several airs.

Soon after our granddaughter's graduation from Pomona College and marriage we moved to Los Angeles with the view of making it our permanent home while we remained in the state, and probably while we remain in the body. So we purchased a bungalow there that was nearing completion and as soon as it was finished we moved into it and became citizens of the City of Los Angeles and of the "Golden West." It seemed the natural thing to do, as the sun of our life was westerling, to come nearer to where the god of day sinks behind the Pacific and where the climate is milder and where the sunshine knows no seasons. The grandchildren and great-grandchildren, who lived here at the time, have since removed to Chicago as did also our son, who was teaching near Claremont. It seems to us, however, too late in life for us to follow our children and grandchildren, and especially to return where the climate is less adapted to people of advanced years. But this separation involved a great sacrifice. We have no near kinsfolk near us now, but no one ever had warmer and truer friends than we have found here, or formed here, all of whom seem anxious to do all they can for our comfort and enjoyment. While having no immediate kin near us, I should state that we have in Hollywood, a near-by section of our great city, our very dear and old-time friend of half a century, Dr. W. F. Richardson, who, with his daughter, Olive, lives there where he has been pastor of the church for eight years, during

which time the church has erected its splendid new building. He has now resigned his pastorate. We have also, as our near neighbor, our old-time friend and erstwhile pastor, in St. Louis, Frank G. Tyrrell, preacher, lawyer, Bible teacher, who, with his family, are more than neighbors; they are *helpers*. Perhaps I ought also to add among our old-time friends the names of the Chapman Brothers, C. C. and S. J. who were small boys in Macomb, Illinois at the beginning of my editorial career, C. C. having been an office boy for a time in the printing office where our monthly magazine was published. They are both now prosperous and prominent citizens of Los Angeles, for whose development they have done much, though C. C. has his residence near the suburban town of Fullerton. Their friendship is steadfast, and highly prized. I formed the acquaintance of Bro. Richardson at Quincy, Illinois, when I was publishing the paper in that city, and where he was working in the printing establishment run by a relative of his where the paper was printed, and where he assisted in the mailing of it. This was when he was about eighteen years of age and before he entered Eureka College. The friendship thus begun has been strengthened by the years.

If it please God, who has been so gracious to me in sparing my life for a longer time than I have anticipated, to permit me to finish this work I am now engaged in, which is a sort of condensed sketch of a long and busy life, it will probably be my last contribution in the way of books that I shall ever write, though I will make no rash promise that it is the last. That I have been enabled by His help to write and publish so many volumes in the midst of my editorial work and while preaching almost

constantly on the Lord's Day, is a matter for which I am profoundly grateful.

This is, of course, an abbreviated sketch of my life. It is perhaps a gracious provision of Providence that as one grows older in years one's memory grows weaker, for that enables one to forget some of the errors and mistakes of his past life as well as those deeds which his friends have regarded as meritorious. At any rate I am sure that anyone who reads this condensed sketch of my life by my own hand, must do a great deal of reading between the lines in order to obtain anything like a well-rounded view of that life. The one consoling fact, as I look back over my life, is that I have given my life, with whatever ability I may have possessed, wholeheartedly to the cause of Christ; and the one regret is that I could not have done more for healing the hurt of my people and for the comfort of the wounded hearts and lives of my fellowmen. I shall continue my contributions to *The Christian-Evangelist* under the title of the "Easy Chair" as long as I am able and as long as the editors of that paper graciously permit them to appear.

I am not losing sight of the fact that as one passes the ordinary term of human life and a new generation of active workers come upon the stage he must necessarily lose some of the prestige and influence which he possessed in former years and become more or less a stranger to those who are doing the work and bearing the responsibilities in which he once shared. As there grew up in the olden time a generation which "knew not Joseph," so it must be with everyone who has a more or less important place in the work of his own time. There are, of course, a few notable exceptions to this rule, but they are men who have rendered such con-

spicuous service to mankind as to link their fame with all the coming generations. But this is a fact not to be bemoaned as a misfortune, for it matters little, after all, as to the permanence of one's name or reputation in human annals, if we have wrought our best, in the light of that eternal life beyond in which we shall all be judged by different standards from those of earth, and our award fixed by One whose omniscience enables Him to trace the influences for good or for evil, for weal or for woe, of every human life.

It often happens that men are known better by the generation which follows them than by their own generation. This is the case with all forward-looking souls, who, under the inspiration of faith and a superior knowledge of God and His plans, have taught and wrought in advance of the great mass of people of their own time. This was true of the great characters of Bible history including our Lord Himself, who, condemned and crucified by His own generation, is loved, adored and worshiped by millions of the most enlightened human beings on the earth today. Indeed, it is the *sacrificial* life that writes its deeds in imperishable letters on the hearts of mankind. To those who sought positions of honor in Christ's coming kingdom, He said, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."

I am spending the eventide of life out here in the "Golden West," continuing my "Easy Chair" contributions to *The Christian-Evangelist*, and am just now completing the difficult task of writing at least the outline of an autobiography. I still enjoy my work, my friends, and my life. I hope to be able to

continue my work as long as I live, for it seems to me that when my life-work is complete, I should like to go home and rest. Rest, but not idleness. Rest from Earth's labors, burdens, and weariness, to engage in the higher activities and loftier pursuits, in the places He has gone to prepare for us; for we are to be *with Him*, become *like Him*, and shall know even as we are known. To Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, be the glory and the honor, the dominion and power, both now and forever more! Amen!

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

HIGHER CRITICISM

WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT SHOULD BE OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD IT

(The following lecture was delivered before the Texas Christian Lectureship in December, 1894—when the question of “Higher Criticism” was beginning to produce no little disquietude among many Christians. It was subsequently published in pamphlet form and has contributed in some degree, I hope, to the more rational view of the subject which prevails among intelligent believers.)

We are evidently on the eve of great activity in the field of Biblical criticism, and there seems to be a widespread misapprehension as to its nature, intent and necessity. It is not optional with us whether we will have the religious people of this country agitate this question or not. Without our consent, and beyond the possibility of our preventing, these issues are upon us and must be met. Nothing could be more inevitable. The story of the old English king, Canute, who, at the suggestion of his flattering courtiers, commanded the rising tide of the Atlantic to recede before his royal majesty, presents no more ludicrous scene than does a junto of traditional critics hurling their anathemas against the swelling tide of Biblical criticism, with a view to staying its progress! Both these tides are drawn by the attraction of heavenly bodies, and it is not in the power of mortals to prevent them. Moreover, we ought not, if we could, prevent the fullest and freest investigation of all those questions

included within the scope of what is known as Higher Criticism. It ought to be apparent to us all that under the existing state of things the Bible is very largely an unknown book. The great majority of those who profess to accept it as a divine revelation, and who regard it with apparent reverence, are ignorant of a large part of its contents. Many of the books of the Old Testament particularly are to them *terrae incognitae*. They know little or nothing of their authors, dates and the historical circumstances under which they are written. Severed thus from their connection with the conditions and circumstances out of which they grew, these ancient books are largely unintelligible. Owing to this cause much of the Old Testament literature is regarded as having little practical value in our day. No amount of reverence for the Bible as a sacred book can compensate for this lack of an intelligent understanding and a proper appreciation of its contents. When it is remembered that the books of the Bible were written in a remote age, and under conditions widely different from those now existing, under historic surroundings not now familiar to the common mind, and in languages known only to scholarship, it is evident that we have here a task for the highest and most consecrated learning and literary skill within the church. Does higher criticism have any relation to this task?

This leads us to ask, What is higher criticism? In answer to this question I cannot do better, perhaps, than to quote a few words from Pres. Wm. R. Harper, of the University of Chicago. In the July number of the *New Christian Quarterly* of the current year, Dr. Harper says:

“Do you ask what criticism is in its technical sense? I answer in a single word, ‘Inquiry.’ The

whole business of a critic is to make inquiry. The literary critic inquires as to the authorship, the authenticity, the style and the character of a particular writing. The historical critic makes inquiry as to the date and details of an historical event, and its relation to other events which occurred before and after. It is difficult, however, to separate literary and historical criticism. History and literature have always been and are inseparable. Shall we then find a single word to describe the process of inquiry which includes both the literary and the historical? It is the word 'higher' as distinguished from 'lower,' the latter being a word applicable to inquiry which relates only to the text."

Higher criticism, then according to Dr. Harper, is inquiry into the literary and historical character of any book or document, whether sacred or profane. The tendency, as Dr. Harper points out, to confine the term "higher" to those critics who are destructive in their aims and methods, is erroneous. All who inquire into the literary and historical character of the books of the Bible are higher critics. Do we need, then, to ask whether higher criticism be legitimate? Whether Christians ought to denounce it as something essentially wicked and irreverent? Many good people, confusing some of the *conclusions* of the more radical critics with higher criticism *itself*, have been led into an indiscriminate denunciation of higher criticism. Not a few people identify the higher criticism with the theory of the non-Mosaic and post-exilic authorship of the Pentateuch. If we will remember the higher criticism, as Dr. Fairbairn says, "is but a name for scientific scholarship, scientifically applied," we shall be able to see that it is something different from any alleged result or conclusion reached by the higher criticism. As to the legitimacy of applying higher criticism to the Bible, Dr. Fairbairn says:

“Nobody denies, nobody even doubts, the legitimacy of its application to classical or ethnic literature, the necessity or the excellence of the work it has done, or, where the material allowed of it, the accuracy of the results it has achieved. Without it there would hardly be such a thing as sequence or order in the older Hindu literature, or any knowledge touching the authorship or authenticity of certain Platonic dialogues or Aristotelian treatises. To grant that many of its conclusions are arbitrary, provisional or problematical, is simply to say that it is a human science, created by men, worked by men, yet growing ever more perfect with their mastery of their material. Now the Scriptures either are or are not fit subjects for scholarship. If any are *not*, then all sacred scholarship has been and is a mistake, and they are a body of literature possessed of the inglorious distinction of being incapable of being understood. If they *are*, then the more scientific the scholarship the greater its use in the field of Scripture, and the more it is reverently exercised on a literature that can claim to be the preëminent sacred literature of the world, the more that literature will be honored.”*

If one raises the question, why it is necessary to apply the principles of higher criticism to the Bible, and thus disturb some of our cherished traditions and theories, I answer once more in the language of Dr. Fairbairn:

“If scientific scholarship be legitimate, the higher criticism cannot be forbidden; the two have simply moved *pari passu*. Hebrew language became another thing in the hands of Gesenius from what it had been in those of Parkhurst; the genius of Ewald made it a still more living, mobile and significant thing. The discoveries in Egypt and Mesopotamia have made forgotten empires and lost literatures rise out of their graves to elucidate the contemporary Hebrew history and literature. More inti-

**Place of Christ in Modern Theology*, p. 503.

mate knowledge of Oriental man and nature, due to personal acquaintance with them, has qualified scholars the better to read and understand the Semitic mind. A more accurate knowledge of ancient versions, combined with a more scientific archaeology and clearer insight into the intellectual tendencies and religious methods of the Old World, especially in their relation to literary activity and compilation, has enabled the student to apply new and more certain canons to all that concerned the formation of books and texts. The growth of skilled interpretation, exercised and illustrated in many fields, has accustomed men to the study of literature and history together, showing how the people were affected by the literature; and so has trained men to read with larger eyes the books and peoples of the past. With so many new elements entering into sacred scholarship, it is impossible that traditional views and traditional canons should remain unaffected. If ever anything was inevitable through the progress of science it was the birth of higher criticism; and once it existed, it was no less a necessity that it should have a mind and conclusion of its own. Where scholarship has the right to enter, it has the right to stay, and it cannot stay in idleness. What it does and decides may be wrong, but the wrong must be proved by other and better scholarship. In other words, once analysis of the objects or material of faith has been allowed, a process has been commenced by reason that only reason can conclude. And this process the higher criticism did not begin, but those who allowed that scholarship had a function in the interpretation of Holy Writ.”*

Dr. Fairbairn is undoubtedly right in arguing that if scholarship has any legitimate place in Biblical study we cannot deny it the right to apply scientific principles to the literary and historical questions which the various books of the Bible present. There is no halfway position between the old Romish idea

**Place of Christ in Modern Theology*, pp. 403-4.

that faith prospers best in ignorance, and the fullest welcome to reverent and rational criticism as an instrument for attaining a better understanding of the Bible.

TWO CLASSES OF HIGHER CRITICS

But some one is ready to ask: "Are not some of the conclusions of the higher critics destructive of the integrity and authority of the Scriptures?" Certainly this is true of certain theories put forth by the rationalistic or destructive critics. But are not some of the interpretations of Biblical commentators destructive of sound doctrine? Certainly. What then? Shall we condemn Biblical interpretation and denounce all commentaries? Certainly not. Neither must we condemn higher criticism because certain critics use it apparently for the express purpose of destroying faith in the Bible. The one would be as irrational as the other. The Bible has always had enemies. We cannot prevent them from using some of the principles of higher criticism to further their rationalistic ends. We must understand that the higher critics are of two classes: the constructive and the destructive. Many of the latter are scholarly and exceedingly industrious, and we may profit by some of the data they gather; but we are under no obligations to accept their destructive conclusions, because they start in their investigation with a presupposition which excludes the supernatural and controls their decisions. In failing to recognize historical facts, for which their rationalistic theories cannot account, they violate the scientific principles for which they express so much respect. As I have said elsewhere on this point:

It is not the scientific investigation of the Bible that its friends have reason to fear, but an unscien-

tific method of dealing with its facts and truths. The methods of Biblical criticism and interpretation which in the past have done most violence to the inspired volume, have been thoroughly unscientific. Now that there is a disposition to insist on the application of strictly scientific principles to the literature of the Bible, Christians ought to be the last people to make any objections to such application. They do have the right, however, to object to some of the unscientific methods pursued by certain critics who claim to be guided by scientific rules in their investigation. "To illustrate what we mean: A scientist in examining the geological formation of a given country, comes across a huge boulder, wholly unlike the rocks which belong to that region. It is evident at once to his practiced eye that this immense stone is not a native, so to speak, of that locality, but must have come from some remote region. But there is no force now at work that would possibly have transported it there. The true scientist, however, does not ignore the *fact*. The stone is there and its presence must be accounted for. If the ordinary forces of nature cannot account for it, then he reasons that at some time in the remote past, beyond the memory of man, an *extraordinary* force must have been in operation, as the iceberg or glacier. This is science. It must account for *facts*. It cannot ignore them. But here is a Biblical critic who proposes to treat the Bible on scientific principles. In the process of his investigations he comes across a remarkable history, like that of ancient Israel. It is unlike the history of all the nations that surround it. It has a literature, a faith, and a worship that the other nations have not. Indeed, its history cannot be accounted for by the ordinary forces which influence national development. The scientific spirit would say, 'Effects must have adequate causes. But here are effects which ordinary or natural causes could not have produced. There must therefore have been extraordinary or supernatural causes at work to produce these results.' But instead of that, a certain school of rationalistic

critics who claim to be preëminently scientific, deny the possibility of any such supernatural cause, and proceed to minimize the meaning of the wonderful history so as to bring its facts within the range of ordinary causes. This school of critics proceeds to the New Testament and finds there the record of a marvelous life, unlike that of all the race beside. Here is a sinless Being, with power to perform extraordinary acts, and with a wisdom which infinitely transcends that of all other men, and makes Him an authoritative Teacher of nations. He claimed a pre-natal existence, divine rank, and having conquered death established an institution which has spanned all the intervening centuries, and is today the mightiest influence on the world's life. Surely, now, this school of so-called scientific critics will admit that here is a personality that is not the product of his age or environment, and must be accounted for on the hypothesis of the intervention of a higher power than nature possesses. But no; this unscientific school of rationalists, rather than yield their favorite hypothesis, that the miraculous or supernatural cannot interfere with the natural order of things, undertakes to bring the Christ of God within the sphere of natural causes. That is to say they do not accept the facts which cannot be accounted for on naturalistic principles. Is this scientific? It is everything else but that."

Instead, then, of crying out against higher criticism, as such, we would do a much wiser thing in holding Biblical critics to their own principles, and insist on their giving some account of the facts of history which do not fall within the range of natural causes.*

But who are to meet these destructive critics on their own ground, and point out the inconclusiveness of their arguments, and their violation of acknowledged scientific principles? Evidently this work can be done only by higher critics who are rev-

**New Christian Quarterly*, 1893, pp. 507-508.

erent in spirit, scholarly in their methods, and constructive in their aims. And fortunately there are such critics, and the number is increasing steadily. Dr. Harper calls them rational in contradistinction to the rationalistic critics. In the present perturbed state of thought on Biblical questions, those believing, constructive critics have a heavy responsibility to bear, and deserve the sympathy and cordial support of the whole church. But instead of that they must make up their minds to receive not only the opposition of the rationalists in front, but perhaps a fiercer opposition from the irrationalists in the rear—those who are wedded to tradition and refuse to open their eyes to the new light that is breaking in upon us from so many sources. Many of them will be cast out of their denominational synagogues and their names be bandied about by the ignorant as synonyms for infidelity and spiritual apostasy. But posterity will build their tombs, and the generations yet unborn will rise up and call them blessed. Theirs is the difficult and responsible task of standing between the rationalistic and destructive critics, whose aim is to divest the Bible and religion of the supernatural element, and the unreasoning traditionalists, who, with their own pre-supposition as to what kind of a revelation God should make to men, identify their traditions and theories concerning the Bible with the Bible itself, and risk faith on the fate of their pre-conceived opinions; and standing between these two dangerous extremes—and which is the more dangerous I dare not say—to show to all open and inquiring minds, as against the former, that rationalism allows no adequate cause for the greatest facts of human history, and, as against the latter, that the truth of Christianity

does not stand or fall with their traditional and inherited views, many of which are obstacles to faith and stumblingblocks in the way of honest inquirers.

CUI BONO?

But some one who is ready to admit the legitimacy of Biblical criticism may ask, "What *good* has been or is to be accomplished by it?" It is denied by no one competent to give an opinion on the subject, that literary and historical criticism has achieved very important results in the fields of classic literature and the sacred literatures of the ethnic religions. It may be thought by some, however, that our own dear Bible is not capable of being made any more intelligible or credible by the investigations of higher criticism. Hence the question is a legitimate one, and I shall attempt to point out a few facts, of a general character, which modern criticism has served to emphasize and to bring out into much clearer light.

1. *The Human Element in the Bible.* This fact was very largely ignored from the period following the Lutheran Reformation until within modern times. "When the first act of the Reformation was closed and the great men passed away, whose presence seemed to supply the strength which was found before in the recognition of the one living Body of Christ, their followers invested the Bible as a whole with all the attributes of mechanical infallibility which the Romanists had claimed for the Church. Pressed by the necessities of their position, the disciples of Calvin were contented to maintain the direct and supernatural action of a guiding Power on the very words of the inspired writer, without any regard to his personal or rational positions. Every part of Scripture was held to be not only pregnant

with instruction, but with instruction of the same kind and in the same sense." Men, indeed, wrote the Bible, according to this view, but they were mere pens in the hand of God, amanuenses of the Holy Spirit. The divine element in inspiration was emphasized to such an extreme as to eliminate the human. The pious Richard Baxter was led to remark: "The devil's last method is to undo by over-doing, and so to destroy the authority of the Bible by over-magnifying it." It is easy to see how the widespread deism and infidelity of the eighteenth century would naturally result from these extreme views. The good people who held them did not suspect that they were dangerous, but they no doubt did suspect the soundness of any one who may have declined to accept them. It was not difficult for infidelity to make an effective attack on the Bible, regarded as a "collection of supernatural syllables," dictated directly by the Holy Spirit. Consider, too, how completely such a theory destroys all naturalness, vitality and beauty in the Bible, and makes its writers mere puppets on the stage, moving only as they are moved by a hand behind the curtain. Higher criticism has made this mechanical theory of inspiration impossible with intelligent people. It has made it clear that inspiration does not involve the suspension of the natural faculties of those inspired. This makes the Bible both a natural and a human book, while it is inspired and divine. It removes insuperable obstacles to an intelligent faith, and clothes the literature of the Bible with a fresh and ever-living interest. As a recent author says:

"How touchingly would come to us, in its pages, the cry of the human spirit in its everchanging moods if we recognize it as the cry of the human spirit like our own. With what interest we should

watch men struggling with temptation, or questioning of the mysteries of life around them if we felt, especially in the Old Testament, that they were ordinary imperfect men like ourselves, in whom God's great work of character-making was only in progress—men who were being enlightened and ennobled by the Spirit of God, and who, under his influence, uttered naturally their thoughts and inspirations, not some mechanically dictated words from on high.”*

2. *The Divine Element in the Bible.* This fact is made more demonstrable by the light of criticism. Place its books alongside of other equally ancient literatures, and let them be compared, in sublimity of thought, majesty of style, purity of doctrine, and importance of facts recorded, and the conscientious, reverent, believing critic is bound to recognize the presence of a divine factor in the Bible not to be found elsewhere in the same degree or manner. Moreover, he will recognize the consciousness on the part of Bible writers that they were under the guidance of a divine power, which he will find in no other literature. But as the divine element in the Bible is recognized by those whom I now address, this point need not be further elaborated.

3. *The Progress of Divine Revelation.* While this fact has always been more or less clearly recognized by intelligent Bible students, modern criticism has given it greater emphasis and wider application than it had hitherto received. The failure to see and to teach that God has communicated moral and spiritual truths to men, in proportion as they were able to receive them, giving them at first in lower and imperfect forms, and, as the world was ready for it, imparting a larger measure of light and holding

**How God Inspired the Bible*, p. 121.

men to a higher standard, has given rise to the most serious class of difficulties which have ever troubled honest inquirers, namely, the *moral* difficulties in connection with Old Testament history. It is not necessary that I should here specify what these difficulties are. It is easy to see that they originate in the conception that we ought to find in the Old Testament, since it is inspired, the same lofty ideas of God, of worship, of morality as we do in the New Testament. How theologians have troubled themselves to explain certain crude ideas of God or of morality in the Old Testament, and especially in the imprecatory psalms! And alas! how many misguided souls have stumbled into infidelity over these moral difficulties! The short and easy method of theologians and religious teachers, with these honest doubters, was, and is yet, sometimes, to tell them that they have no right to question the moral perfection of anything in the Bible; that if their consciences cannot indorse these imprecations, for instance, it is because they are sinful and rebellious! No wonder such teaching made infidels. Biblical criticism has made it very clear that there is a gradual progress in revelation, adapted to the spiritual capacity of the race, and that we are not to measure the men—even the inspired men—of the old dispensation with the spiritual standard given us by Christ. We have profited little by the superior light of the Christian dispensation if we are unable to detect an imperfect morality, and an inadequate view of God on the part of those who dwelt in the starlight and moonlight dispensations of truth. If Christianity has not so trained our hearts in sentiments of love and mercy, that we instinctively recoil from some of the fierce utterances of the warlike psalmist, we have been dull and non-receptive disciples in

the school of Christ. These psalms are properly in the Bible as truthfully portraying the moral and religious state of the times, and when we learn so to teach no harm will be done to faith.

4. *The Purpose or Limitations of Inspiration.* Biblical criticism is teaching us that Bible writers were not inspired with omniscience to teach universal knowledge; that neither prophets nor apostles are to be regarded as infallible authority on geology, astronomy, physiology, geography, or any other branch of human science; that they were not lifted above the possibilities of mistakes, mentally or morally. They were inspired to receive and record God's revelations to men, concerning his character and will, and man's duty and destiny. The Scriptures — God-breathed — are profitable for — what? "Mosaic cosmogonies and Hebrew histories?" Not so. They are profitable "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." "The law of the Lord is perfect"—for what? "Converting the soul." The old controversy over Genesis and geology, and the modern contention for absolute inerrancy in every minute detail in the Bible, have their source in this failure to recognize the purpose for which inspiration was given, and the object of God's revelations to men. Neither revelation—the disclosure to men of truths they could not otherwise know—nor inspiration—the divine qualification for making a true record of such revelation—is a substitute for human learning and for persevering research and investigation. God has not encouraged mental indolence by revealing to us what we could find out for ourselves. He intends us to use the noble faculties with which he has endowed us in the search for truths and for methods. Science has been greatly impeded in the past by the false

idea that the Bible is a textbook on science, and that it was sinful to go beyond anything therein disclosed; and the church has suffered infinite harm from the delusion that it is wrong for men to use their brains in devising ways and means of advancing the kingdom of God in the world, since God has revealed all that nearly 2,000 years ago!

It is to greatly lower the character of the Bible to suppose it to be such a book as the above theory makes it. It has a higher mission than that, and a weightier message. It is to make us "wise unto salvation which is through faith in Jesus Christ." Is the Bible, then, infallible? As a guide to the knowledge of God and the way to salvation, it is infallible. It does not claim infallibility in anything else.

The attempt to enforce the modern dogma of inerrancy in all unimportant details, as an article of faith, is a piece of high-handed ecclesiastical tyranny unworthy of Protestantism, and a reproach to the cause of religion. But just as there were those who a few years ago declared that if the days of creation in Genesis were not literal days of twenty-four hours each, then the whole Bible must be given up, so there are not wanting persons now who would rashly risk the faith of Christianity on the absolute inerrancy of the Scriptures in every minute statement and unimportant detail. Biblical criticism, in pointing out the untenableness of this theory, and in recognizing the true purpose of revelation and the real scope of inspiration, has done distinguished service to the cause of Christianity in thus removing many serious obstacles to an intelligent faith.

5. *A Deeper and More Widespread Interest in Biblical Studies.* Whatever else higher criticism may or may not have done, it has undoubtedly awakened a new interest in Bible study. I believe it safe to

say that at no time in the history of the world has there been so much real Biblical investigation going on as there is today. Every book of the Bible is being examined with microscopical minuteness, and light is sought from contemporaneous history, from archaeology, ethnology, and from every possible source, in order to a clearer understanding of its contents. Let it be admitted that the motive behind all this marvelous industry in Biblical research is not always the highest, and sometimes not even praiseworthy; that it is not infrequently marked by the absence of reverence, and of a constructive aim. Yet a large number of these investigators are prompted by love of the truth, and the laudable desire to rescue the Bible from the perils which threaten it by reason of false and inadequate theories. It can scarcely be doubted that out of this crucible of investigation through which the Bible is now passing, it will emerge unharmed, shedding a light all the brighter and purer because relieved of an incubus of traditionalism which has too long obscured its divine beauty and glory.

THE DIVINE VERSUS THE HUMAN WAY

Some one who has listened to me thus far is, no doubt, ready to ask, "Does not this new way of regarding the Bible—as possessing a human element, as containing a progressive revelation from crude and elementary ideas of God and morality in the beginning to the perfect revelation in Christ, and as made by fallible men whose inspiration was not universal, but limited to things relating to man's moral and spiritual needs—lower the sacred volume and make it less worthy of God than the old view, which looked upon it as absolutely perfect in every word, syllable, date and casual reference?" No doubt

there are those who think so, just as there were those who thought it more becoming in God that His Son should come into the world in kingly power and glory, surrounded with wealth and earthly splendor, being ministered unto by a retinue of servants instead of ministering unto others, and, assuming an earthly crown, should conquer his foes instead of meekly submitting to death at their hands. But He came "in the form of a servant," in human weakness, with poverty, hunger, and weariness, temptation and trial, suffering and tears, deepest humiliation and crucifixion. In Him the human and the divine were blended. Thoughtful minds now all agree that this condescension of Christ—this union of the human and the divine in Him, enabled Him to make a revelation of God's love and character which could not otherwise have been made. So, eventually, when the smoke of the present conflict shall have cleared away, we shall all come to see that God's way of revealing Himself in the Bible, through fallible men, who spake out of their spiritual experiences such truths as God's Spirit enabled them to see, in every variety of human composition—history, prophecy, poetry, drama, allegory, parable, etc.,—was after all best suited to our condition and needs. It is certain *we* would not have made the Bible as God has made it. We would have left out the sins of Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, Paul and Peter, lest we should "injure the cause!" I can imagine the genius of the Bible, in the spirit of Cromwellian honesty, saying to all its specious advocates who seek to hide its human element and limitations, "Paint me as I am!" It is not dependent on our human glosses for its safety and success. It is a thousand times more precious volume to us than if it consisted of a set of mathematically

correct sentences, uttered by infallible beings, defining God's will and man's duty. God's way of making a Bible is better, infinitely better, than man's way.

SOME OF THE CRITICAL PROBLEMS

It may be expected that I will treat, in this lecture, some of the questions with which higher criticism is at present concerned. It would lead me beyond the limits prescribed for this address to do more than mention some of these problems. I make no pretension, of course, to be a higher critic. That work requires a special preparation and training to which I lay no claim. My work lies in another field. I only claim the right, in common with the rest of you, to judge the results of higher criticism with a free, untrammelled mind, and to accept such conclusions as seem to me to be fully warranted, and to reject others, or hold them in abeyance for further light. No man or church has any right or authority to rob me of this privilege. I am where I am today, in my religious affiliation, because I demand this measure of freedom as my Christian birthright.

Among the critical problems which have received most attention of late is, first of all, that of the Pentateuch—whether, in its present form, it is the work of Moses, or whether it is the production of a later hand, who used the ancient legislation of Moses as the nucleus of his work. Time forbids me to give even a synopsis of the arguments, *pro et con*. The weight of critical judgment is at present in favor of the non-Mosaic authorship, though admitting that much of the material of the books dates back to and beyond the time of Moses. Those of us who are not experts can afford to wait for further light before

making up our minds on the question. Then there is the documentary theory, or composite character of the Pentateuch. Is it, or is it not, made up of two or more ancient documents, by different authors, which have been welded together by another hand? The documentary theory is now generally accepted, even by the most conservative critics. Another problem is presented by the book of Isaiah. Is the entire book the work of one author, or is the latter part, from chapter 39 on, the work of a later author—a “second Isaiah?” The latter view, it will be remembered, constituted one of the charges against Prof. Briggs. The probability is that most of us have not given sufficient attention to the evidence on both sides of this question to be able to form an intelligent opinion on the subject. Other questions relate to the date of several of the Old Testament books, particularly to that of Daniel, which some of the critics bring down as late as the year 165 B. C. But this last question, together with the Davidic authorship and date of many of the Psalms, may well wait for additional evidence. There is no need, meanwhile, that we be in any hurry to accept any new and startling conclusions. Enough that we hold ourselves ready to accept any new light that may be shed upon these questions.

I have referred to these problems of higher criticism in order to say that they do not involve anything that is fundamental to Christian faith. Either view on any of these critical questions may prevail without disturbing the foundation of Zion or retarding the progress of Christ's kingdom. This is not true of the rationalistic hypothesis of some of the higher critics, which excludes the supernatural, but this destructive and revolutionary presupposition, let me say once more, is no essential part of the literary and historical criticism of the Bible. It is an

utter perversion of the true aim of Biblical criticism, and can only be successfully met by criticism of a reverent and constructive type.

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD HIGHER CRITICISM

Perhaps the most practical question for this lectureship to consider is: What should be our attitude towards the higher criticism? Four attitudes are conceivable, namely: (1) Indifference, (2) Indiscriminate hostility; (3) Indiscriminate acceptance of everything suggested by higher criticism; (4) A hearty recognition of the legitimacy of higher criticism, as an instrument for ascertaining the truth concerning the Bible, with the reserved right of accepting or rejecting its conclusions, according as they may commend themselves to our judgment after giving them an honest and fearless examination. In view of what I have already said, you will not be in any doubt as to which of these attitudes I think we ought to assume. The first is worthy only of religious dullards; the second of creed-bound traditionalists; the third of unanchored rationalists, who, having loosed the cable of faith, are seeking to steer their course by the light of reason alone. The fourth attitude is alone worthy of enlightened and loyal Christians, freed from the bondage of opinionism, and standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free. On this point I confess to having felt for some time a deep solicitude for the brotherhood of believers with which it is my honor and privilege to be connected. Our position is a unique one in the religious world. We have broken loose from the tyranny of human creeds, not to escape the obligations of an evangelical faith, as some have done, but to put ourselves in a position where we may defend it more successfully, unim-

peded by tradition and unhampered by party restraints. We have said to the whole world, "The Messiahship and divinity of Jesus of Nazareth is the creed of Christianity, and on that rock-foundation we take our stand, rejecting all other foundations." Here we have stood, fought our battles and won our victories. Our position has given us a freedom to investigate the Bible and to accept all its teachings, unknown since the apostolic age. Alexander Campbell, that intrepid leader whose memory we revere, stood, in his day, in the forefront of the battle for Bible translation and investigation, urging that its books be studied in the light of their historic surroundings, and with due consideration of who the writer was, what he was writing about, and to whom he was writing. This is the very essence of higher criticism. He was not afraid of the light, but wanted it turned on from every quarter. My solicitude has been that we maintain this enlightened and courageous attitude toward Biblical investigation, and not join with the unthinking devotees of adamantine creeds and traditions decrying higher criticism in an indiscriminate way. This would be unworthy of our position and history. Rather let us see in this revival of Biblical criticism, attended though it is with extreme and dangerous tendencies, God's providential agency to purify the church of its erroneous traditions, and remove its sandy foundations, that it may rest securely and solely on the Rock of Ages. Least of all have *we* reason to fear the results of the most searching criticism. As Dr. Strong well and wisely says in his "New Era:"

"The application of the scientific method to history has dissipated into myth or legend much that our fathers held as substantial reality. Further-

more, it has been a mischievous mistake on the part of many Christians to build their faith not solely on Christ, the Rock of Ages, but partly and largely on the shifting sands of human theories; and as the progress of knowledge has destroyed these human foundations, the faith of many has perished with them. Not a few are saying today that if they are compelled to surrender their belief in the inerrancy of Scripture, their faith in Christianity will have to go with it. That would be a sacrifice as gratuitous as sad. Nothing can shake my confidence in Christianity which does not shake my confidence in the genuineness of the life and character of Christ, for He is the only true foundation of the Christian faith. It has been said that Romanism is the religion of a church, and that Protestantism is the religion of a book. Both church and Bible are necessary, but all true Christianity, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, is the religion of a person, centered in Christ, and drawing its life and power from Him."

If this is not the position—the most fundamental ground—of the Reformation we plead, then I do not know what it is, and have always misapprehended it. But if it *is*, what reason have we to fear higher criticism? Let it do its best and its worst, Christ will remain in His incomparable majesty and in His supreme authority as the world's Teacher and Redeemer. And the Bible, too, will remain, when criticism has done its work, as the most precious and most valued book in all the world.

But is there no danger ahead in all this criticism? Certainly there is. There is danger of identifying our theories of the Bible with faith in its revelations, and yielding the latter with the former. There is danger of cultivating the critical faculties at the expense of the spiritual, and thus missing the kernel of truth while giving attention to its outward

husk. There is danger of magnifying the errors or imperfections of the Bible in order to offset an opposing extreme. There is danger that the work of construction shall not keep pace with that of destruction. But there is infinitely *more* danger in closing our eyes and ears to all that is going on in the field of Biblical criticism, or in blindly resisting it as an "attack of infidelity." This course would mean the continual sacrifice of the most intelligent and scholarly members connected with us. But this we shall not do. The whole genius and logic of our position is against it. We shall train our young men, who may be able to avail themselves of the advantages of the best scholarship, while standing firm on the unchanging and immovable Christ, to quit themselves like men—like loyal freemen of God—in the wide field of Biblical inquiry. As for the rest of us, our task will be the no less lofty one of preaching the sweet old Gospel of redeeming love, which, from age to age, furnishes the only solace for broken hearts, the only remedy for the leprosy of sin, the only hope of the world.

THE AIMS AND IDEALS OF A HALF CENTURY

[In our Jubilee Anniversary number there was the following editorial, setting forth the chief things for which the paper has stood:]

A half century ago the war-clouds hung darkly over all the land. Brother grappled with brother in the most gigantic struggle of our history. But even in those dark days the gospel was preached, men yielded to Christ, and churches were formed bearing his name. Then as now, men hungered for spiritual food, and for fellowship in each other's thought and life. And behold! a religious newspaper was born.

Gettysburg had been followed by Appomattox, and the sulphurous clouds of war had been scattered by the sun of peace, when in 1865 the writer came from the battlefields of the Southland and entered college. Three years in college had converted his sword into a pen, and revolutionized his life-plans, when in January, 1869, he became editor of the religious journal which had been born six years before, and, changing it from a monthly to a weekly, he has remained with it in all its varying fortunes through these forty-four years to the present. This fact enables him to speak with some assurance of its aims and ideals.

First and foremost, and determinative of all else, was the thorough conviction on the part of those who have controlled the policy of the paper that the reformation inaugurated by Thomas and Alexander Campbell at the beginning of the nineteenth century, for the unity of a divided church by a return to the simplicity and catholicity of New Testament Chris-

tianity, was in harmony with God's will and His Message for our day. It was this vision of Truth and of Duty that changed the writer's ecclesiastical relations and directed his life-current into new channels.

The highest peak in the range of aims and ideals which have influenced and shaped the course of this journal through its entire history, is the exaltation of Jesus Christ, as the Son of God, the Revealer of the Father, the Saviour of the World, the Head of the Church, and the King of Humanity. This exaltation of Christ has embraced the following truths which are the very heart and soul of our movement; Loyalty to Christ; Liberty through Christ; Unity in Christ; and Progress under Christ's leadership in the conquest of the world. This implies the centrality of Christ.

These have been the great key-words of this journal through all its history. They have determined its attitude on all the important questions which have arisen among us, such as missions, missionary societies, methods of worship, liberty of thought on Biblical and theological problems, federation, or our attitude toward other evangelical bodies of Christians, and the spirit in which our message should be presented to the world.

Throughout its history *The Christian-Evangelist* has stood for higher education, for ministerial training, for a deeper spiritual life, for greater efficiency in church work, and more reverence in church worship, higher standards in our Sunday or Bible schools, for the better organization of our churches in state-wide and nation-wide co-operative efforts for the advancement of the kingdom and the maintenance of unity among ourselves.

How far the paper has fallen short of these high aims and ideals is known to none better than to ourselves. But to its advocacy of these principles many believe the Disciples of Christ are indebted, in no small degree, for their present position and influence in the religious world. Nor do we doubt that if they continue to advance along the lines indicated by the foregoing aims and ideals, they are destined under God to perform an important part in bringing about the unity of Christ's church and the conversion of the world.

Under the heading of "What We Plead For," we have carried on our editorial page for a long time this statement of principles:

The Christianity of the New Testament, taught by Christ and his apostles, versus the theology of the creeds taught by fallible men—the world's great need.

The divine confession of faith on which Christ built his church, versus human confession of faith on which men have split the church.

The unity of Christ's disciples, for which he so fervently prayed, versus the divisions in Christ's body, which his apostles so strongly condemned.

The abandonment of sectarian names and practices, based on human authority, for the common family name and the common faith based on the divine authority, versus the abandonment of scriptural names and usages for partisan ends.

The hearty co-operation of Christians in efforts of world-wide benevolence and evangelization, versus petty jealousies and strifes in the struggle for denominational pre-eminence.

The fidelity to truth which secures the approval of God, versus the conformity to custom to gain the favor of man.

The protection of the home and the destruction of the saloon, versus the protection of the saloon and the destruction of the home.

The following statement of "What We Stand For" ran for a long time on our Editorial page. It attempts to express in poetic form what I have stated otherwise in prose:

What We Stand For

For the Christ of Galilee,
For the truth which makes men free,
For the bond of unity
Which makes God's children one.

For the love which shines in deeds,
For the life which this world needs,
For the church whose triumph speeds
The prayer: "Thy will be done."

For the right against the wrong,
For the weak against the strong,
For the poor who've waited long
For the brighter age to be.

For the faith against tradition,
For the truth 'gainst superstition,
For the hope whose glad fruition
Our waiting eyes shall see.

For the city God is rearing,
For the New Earth now appearing,
For the heaven above us clearing,
And the song of victory.

J. H. Garrison.

Concerning the foregoing poem W. R. Warren wrote:

“We should like to know in what various forms and in how many languages this little poem has appeared. We have seen it reprinted in many different papers and innumerable local church bulletins. Evangelists have used it by the thousand. On post-cards it has traced the mail routes of the wide world. In many a family circle it has been memorized.

“Like everything else that appears in *The Christian-Evangelist* it is freely at the disposal of all who can use it. We feel safe in speaking for its author—

“Say it or sing it, shoe it or wing it,
So it may outrun and outfly me,
Merest cocoon web, whence 'twas set
free.”

A Jubilee Ode to The Christian-Evangelist

(Published in the Semi-Centennial Jubilee Number)

Fifty years! All hail, thou victor
O'er the foes which thronged thy way;
Welcome thou who bring'st good tidings,
To this brighter, better day.

Fifty years! What mighty changes
Thou hast seen and helped to make;
In thy five decades of history,
Made for truth's and Christ's dear sake.

Fifty years! What deeds recorded
In thy pages through these years—
Deeds of faith and true devotion,
Quick'ning hope and calming fears!

J. H. Garrison.

Fifty years! Alas the struggles
Which those toil-filled years imply!
Who but God can know the heart-throbs
Which behind these volumes lie.

Fifty years! Thy earliest readers
Now are olden grown and gray;
Many, too, have passed the border
Into realms of endless day.

Fifty years! With dew of morning
On thy youthful form and face,
Thou shalt see new eras dawning
Ere thou end thy useful race.

The years have gone—the dear, dead years—
And Time fond ties doth sever;
And men have come, and men have gone,
But thou?—Go on forever!

SOME REASONS FOR GIVING TO MISSIONS

[One of the great tasks of *The Christian-Evangelist* was to arouse our churches to a sense of their missionary obligations. The following is a sample of the editorial work we did on that line:]

We have a few words we wish to say directly to churches and brethren who have hitherto been non-contributors to our missionary work abroad. It seems to us a reproach that so large a number of our churches belong to this class. Even in the churches where the offering for foreign missions is made there is a large proportion of members who give nothing. We would like to be able to make these churches and brethren see that they are not only injuring the work, but themselves, by this course. We feel absolutely sure that such is the case, and we believe that this can be made to appear even to those who have hitherto stood aloof from this work.

The fundamental condition of success in all church work is to work with Christ, and thus secure His presence and His strength. There can be no doubt but that the great desire and purpose of Christ is that His gospel should be preached among all nations, and that all men should have the opportunity of believing in Him and being saved by Him. He has laid this work upon His church; He has promised to be with it while so engaged, even unto the consummation of the age. Is it not plain, therefore, that if we desire the presence of Christ with us, and His blessing upon our work, that we must share in this great duty that He has laid upon his church?

The churches most likely to neglect the duty of making an offering are the weak churches. They are few in numbers, none of them rich in this world's goods, probably have not a suitable building, and are unable to employ a preacher for his whole time. Many of this class of churches are in the habit of making a sort of breastwork out of these excuses and conditions by which they protect themselves from the appeals in our papers and from our pulpits. But will these excuses stand in the light of the foregoing statements? How can a weak church become strong otherwise than by the blessing of God upon it and its work? How can it secure this blessing except by engaging, according to the measure of its ability, in doing the work for which the church exists? The church that is poor, that is in debt, that has no house of its own in which to meet, that is unable to secure a pastor for all his time, cannot make a better investment than by making a liberal offering, according to its means, to the work of missions.

The incredulous will ask, "How can this be?" It seems to them contrary to reason. However that may be, it is not contrary to *faith* or to *experience*. The reflex influence upon the church of this unselfish act quickens the spiritual life, increases faith, intensifies zeal, makes Christianity more real, teaches the lesson of sacrifice for others, commends the church to those outside, and draws down upon it the blessing of God. Try the experiment and see if this be not true. Let the elder or preacher of such congregation say: "Brethren, we feel that we are poor, but we are rich in comparison with those who have never heard the gospel and have never learned the blessedness of Christ's promises. By so much as we prize our knowledge of Christ and of his salvation let us share this blessing with the pagan world

that lies in darkness. Let us be faithful in the little that we have, and God will give us more." That would be a good sermon, and it would secure an offering that would bless the church.

There is strength in fellowship; in the feeling that we are a part of a great host, who are working together for the advancement of the kingdom of God. There will be a new interest and a new joy in reading the reports of success in foreign fields if we have contributed our share towards the work. The tide of spiritual life will flow in stronger currents through those churches that have a part in the great work of the world's evangelization. They will feel that they are not useless members of the body ecclesiastic, but an integral part of that advancing army seeking the conquest of the world for Christ.

There are hundreds and thousands of individual members in churches where strong appeals are made from the pulpit, and where the offering is made for missions, who have neither part nor lot in this matter. As a rule, these members do not read our religious journals and have not been brought into sympathy with the best life and thought among us and with these efforts for world-wide evangelism. Their horizons are narrow, their sympathies are contracted, their spiritual life is dwarfed, because their hearts and minds are not nourished and strengthened by spiritual food and spiritual activity. Not only is the missionary treasury deprived of their assistance, but the worst feature is, their *own souls* are impoverished, if not destroyed, by such inaction and neglect. It should be the earnest effort, therefore, of every congregation to enlist every member in this offering for his *own* sake as well as for the sake of the cause.

Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Do the non-contributing churches and brethren believe this? Very few of them are unwilling to *receive* assistance from the mission board, or from some generous preacher who donates his services. Why should they neglect the "more blessed thing?" There is a blessedness in unselfish giving which we can receive in no other way. Perhaps this is the "one thing which thou lackest," thou non-contributing church or brother. If now we have made it clear that churches and individuals wrong themselves and impoverish their own lives by not giving to the cause of missions, we have accomplished our purpose. We are sure it would be the universal testimony of all the churches who contribute regularly to the cause of missions that they have been spiritually enlarged and helped in every way by so doing. We sincerely trust, therefore, that wherever *The Christian-Evangelist* goes and is read, every church will make its offering, and every individual will see that his contribution forms a part of that offering.

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME

There is an evident tendency in later years to test our laws, our institutions, our customs, our politics, our religious life and whatever else goes to make up our Christian civilization by the will and character of Christ. Such books as "The Mind of Christ" and "If Christ Should Come to Chicago" and similar works indicate a growing consciousness that whatever will not stand this supreme test must give place to something better. More and more is Jesus Christ becoming the standard authority in all that relates to religion, to ethics, to our obligations to God and to our fellowmen. This is certainly a

most hopeful sign of Christian progress, and just in proportion as we subject our civilization to the supreme test of the mind of Christ will it become a *Christian* civilization.

There is, however, fallacy, it seems to us, lurking in such phrases as, "If Christ should come." This hypothetical phrase seems to imply that there is no real judgment of ourselves, our laws, our institutions and our religious life until the actual personal presence of Jesus Christ at the end of the age. As a matter of fact, Christ has always been with His church, in a very important sense, and has been a guiding and controlling force in human history since his advent into the world. He has been coming more and more into the life of mankind from the day he visibly ascended from Mt. Olivet to the present time. In every religious reformation, in every movement which has lifted the world to a higher level of thought and of action, in all the efforts to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate and make the condition of man more tolerable, Christ has been coming into the world. Christ HAS come to Chicago, to New York, to St. Louis, and to all the great cities of Christendom, and has touched and perceptibly influenced, not only their religious, but their civic and social life. All the mighty Christian and philanthropic forces at work in these great centers of life and of influence are due to the fact of Christ's having come to them. What we mean to say is that we are not to wait until some future visible manifestation of Christ's personal coming to test our lives, our laws and our institutions. Slavery is abolished, feudalism has died, cruel forms of punishment have been discontinued, imprisonment for debt is no longer possible, polygamy is dead except in semi-civilized communities where

it is sheltered under a pretense of religion, woman is no longer treated as the slave of man, and childhood is no longer neglected in civilized communities, because God has condemned these practices. Many offensive laws have been expunged from our statute books because Christ has vetoed them: He is today the most potent factor in the world's civilization. Under his growing power and influence many practices, laws and beliefs, now cherished as respectable, if not sacred, are bound to go down, to be numbered with other relics of an un-Christian or semi-Christian civilization.

What the world needs today more than anything else is the unflinching application of this test to all that makes up our modern complex civilization. We must test our religious beliefs, our practices, by the mind and character of Christ. Our creeds must stand or fall by this supreme test. Our standing as Christians must be determined by the conformity of our conduct to the character and teaching of Christ. We may shrink from submitting to this standard of measurement, but it is the only correct one, and we only deceive ourselves in submitting any other for it. Some of the old theologies have gone down before this testing process and are regarded now as only interesting curiosities of the past.

Our present denominational divisions, our methods of carrying on the Lord's work in the world, the relations of various religious bodies to each other, our party names, our party spirit and denominational machinery—all these must be subjected to the mind of Christ. The question is, Does He approve of our present divisions, and is the spirit which animates the various denominations the Spirit of Christ? These questions cannot be evaded in-

definitely. If the church fails to make the application of this test, the world will make it, nevertheless.

We must test our industrial and social life by this same standard. What does Christ think of these rapidly-accumulating trusts, of these vast monopolies? Is their aim and tendency to better the condition of the masses of mankind? Would Jesus Christ approve of them? Will they help or hinder the advancement of His kingdom? They must stand or fall according to the answer to these questions. What of our present ideas concerning the accumulation and use of wealth? Are they in harmony with the mind of Christ? What about the relation of the employer to the employee? Does Christ's idea of what that relationship should be prevail in the industrial world today? If not, we do not have to wait until the end of the age to know that Christ condemns it.

Our political life, our state, national and municipal administrations—are they conducted upon Christian principles? What is Christ's opinion of our present political and administrative methods? Do we need to say, "If Christ should come He would be displeased with the corruption that prevails in much of our political life, and particularly in the management of our large cities? Certainly not. Christ *has* come and He *does* condemn, unsparingly, all this corruption, bribery and dishonesty. All we need to do is to recognize the fact of His condemnation and adjust our civic life to the principles of righteousness which He has taught.

The process of advancing civilization, then, is simply the process of applying the mind of Christ to existing conditions in every department of human interest, and adjusting them to the mind of Christ.

This should be the supreme aim of all the moral and religious instruction that is going on in the world. It is the great purpose for which the church exists. Whatever agency or instrumentality is not helping forward this work, is an obstacle rather than an aid to the world's advancing civilization and the triumph of the kingdom of God.

THE DOMINANCE OF LOVE

[Throughout my editorial career I have sought to emphasize the superiority and the essential quality of love in the successful carrying on of our own reformatory work and in advancing the kingdom of God. I quote a paragraph from an editorial on, "A Plea for Love."]

Of the things which abide through all the changes of time, of circumstances and of human thought, the greatest is Love. The apostle who championed the principle of justification by faith taught that the supreme thing in Christianity is love. Another apostle, who gives sublime emphasis in his writings to HOPE, puts love at the summit of the Christian graces. Still another apostle, whose eagle flights enabled him to reach the loftiest heights of revelation, said, 'God is love,' and the One who is greater than Paul and Peter and John, taught that all the law and all the prophets hang on one word, Love—love God-ward and man-ward.

If Love, then, be the supreme element of Christianity and the end, therefore, of all God's revelations, it follows that any religious movement seeking to do God's work in God's way must have love as its dominant note and controlling principle. If our movement be truly Christian in spirit and aim, it must give the same emphasis to love, as the essential thing, which the New Testament gives to it.

This consideration is heightened by the fact that ours is a Christian union movement, preëminently, and as such, must manifest this cohesive power of love within itself, and that attractive power which love always exerts on others, for the healing of division among Christians and the unification of the body of Christ. No matter how sound we may be in doctrine, nor how correct our understanding of the New Testament, we have utterly failed to accomplish the work for which we believe we have been raised up without giving to love the supreme place which it held in the apostolic teaching.

If it be a fact, as we fear it is, that in our zeal for truth, for correct doctrine, for the restoration of the ordinances to their original form and significance, and in our warfare against the errors which prevail among religious people, we have sometimes forgotten the supremacy of love and subordinated it to intellectual clearness and correct theories, we have, to that extent marred the beauty and hindered the progress of the work to which we are committed. We have now reached an age in our history as a religious body, and a stage in our religious development where it is possible and exceedingly desirable that we should correct any error of this kind and allow the principle of love to have its rightful sway among us. It is easy to see, looking back over our history, how many of the questions which have agitated us, and which have caused more or less friction, might have been settled much more satisfactorily and much more speedily, if we had exercised more love in our interchange of thought and in our bearing with each other. Love is a great solvent of difficulties, a great lubricant with which to oil our ecclesiastical machinery to make it run smoothly, and a great unifier of those holding diverse

opinions and using diverse methods. Whenever it has been allowed the opportunity to do so it has manifested its supreme excellence in allaying strife, healing alienations among brethren, bridging chasms, and in promoting peace and harmony in the Church.

These sentiments expressed in *The Christian-Evangelist* more than a score of years ago, have been the characteristic note of the paper throughout its history, and has made it a great unifying force of the Disciples, not only because of the views of its editor, but because it has been the organ of like-minded men among us who have believed in and have been faithful to our motto: "In Faith Unity; in Opinions Liberty; in All Things Charity." That is the only road to unity among ourselves, and with the Christian peoples of the world.

AN EFFICIENT PROPAGANDA

In an editorial under the above heading we mentioned some of the conditions that were absolutely essential for the successful propagation of the principles we were emphasizing as necessary to the advancement of the Kingdom of God among men. In that article we said:

"First, and foremost, we must strengthen and increase our educational agencies, and particularly our Bible colleges and academic institutions. We do not need to argue the necessity of having a thoroughly educated ministry to carry forward successfully a great religious movement like ours in the twentieth century. Never was there such a demand upon the minister of the gospel as there is today. We cannot deal successfully with the problems which confront the Church, today, and which will continue to confront it in the years to come, without a well-equipped and Bible-trained ministry, and without the liberalizing and stimulating influence of education on a

large per cent of our membership. It is not enough that ministers be educated; we need men of liberal education and especially men well trained in the Bible, in official positions in the Church, and for official positions in the state, and for the professional callings of life. To accomplish this end, so vital to the success of our future work, we must endow our Bible colleges and our other institutions of learning where the Bible holds a large and fundamental place, and give them a material equipment that will enable them to do this work."

We have been grievously at fault as regards our institutions of learning and it is time that we were thoroughly aroused to do something in this direction worthy of our cause. We can not neglect this duty longer without serious detriment to the reformation which we are pleading. We urge upon our men of wealth, especially, but not upon them exclusively, that they take this matter under the most serious and prayerful consideration.

Other means of successful propagation are mentioned in this article including the perfecting of our local and general organizations and larger circulation of our religious journals—a matter of most vital concern to the welfare of our churches and in the importance of pamphlets and books written and published in the style to command general circulation, was mentioned. The three things emphasized in the editorial, as essential to our progress, are the strengthening of our educational agencies, including the endowment of our college, the perfecting of our organized life and a far more liberal use of the press both in the way of our religious journals and in the circulation of pamphlets and books in order that, not only our own people, but the people at large may have a better conception of what we are seeking to do in the world.

We are glad to add at this writing that very much has been done, since the foregoing was written, along all these lines and that as a result we are more widely recognized by the religious world as one of the great Protestant forces working for human redemption and the unification of God's people. There remains, of course, much yet to be done in the perfecting of our agencies for the propagation of those truths which we believe to be important to the welfare of Christendom.

OTHER-WORLDLINESS

Away back there in the beginning of this century, a lady friend, an "Easy Chair" reader, expressed her regret that the "Easy Chair" of late had a tendency to look beyond the border into the other world. She says:

"It creates the impression that you have in contemplation an early passage into the realms beyond." In regard to this the Easy Chair editor stated:

"We had no thought of making the Easy Chair so other-worldly as that, and we can assure our friend that we do not intend to make our exit from this terrestrial sphere as long as we can avoid it. Little as we fear death, glorious as we believe that life to be that lies beyond the vale, we are in no hurry to leave this world, where so many ties bind us, and where there is so much work to do. We come to the Easy Chair, each week, however, when the heavier editorial work has been done, and often when we are weary with the labors and burdens of the week, and naturally seek change and relaxation of mind by entering a somewhat different field of thought. It would be natural, in seeking rest from the strain and stress of earthly cares and criticisms, if we should venture frequently to look across the mystic river into the peaceful scenes beyond. * * *"

And yet, while we defend one's right to catch glimpses through the rift of clouds, if he can, of the fair "land o' the leal" and thus strengthen his heart for further toil and conflict, even as "Christian" in *Pilgrim's Progress* caught the vision of the Celestial City from the top of the Delectable Mountains, we do not forget the mild rebuke of the angels to the disciples on Olivet: "Why stand ye gazing into heaven?" It is possible to waste time which might be more profitably employed, in idly gazing into heaven, seeking to understand the mysteries of the world beyond. The rebuke, however, applies especially to those who fix a time for Christ's second coming, and who, laying aside their working clothes and putting on their ascension robes, stand gazing into heaven if perchance they may catch the first view of the glory of the coming King. Better chance have they to see Him first who devote their time and talent to getting the world ready to receive Him, thereby hastening His appearing. But who can blame those disciples of old, who had just seen their beloved Lord ascend into heaven, for gazing after Him, even long after He had passed from mortal view? How could they know that He would not descend again at once? The words of the angels quoted above were not so much a rebuke as an announcement, but they become a rebuke to those who substitute gazing for service. We have learned one of the most practical and valuable lessons of life when we come to understand that the best possible preparation for the life to come, and the world beyond, with all its unknown activities, is to faithfully and conscientiously perform the duties of the present life. These duties grow out of our relations with one another and with God. To see this clearly and to see also that these very duties, no matter how

irksome they may seem to us, are designed as a part of our preparation for the higher destiny that awaits us, is to have a new conception of life. If half the time we spend in looking for tasks that we feel to be more congenial, were spent in performing more satisfactorily those tasks which have been set for us, we should get not only more profit from our work, but more character as well. When we thus come to recognize our work as a blessing and not as a curse, and to rejoice in it day by day, we have learned the true secret of success. Dr. Henry van Dyke has expressed this thought with his usual felicity of speech in the following lines:

“Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.
“Then shall I see it not too great nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hour
And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall
At eventide to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.”

LOVE OF CHILDREN

I have always cherished in my heart a great fondness for children. I find in my Easy Chair of more than a score of years ago a description of a delightful day that I had spent in the springtime taking some children into the woods to gather wild flowers. We spoke of the love of children for flowers

and referred to the remark of some one that when sin came into the world to blight and disfigure the race two things were left to remind men of heaven and its purity—children and flowers. At the close of the description of that May Day's outing I find this paragraph:

“While we are talking about children, will you permit the Easy Chair to make a plea in their behalf? They have tender, sensitive hearts; do not speak roughly and harshly to them. Do not reprove them before others. They have their preferences about what they shall eat and drink and wear. Respect their preferences as far as it is wise and prudent to do so. They have their little troubles and disappointments which are not to be despised. They are as large to them as our larger troubles are to us and they have not yet learned patience and the philosophy of suffering. It isn't a sin for a child to be happy. God intended it so. Let it sing when its heart is set to music whether yours is or not. The time will come, all too soon, when the burdens of life will crowd out much of the music of childhood and youth. Little ones have their rights which parents and other grown-up people are bound to respect. They have a right to our love, to our sympathy in their troubles, to the purest, simplest instruction we can give them on matters of vital importance. They have a just claim on their parents that they will be such as they can love, respect and honor. To deceive a child, to take advantage of its confidence in you, to mislead it, is to inflict a wound on its soul which time will scarcely heal. The child is entitled to an atmosphere of love and reverence and purity in the home. This is worth more to it than all the advice and admonition which you can

give it. Oh, parents, crowd into the lives of children, while they are yet young, all the gentleness, all the happiness, all the love, which you possibly can, for this will form the strongest cable to hold them to you, and the home, and virtue, in the days when temptation will tend to draw them away from you. A young man, writing to his father said, 'No son ever had a better, kinder father than you have been to me.' What father would not rather have that testimony from his son than to have a soaring monument of brass or marble erected to his memory?"

Such has always been my feeling toward children and the older I get the fonder I am becoming of them. No wonder Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

HOW LIFE LOOKS FROM THE TOP OF THE YEARS

[An address delivered before the students of California Christian College, Los Angeles.]

The motive underlying what I shall say under this head is the hope that some of the lessons which my long life has taught me may be of benefit to others and especially the young. There is no class of people that I am quite so much interested in as the young men and women of our time who, in a few years, must bear the responsibility of leadership not only in the church but in the various callings of life. Of course, I understand that life necessarily looks different to different aged persons, depending largely on the kind of lives they have lived and their temperament. I can only speak from my own personal point of view.

I. First of all let me say that life seems to me to be of *infinite value*. Some pessimist has raised the

question, "Is life worth living?" Some one else has answered the question humorously, "That depends upon the *liver*!" There is a great deal of truth in that answer when the *liver* is understood to mean the personality who does the *living*. Yes, this life is tremendously worth while. What is this human life,—this narrow isthmus that lies between the two eternities—the past and the future? First, It is a great opportunity for *doing* and *becoming*. It is a sacred trust. There is so much that needs to be done in an unfinished and incomplete world such as this in which we live, that none of us can afford to be a mere looker-on. And then the striving to do these things that need to be done is the best possible means for *becoming* what we ought to be and what most of us desire to be. Second, Life is a stage on which stirring dramas are being enacted—thrilling romances, heroic deeds, noble achievements. Not to have a part, however humble, in these dramas of life is the worst misfortune that can befall anyone. We read of suicides, very often now, in the daily press. These unfortunates have gotten tired of living and sought some means of self-destruction. In most cases, if not always, these tragedies are the result of aimless lives, or lives whose aims have been too low. My most earnest word, to all young people especially, is to have some definite aim in life—a high ideal—something worth living for, suffering for, and, if need be, dying for. That is what ennobles life and makes it worth living.

II. I have often been asked the question, "How does this world look to you now from the height of years you have reached?" It seems to me a beautiful world which God has made for us in which to live our lives and do His will. I love the deep blue of its skies and the glory of clouds turned to

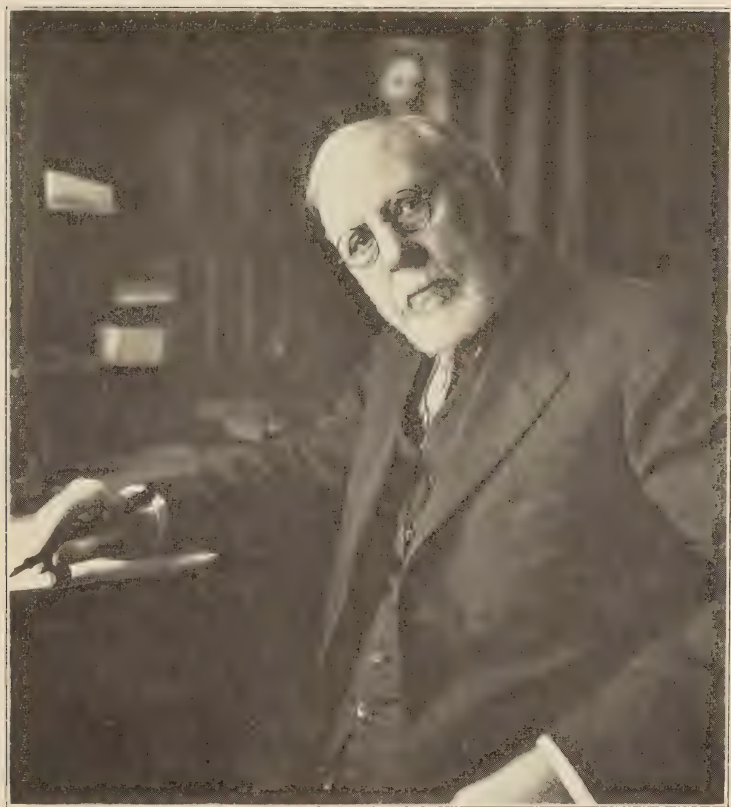
gold as the gorgeous sun, rising in the East, makes its circuit of the heavens, and seems to take its evening bath in our great Western Sea. No wonder the Psalmist exclaimed,

“The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth His handiwork
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.”

I love its majestic mountains that lift their lofty summits toward the skies and reflect the first and last rays of rising and setting suns. I love its vast oceans when in their quieter moods they mirror the stars, and when they are lashed into fury by the winds, and the waves, like white-maned horses, are chasing each other to the shore; yes, when the wild, free, pure, rollicking wind converts the domain of Neptune into a vast green meadow upon which the white-wool sheep of the deep are gamboling. I love the day with its radiant sunshine and the night with its solemnity, when all the lamps of heaven are lighted, and one gets a better view of the vastness and infinity of the universe of which our earth is but a small part. I love the spring with its early flowers; the summer with its warmth, its ripening cornfields and its golden shocks of grain; the autumn with its harvest of fruits, the haze on the far horizon and its prophecy of the coming winter with drifting snows and frozen streams.

III. But the greatest thing in the world is not its mountains and seas, and far-stretching plains, but Man—man made in God’s image and therefore capable of undreamed-of possibilities. None of us has ever come to a perfect understanding of the depth of meaning in that wonderful phrase—“In the image of God!” That truth opens up the way for infinite

development. One of the greatest and the most common sins men commit is their failure to appreciate the divinity that is in them, and to develop it to the limit of human capacity. They live on life's lower plane, engrossed wholly with material things, when they might do their work with the consciousness of God's presence, and under the inspiration of eternal realities. Our colleges are wonderful helps in giving right direction to life. And—may I say it?—*are valuable just in proportion as they contribute to that end.* Many a young life receives an impulse and direction there which shapes its future destiny. This was true of my own college experience. It was not a large college; it had no endowment; it had no great scholars. But it had men of moderate education in the ordinary branches of college life and men who were willing to work on small salaries for the privilege of training young men and young women for life. They believed that Christianity was an essential element in any true education and they presented it in such a clear, convincing manner as to revolutionize my earlier religious thinking and to change the current of my life. I made one mistake, however, in my college life. Coming out of the army at the close of our Civil War, at the age of twenty-three, I was determined to take the four years' course in three years and did so. I was anxious to get out into active life, and felt that the world could not well spare me a longer time than that. I am convinced now, however, that the world could have gotten along fairly well another year without me! I did my four years' work in three years, eliminating much of the sport rightly indulged in by college students today, but the physical and mental strain of those years I had to pay for in after years. No, my young friends, it is not wise



J. H. Garrison at eighty-four

to hurry up the clock of Time. The years will pass all too swiftly with the best preparation you can make for your life-work.

IV. The most valuable thing that my college course did for me, as I now look back upon it, was the change it wrought in my view of life. This it did, not only by the emphasis which the institution laid upon Christianity as God's method of righting the wrongs of the world, but by the presentation of such a rational view of Christ's religion and such a convincing method of restoring the lost unity of the Church, that it might accomplish its sublime mission in the conversion of the world, as to revolutionize my life-plans. I came to see that the aims and ambitions with which I entered college centered largely on *self*, and looked to political honors and worldly positions of power. Coming out of the Civil War at the age of twenty-three with two commissions—one as Captain and another as Major—and with some experience as a public speaker, I felt that these political honors were within easy reach. But if Christianity is the greatest force for the lifting up of men and bringing in a higher order of civilization,—even that glorious era when God's will shall be done on earth as in heaven,—and if its conquering power was being hindered by certain evils which it was the purpose of this Reformation of the Nineteenth century to remedy, why should I not devote my life to its propagation and surrender my ambition for political place and honor? This I decided to do, in spite of the personal sacrifice which I then felt I was making for conscientious reasons.

I scarcely need say that I have never regretted that decision, but on the contrary, I thank God for His leading me into a nobler service, which has brought me, I doubt not, more joy, more real hap-

piness, than the plans which I abandoned could possibly have yielded, and I am sure that, with God's blessing, it has resulted in more good to others. From all of which I gather this lesson: *It is always safe to follow the path of duty, as God gives us to see it, regardless of what seeming sacrifices we may have to make to do so.* The stars in their course are with those who prefer the Right, with *adversity*, to the wrong with any *prosperity* which it may offer.

V. If asked how the Church looks to me at this period of my life, having been a member of it for nearly seventy years,—for I became a member of the Baptist Church, to which my parents and older brothers and sisters belonged, when I was a small boy,—perhaps not more than thirteen or fourteen years of age, I answer: the Church is a divine institution, established by Christ to teach and preach and to *live* His gospel among all nations. Its usefulness and its efficiency in fulfilling this sublime mission have been, and are today, sadly hindered by its denominationalism. One of the most pathetic facts of history is a divided Church, in the midst of a sin-cursed world, made up of men and women in whose hearts there is an unsatisfied and often unrecognized lack and hunger which only God, as revealed by Jesus Christ, can meet. The Church is Christ's own agency for making this gospel known to all men. But is not the Church in danger of being destroyed by the forces of Evil? No, the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it. It is destined to outgrow the evils which now divide and weaken it, and become a much more mighty agent in bringing in the triumphant reign of Christ.

The growing life of God in the hearts of Christ's followers, will banish denominationalism with its

party spirit, party names, and party creeds, and unite all His scattered children in one brotherhood, with no creed but Christ, no law but love, and no aim but to serve God and humanity. We do not help the Church by leaving it, but by staying in it and seeking to correct its faults, by living the Christ-life, as millions of consecrated souls have done in the past. No, the kingdoms of this world, and all forms of human government may and will pass, but the Church which Christ built and of which He is the Head, will endure forever.

VI. If I am asked how the Bible looks to me from the top of the years, I must still say that it is not only the best book in the world, but one of supreme value in its relation to the most vital interests of human life. It deals in an authoritative way with the problems of God, of Man, of their relationship, and of human duty and destiny. The Old Testament is full of intimations and prophecies of a coming age and of a new era which in its glory and significance would far outstrip all former ages. This new age was to be introduced by the coming of One whose sublime mission it would be to make a fuller revelation both of God and of man, and to introduce a religion which should be universal in its scope and regenerative in its influence.

In the fulness of time, as the New Testament shows us, this great Personality appeared in human form, first as a little child and then, passing through the usual human experiences and growing, not only physically and mentally but in His spiritual outreach, until His baptism by John the Baptist in the wilderness, at the age of thirty, where the Holy Spirit descended upon Him declaring Him to be the Son of God. The New Testament records, with simplicity and fidelity, His public life, His teaching, His

miracles, and power of healing the sick and raising the dead, in conquering all temptations to do evil, in calling, commissioning and training twelve men who were to carry forward His work after His departure, and then His persecution, His trial, His crucifixion, His death, His resurrection from the dead, and His ascension to the Father. This series of events, recorded only in the New Testament, are unparalleled in their importance among all the events of human history. These things make the Bible a book of unequaled value. Modern Christian scholarship has done much to throw light upon the history, character, and right interpretation of this wonderful book. There have, of course, been hostile criticisms but those lose their power with the more intelligent understanding of those Holy Scriptures. Let no one, therefore, indulge in the idle fear that the Bible may be destroyed by any hostile criticisms or by any advance of learning. Like the Church, of whose founding it gives the record, it will endure forever.

VII. There is one other question which my younger friends might wish me to answer, namely: "How does this cause with which you identified yourself in your young manhood, and the body of people who are urging it on the world as a much-needed Reformation, look to you now from the top of the years which you have attained?" I believe the movement in behalf of Christian unity, as conceived by Thomas and Alexander Campbell—the two sturdy Scotch Presbyterians who inaugurated it—and as understood by our truly representative men today, is as manifestly a reformation in harmony with the divine will and purpose, and as evidently a movement vitally connected with the welfare of the Church, as that of Martin Luther in the Reformation

of the sixteenth century. This world is never to be conquered for Christ by a divided church in which the spirit of denominationalism dulls the vision as to the need of unity, and stops the ears to Christ's voice pleading with the Father that all His disciples might be one in Him, that the world might believe on Him and be saved. It was equally clear to these spirit-guided men that there could be no union on the creeds of Christendom and with all the denominational paraphernalia that went with it and was a part of it. Hence their search in the New Testament for a common name, a common creed, a common form of Church organization, with a common Head, obedience to whom in all common ordinances in the common way, as constituting our common Christianity. We, who have accepted this high ideal for a united church, have not all lived up to it and some—I regret to say—seem never to have comprehended its scope and spirit. But even those of us who have seen and been captivated by this vision do not claim to have perfectly exemplified it, but must say, in the spirit of Paul, to his Philippian brothers, we do not claim to have obtained or been made perfect, but we press on, if so be that we may lay hold on that for which also we were laid hold on by Christ Jesus. And this we must do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things that are before, hoping sometime, in God's way, to reach the goal set before us. But whether we or others are to be more used of our Lord in bringing about the fulfilment of His prayer for the oneness of His disciples, this prayer, we feel assured, uttered by the Master when the shadow of the cross had fallen upon his heart, is as certain to be fulfilled as that other prayer which He taught us all to pray: "Thy kingdom

come; thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven!"

VIII. I have spoken of man as the most valuable thing on the earth. Now the most valuable thing that man can gain on earth is not wealth, not fame, not power, not even intellectual power. What then? *Character*, is the one thing that makes life worth living—the crown-jewel of all our possessions. It is the only thing we can take with us when we leave this world—and the one possession that survives death. But character means conflict,—conflict with foes within and without,—especially within. Temptations to evil there have always been and will always be. They are a part of life's discipline. Even our Savior was "tempted in all points like as we are, but without sin." Even the trials, hardships, disappointments and sorrows of life, are a part of our earthly discipline to develop those qualities of character that will fit us for the highest usefulness here and for life in realms beyond. I am expecting the life beyond to be one of eternal progress in the knowledge of truth and of God—the sum of all truth.

IX. All this assumes that there is life beyond death. Certainly it does. This life derives all its significance and value from its relation to the life beyond. I can no more doubt the reality of such a life than I can doubt the existence of God. And to doubt the existence of God is more than atheism; it is *irrationality*. You recall the instance of Napoleon, who, on one occasion, listening to the members of his staff as they reasoned God out of existence, while he paced to and fro, walked out to them and, pointing to the starry heavens said: "Gentlemen, who made all these?" But not only is there a God, the Creator of worlds, but the God whom Jesus

Christ has revealed to us is our Father! How would a good, kind heavenly Father, who has the power of life and death, treat the children whom He has made in His own image, and who has implanted in their hearts the eternity which expresses itself in the longing after the life immortal? Surely not by thwarting these hopes, but by fulfilling them in a manner far beyond our fondest dreams. And finally, Jesus Christ, who is not a theory but a fact in human history, as clearly proven as that of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte, has demonstrated immortality by the life He lived, by the death He died and by His resurrection—a fact as well attested as any event in human history. And then the conquering power of His religion, based on these facts, is further proof of Christ's resurrection and of man's immortality.

How does this life look to you with the light of eternity shining on it? So, looking at life from the top of my more than fourscore years, my word is, live your lives in the light of that wonderful statement of Christ: "*Because I live, ye shall live also.*"

I am sure that George Eliot has expressed what we all feel in our best moods when she uttered those immortal words:—

"O, may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence: live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
 stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues. So to live is heaven.

* * * * This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls,
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.”

ADDENDUM

WORDS OF FRIENDS*

A LETTER

Dear Brother Garrison:

Your innate and ineradicable modesty is being permitted to deprive those who come after you, of a fair and full statement of the great service you have rendered,—and are rendering—to the Restoration Movement. This autobiography in my humble judgment, should be much fuller. If another were writing your life, he would state the work which you faced at the beginning, what other persons and forces were engaged, the religious situation, conditions both within and without the brotherhood, and then having analyzed the facts he would proceed, and detail your part in working things out to a right conclusion, showing how you grew with the work, etc. If I mistake not, there was more than one crisis in the brotherhood of the Disciples, when without the contribution you were making, the movement would have degenerated into a narrow, bigoted, legalistic leaven.

You will remember that when I was studying law in Harrisonville, Missouri, in the office of my second cousin, who had moved there from Ohio after the war of the 60's, I was a Methodist; that some Disciple friends loaned me copies of *The Christian-Evangelist*, and finally, when I asked for further information, the pastor handed me your pamphlet,

*While giving a little mechanical assistance in preparing this manuscript for the printer, I am taking the liberty of adding to it, as the author would perhaps not have done, the following brief interpretative and appreciative estimates of his work by a few of his friends who have had full knowledge of it.—W. E. Garrison.

—"Our Movement, Its Origin and Aim," together with Isaac Errett's "Our Position." The point of this observation is—that I was then in the side-lines, a mere observer, and an investigator; that the paper appealed to me, by reason of its catholicity, and its flavor of Christian statesmanship. I compared it favorably in my mind with *The Christian Union*, afterwards *The Outlook*, Lyman Abbott's paper. Now there is emphasis on the first paragraph above, in this fact: *That it came to me with surprise amounting to astonishment, that the Disciples believed in Christian union*, to say nothing of the fact that they were the protagonists of it. I had heard their preachers, and met their people; had conversed with some of the ministers, who were at least fairly representative; and I had set them down as narrow, legalistic, unspiritual, and exceedingly controversial,—a good people to let alone. This is what some of them, no doubt were, and what more of them might have become—shall I say inevitably would have become?—except for the Herculean labors of yourself through the Christian Publishing Company.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Frank G. Tyrrell.

JAMES HARVEY GARRISON

BY W. R. WARREN

"I was shot into it," was the startling answer once given by the man whom we delight to honor, when asked how he came into the current reformation. The allusion was to a serious wound that started a train of circumstances leading from the Pea Ridge battlefield to Abingdon College. There it was inevitable that an open-minded Baptist should respond to the plea presented by President J. W.

Butler and such occasional preachers as Isaac Errett, Benjamin Franklin and John S. Sweeney. Equally it is manifest, that in such an environment a young man who had been consecrated to the ministry by his mother, and whose ruling ideas were already devotion to God and love of man, should lay aside worldly ambition and become a preacher and a teacher of the religion of Christ.

The main question being decided, it was natural that J. C. Reynolds, who was publishing the *Gospel Echo* at Macomb, and was intimately associated with the college, should call the young preacher to share his labors as pastor and editor. Thence the man and the paper grew with the cause to which they were committed.

There are several good brands of humanity to be seen in this era, but you will scarcely do better than to begin in the North of Ireland, remove to North Carolina in time to be in on the right side of the Revolutionary War, migrate thence to East Tennessee, and then, when overcrowded, trek to Southwestern Missouri, the land of clear springs, pure air, Elberta peaches and tall men. No state was more rent asunder by the Civil War than Missouri. She was not the least in the Confederacy, yet she gave more men to the Union army. So when the shot at Sumter set off the explosives throughout the country, highly inflamed and heavily armed factions gathered in Ozark, Missouri, half of them to raise the Confederate flag over the new courthouse, half to "see about it."

It doesn't look strange now that it was a high school boy who prevented the firing on that flag, and caused instead the Stars and Stripes to be lifted on a pole near by. When thrust forward by discerning elders, he made the speech which sent everybody

home in peace. Equally pacific and effective was the Fourth of July address which he delivered by appointment of his general to the soldiers of both armies after he had finished the war with the rank of Captain.

These forty-three years he has been the seer, the peacemaker and the soldier of righteousness. Omit any one of those three distinctions, and you cannot understand the man; omit any one of these three functions and the Restoration Movement would have gone lame.

He saw the glorious beauty and invincible power of the Restoration plea at its first presentation. The primary importance of the gospel ministry won his allegiance before his college days were done. The coming inevitable influence of the newspaper as a force for Christianity laid hold of him, so that fire and famine could never break the spell.

Modestly, as a young man, he helped in the launching of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. With increasing confidence he has championed in succession, each from the day of its projection: Church Extension, Ministerial Relief, the National Benevolent Association, the Brotherhood and the Christian Board of Publication. He was the prime mover of Children's Day for Foreign Missions, which now yields \$100,000 per year, in addition to its educational value, and of the Centennial celebration with its mighty impetus to the cause. He was among the first to see the possibilities of the Bible school and made the Christian Publishing Company a pioneer in Sunday school publications. Christian Endeavor found him an immediate friend and champion, as did church federation, the Laymen's Missionary Movement and the Men and Religion Forward Movement.

His hospitality toward these new movements and his friendliness with Christians of all varieties have brought him much misunderstanding and criticism from his brethren. Yet while he was sojourning a year in Southport, England, the Evangelical Alliance refused him admission, because the plea for an unconditional return to Christ, which he was preaching with convincing power, was destructive of all denominations as such. Again and again his own brethren who have departed from the faith that is in Christ, or the conduct that adorns its confession, have been amazed at the strictness of the reckoning which he required in his Master's name.

It is a great thing to be peaceable, but the higher reward is for the peacemaker. The human pendulum swings, in constant succession, from one extreme to the other.

The Restoration movement was a supreme effort at peace-making. Campbell and Stone declined to be called either liberal or conservative, either trinitarian or unitarian. They were simply Christians, but they were aggressively Christian. So, like the Prince of Peace, himself, they sometimes set brother at variance with brother.

But the genius of the plea committed them to a wholesome middle course, contending for nothing but the gospel itself. This involves constant discrimination between essentials of the faith and matters of opinion and expediency. It also requires extraordinary grace to demand not allegiance but merely liberty for one's favorite opinions; and courage to insist that all men's reasonable opinions and feasible plans shall have liberty, where the Word of God has not bound us. In forty-three years on the tripod J. H. Garrison may have made mistakes on indifferent questions, but I cannot find that he has

ever jumbled faith and opinion. He has never fought for opinion nor failed to stand fast for the faith. His caution in passing judgment in particular cases and his marvelous charity are gloriously vindicated in this spotless record.

As the Restoration Movement found the denominations ready to make common cause against it, so within itself any man who has sought to prevent division has had much trouble for his pains.

The unfailing optimism of our veteran is justified variously and abundantly. The Disciples of Christ steadfastly refuse to either divide or depart. Next to the Bible, *Alone with God*, is their most read book. And the most significant thing in its beloved author's life is the fact that ninety-nine hundredths of his voluminous writings have been devoted to the great, permanent, educational processes of our religion, beginning, continuing and ending always with the uplifting of Christ, the only Son of the only God.

A BIRTHDAY LETTER TO J. H. GARRISON

My dear Dr. Garrison:

In a note just received from you, tantalizing me with references to the balmy weather and the flower festivals of California, while Chicago is passing through some of the severest cold experienced in years, you mention the fact that on February second you will be seventy-six years old. That reference has prompted me to send you a message of greeting and congratulation, in which I am confident all *The Christian Century* family will wish to join. And if my own acquaintance with you through many years leads me further afield than some members of this large "family" might be able to go on the ground of association and friendship, I feel confident that your

place in the affection of all Disciples will justify this open message to you.

You have reached the period when men are no longer sensitive to the record of the calendar. In childhood we all like to boast of advancing age, and usually claim that we are "going on" at least one year more than we have actually reached. In middle life we grow conscious of the manner in which time hurries us along, and are hesitant in laying claim to all the years we have rightfully acquired. But in maturer life early pride comes back to a degree, and beyond seventy there is a sort of quiet sympathy for the unfortunate mortals who have only lived a half century!

For this reason I do not hesitate to tell you that as far back as I can remember you were already something of a tradition in my home. You were still a young man then, but your place was assured in the confidence and regard of our people. Not that in those days you were the leader you afterward came to be. At that time Isaac Errett was still our most outstanding figure. He had taken up the work laid down a few years before by Alexander Campbell, and his word was spoken with grace and power. My father and mother read the *Christian Standard* with devotion, and in the attic of our home were all the files of that journal from the first number. I remember the shock of surprise and almost of indignation with which I heard my father say on one of my visits home from college that you were the coming leader among the Disciples, and would take Mr. Errett's place, even as he had followed Mr. Campbell in the great succession. I could not believe anyone could take that place in those days. But his words have been abundantly confirmed.

I wish I could remember when I first saw you. Of course, in order to give this word of appreciation its full dramatic value I ought to be able to tell you just when that first time came. But I cannot seem to recall. In fact, as I say, you seemed so much of a tradition that I just took you for granted, and through the columns of *The Christian-Evangelist* caught something of your point of view and the large courage and optimism of your spirit. It was not until years later that I learned through what struggles you had passed in the establishment of that journal, which has meant so much to our people. In the meantime I saw and heard you in our conventions, and came to feel that you were one of the essential personalities in all gatherings where the Disciples met for important utterances. I remember the unconscious humor of a question once asked you by some brother who wanted to know whether you expected to be at the next national convention: I could hardly have imagined one of our conventions without your presence and message.

I think my first real sense of indebtedness to you came from your frequent comments on great books. In spite of all the studies I tried to carry on, and the necessary acquaintance with literature, general and special, which they involved, you made me read many volumes which otherwise I might have missed. You had a way of referring to them again and again, until one felt that he must read those great books for himself. I think now of two such works, whose place in my library, in my careful reading and in the organization of my thinking I owed to you. They were Fairbairn's *The Place of Christ in Modern Theology*, and Sabatier's *Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit*. These were but two of a great number of notable works which you inter-

preted to a host of our preachers, and thereby compelled them to reckon with world views of truth which made merely denominational and provincial types of thinking and preaching impossible for them.

During those years you were likewise active in promoting the work of the Missouri Christian Lectureship, of which I often heard. I never attended one of its sessions, but I used to learn of its discussions with a feeling that the frank consideration of some of the themes which were included in its programs must be something of a liberal education to those who attended. The debt of gratitude which your state and the Disciples at large owed to Alexander Procter, George W. Longan, T. P. Haley and yourself was incalculable. Such leadership made it impossible that the more alert spirits in our fellowship should ever be satisfied with less than the best that the universal church had to offer us. Likewise in turn it made them covet the privilege of making some adequate return to the wider circle of believers in the majestic message which historically had been committed to our hands.

You have also had a distinguished part in the literary output of the Disciples. The long list of titles which stands to your credit in the record of volumes issued by our people, a list to which you are still adding, the invaluable numbers of the *Christian Quarterly*, whose burden and honor you and Dr. W. T. Moore successfully carried, and your contributions to interdenominational journalism, have gone much further than you or any of us can estimate to mold the thinking of the Disciples in terms of enlightenment, modernity, moderation and good will. Your open-minded acceptance of the great scientific conclusions which revolutionized the textbooks on natural science in the last quarter of the nineteenth

century gave confidence to great numbers of our people who otherwise would have been disquieted by the acrimonious controversies over evolution. The same poise of spirit marked your attitude toward the critical studies in the Bible, which have laid the foundation of a new Christian scholarship and a more confident faith. Your utterances have never been radical on these themes. Sometimes they have been markedly conservative and hesitant. But they have at all times disclosed a spirit hospitable to all truth, from whatever source, and a serene confidence that our holy faith has nothing to fear but much to gain from the most exacting researches in these and all related fields. In this regard your example has been inspiring and contagious.

But beyond all these features of your long and significant ministry to the Disciples has been your leader-like advocacy of modern and wonderful movements in our brotherhood. The Congress of the Disciples was projected in a group invited by you to a day's outing at Macatawa, Michigan. The participation of the Disciples in the work of Church Federation, a form of Christian co-operation which from the first ought to have appealed to us, was carried, largely by your influence and championing, to a recognized place on our list of activities. And this in spite of determined opposition which placed the entire message of the Disciples in behalf of Christian union in a strangely embarrassing and compromised position in the regard of our Christian neighbors. More recently your insistent plea in favor of a General Convention which should voice the sentiments of the brotherhood as a whole, and not merely a succession of our missionary and benevolent societies, has won its way to acceptance and inauguration. These are only instances of that type of leader-

ship which has fallen to you in the later history of our people, and which you have so gallantly carried through the long span of your public life.

Of course much of this service would have been impossible to you without the medium of *The Christian-Evangelist*, which you created and brought to outstanding power not only among the Disciples, but in the field of religious journalism. Week by week we waited for your interpretation of current questions, your counsel in present problems, and your constructive outlines of the duties and perils of our great adventure in behalf of a united Christendom. To be sure, you had many helpers in the task. But essentially it was your message that went out week by week. Preachers felt a little surer of their words on the Sunday after they had read the *Evangelist*. And in a multitude of homes your utterances were followed with deep interest and satisfaction.

It is a comfort to all of us that something of this weekly output of your life is still available. We have always enjoyed and profited by "The Easy Chair" and the "Musings." But it is useless to deny the fact that your relinquishment of the directing function left a vacancy which has not been filled. No one as yet has learned to bend the bow of Ulysses. If it was your wish to find release from the arduous tasks of the editorial office, it was still a misfortune for the Disciples. If it was made necessary by business readjustments, it will remain an unexplained and doubtful expedient. The most gifted and consecrated services of others is no adequate substitute for the voice and control of a great leader. To this degree the journal and brotherhood have suffered.

But after all, the most impressive feature of your contribution to the Disciples of Christ has been yourself. Only those who have known you in something of the intimacy of home life and the freedom of open spaces have really appreciated you. I recall with the deepest satisfaction the years when you and your family were accustomed to summer at Macatawa Park, and there was always a choice company, whose sports and fireside talks were a joy and a remembrance. And in later years, at Pentwater, that satisfaction was even greater. For in such surroundings we came to know you better still. On fishing excursions, or walks through the woods, and on visits in your home, it was a satisfaction beyond words to feel the comradeship in which it was your gift to make all of us share. But most of all do I think of the religious side of our life there. We were always sure to see you in the little church on the Lord's Day. And your words at the communion service, or your message in the sermon, gave us a deeper glimpse into that region of personality where the Lord has had his way with you through all the years.

Never have the lives of a husband and wife been finer examples of the Christian ideal than yours and Mrs. Garrison's. Through many joys and some deep sorrows you have walked together in the beauty of holiness. Our happiness in this world is shaded. The perfect smile is God's alone. But you together have uplifted to our sight the white flowers of stainless and happy lives, and have made us rich in the possession of your friendship. No one of us who has enjoyed the privilege of those sunset beach services at Pentwater, looking out over the unruffled lake when the light was going down in the

west, can forget the hush and mystery of the hour, or the solemn and prophet-like messages you brought to us. If the eternal world, where again we may look upon the "sea of glass mingled with fire," can hold any greater happiness or more inspiring visions, it will be because our capacities are enlarged by the great experience. For surely in those twilight gatherings we had some foregleams of the light that never was on sea or land, and some anticipation of our eternal fellowship in the blameless family of God.

Brother Garrison, there are many of us who, if we should live to that time, will be saying some such things as these about you, when you, many long years hence as we hope, shall have entered into the life that is life indeed. I hope it may not be out of place to say some of them to you now, when we still have the occasional satisfaction of your presence. For many of us your removal to the sunset slope of our land is a real deprivation. We can only see you at rare intervals. But we read your messages still, and we know that you are yet with us in the effort to realize that high purpose to which our movement is devoted. And we draw encouragement from the hope that the great war has brought changes that will set onward by wide diameters the boundaries of the republic of God.

With loving remembrances to you and Mrs. Garrison, and the hope that you may live to enjoy many more anniversaries in the circle of those who love and honor you,

I am, most sincerely yours,

Herbert L. Willett.

“RULING ELDER” AND TRUSTED COUNSELOR

Dear Dr. Garrison:

Some of your friends in Union Avenue, hearing that you were writing an autobiography, mentioned the matter in the Board of Officers' meeting. All thought that, as you had for so many years a most intimate place in this church, a word of appreciation representing the membership here might not be out of place in your forthcoming volume. They suggested I write you; and I assure you I need no urging to write a sincere word of appreciation.

Allow me to say how gratified I am to learn that you are writing the story of your life. Your biography will in a large sense be a tracing of the important movements in our communion for the past two generations, and will touch as well those of the whole church.

During this long period there has been no progress among the Disciples in which you did not have a large part as leader.

It is, however, of your more tender and intimate association with the local church that I would write. You were the respected leader, “the ruling elder,” the trusted counselor, the dear friend of this church for so many years. It is still the embodiment of your spirit. You made of it a family with the friendly fireside atmosphere. You gathered about you a body of men who have through the years built with great fidelity, with fairness of mind, breadth of spirit, warmness of heart. Your home, through you and Mrs. Garrison, radiated the spirit of goodwill which seemed to permeate all the membership. Their conviction, like yours always considerate, was nevertheless daring. It launched a great building

enterprise and because of unfaltering fidelity brought it to successful achievement. On the last visit of Mrs. Garrison and yourself to St. Louis, the spontaneous outpouring of our hearts was such a testimony as I have never seen extended to any other.

I never cease to marvel at a personality touched with the beauty and power of Christ.

Two thousand Union Avenue people, if by my side, would join me in heartiest greetings.

Yours sincerely,

George A. Campbell.

